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East & West

*And East and West, without a breath,
Mix their dim lights, like Life and Death,
To broaden into boundless day.*

—TENNYSON

VOL. IV. No. 4/4

JUNE, 1905.

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EAST & WEST

VOL. IV.

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NO. 44.

A FORMER CAPITAL OF INDIA.

TOWARDS the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era the Chalukyan dynasty of southern India, once overthrown and again restored, only to totter gradually to its fall, was blotted out, and its dominions, after being the prey of various petty chieftains, were united under the Yadavas, a dynasty of which the elder branch, the Hoysala Yadavas, ruled for many years at Dvaravati-pura or Dhorasamudra, the ruins of which are to be found at Halebid, in the Hassan district of the Mysore State. The Yadava race was represented in the northern Deccan by Bhillama, a famous warrior who, after a severe struggle with his kinsmen in the south, established his rule throughout Maharashtra and extended his dominions southwards to the Krishna. In 1187 Bhillama founded Devagiri or Deogir and made it his capital. Here he and his descendants reigned, not ingloriously, for a century, in the course of which period they succeeded in adding Malwa to their dominions. In 1271 Ramachandra, styled Ramdeo by Muhammadan historians, the fifth in descent from Bhillama, ascended the throne in Deogir, and early in 1290, while Ramdeo was ruling at Deogir, Jalal-ud-din Firuz founded the Khalji dynasty at Delhi. The Deccan was at this time no more than a name to the Musalmans of northern India. The Arabs had long been engaged in maritime trade with the inhabitants of the Malabar coast, and Muhammadan emperors had for a century held sway over the Punjab and Hindustan, and had overrun Bengal, but no Muhammadan from the north had yet crossed the Vindhyan range or penetrated the forests of Gondwana.

Jalal-ud-din Firuz, who was an aged man when he was raised to the throne of Delhi, had a nephew, Ala-ud-din Muhammad, who was also his son-in-law, and whom the old emperor treated rather

as a son than as a nephew, slighting the advice of his counsellors who descried in the younger man's restless and ambitious disposition danger to the prospect of the peaceful descent of the crown to the natural heir. Ala-ud-din's ambition was stimulated by an unhappy marriage. The cousin whom he had married was a termagant, and his domestic troubles were accentuated by the interference of his mother-in-law, the Malika-i-Jahan, who espoused her daughter's cause and supported her in her opposition to her husband. Relations became so strained that the prince feared that his mother-in-law, who had great influence over her husband, the emperor, would contrive to compass his death. Ala-ud-din was at this time governor of the province of which Karra, on the Ganges, 42 miles north-west of Allahabad, was the capital. There he consulted with friends as to how he could best raise an army sufficiently strong to enable him to found a kingdom for himself in some strange land beyond the emperor's dominions, where he could forget his domestic troubles and be secure from the designs of the Malika-i-Jahan. To assemble a large army without the emperor's knowledge was impossible, and as a large army was necessary to the execution of his design, Ala-ud-din had recourse to artifice. He represented to the emperor that the safety of the empire required that Chandri should be subdued, and asked for and obtained permission to undertake the task. He marched from Karra in 1294, keeping the real object of his expedition a secret even from his own troops. He had already heard, during an expedition to Bhilsa, vague rumours of the great wealth of the Rajas of Deogir, and resolved to attack that place. Passing through Chanderi he advanced southwards and arrived, after a march of two months' duration, at Ellichpur. Here he halted for a short time to rest his troops, and explained his presence by saying that he was one of the nobles of Delhi who was leaving the imperial service and wished to enter that of the Raja of Rajamahendri in Telingana. He then left Ellichpur at night and pressed on by forced marches towards Deogir. Fortune favoured his enterprise, and it so happened that Deogir was at this time almost denuded of troops, the army having accompanied the Raja's eldest son, Shankar Deo, who had gone on a pilgrimage. Ala-ud-din advanced as far as Lasura, about twelve miles from Deogir, without meeting with any opposition. Meanwhile, Ramdeo,

who had heard of the approach of the invader, had contrived to collect two or three thousand men and to despatch them to Lasura to stay his progress. This small force was easily defeated by the Muhammadan army and was pursued to the gates of Deogir. The Raja took refuge in the citadel, then a place of no strength and undefended even by a ditch. The small garrison was hastily provisioned with some merchandise in sacks, which had been brought by merchants from the Konkan, and abandoned where it lay when they fled on hearing of the approach of the stranger; but the sacks contained salt, not grain. Ala-ud-din meanwhile captured the Brahmans and principal merchants of Deogir and plundered the city, giving out that his troops were no more than the advance-guard of an army of 20,000 Musalmans, which was following him. Ramdeo was now seriously alarmed and opened negotiations with Ala-ud-din. He pointed out to him that the army of Deogir would soon return to the capital and would annihilate the invaders, and that if any escaped they would certainly be cut off by the Rajas of Malwa, Khandesh and Gondwana. Ala-ud-din, who was well aware of the perilous nature of his enterprise, agreed to depart within a fortnight, holding his captives meanwhile as a guarantee for a ransom of 50 maunds of gold, several maunds of pearls, and some valuable stuffs, in addition to 40 elephants, some thousands of horses, and the plunder which he had already collected from the city. In the meantime, Shankar Deo had heard of his father's plight and was returning to the city by forced marches. The treaty had just been concluded when news arrived that he was within six miles of Deogir. Ramdeo sent a message to his son, ordering him not to attack the "Turks," who were terrible men, as he had just concluded a treaty with them. Shankar Deo, whose army outnumbered that of the invaders by two to one, disregarded his father's orders and sent a message to Ala-ud-din ordering him to restore all the plunder that he had taken and leave the Kingdom. Ala-ud-din disgraced the messengers by parading them through his camp with their faces blackened, and then, leaving Malik Nusrat with a thousand men to watch Deogir, marched against Shankar Deo. The fight was fiercely contested, and the Musalmans were on the point of retiring, when Malik Nusrat left Deogir without orders and came to his leader's assistance.

The Hindus, seeing a fresh force of Musalmans, believed it to be the army of 20,000 horse of which Ala-ud-din had spoken, and broke and fled. Ala-ud-din then returned to the siege of the citadel, put his captives to death, and paraded a number of Ram Deo's relatives, who had been captured in the battle, in chains before the fortress. Ram Deo was on the point of applying for assistance to the neighbouring Hindu chieftains, when the sacks of salt were opened and it was discovered that the garrison was absolutely without provisions. The Raja was thus forced to re-open negotiations on terms much less favourable than those which he had first obtained. Ala-ud-din inferred from his anxiety for peace that the garrison was hard pressed and resolved to make the Hindus suffer for their breach of faith. He now insisted on a ransom of 600 maunds of gold, 7 maunds of pearls, 2 maunds of other jewels, 1,000 maunds of silver, 4,000 pieces of silk, and a yearly tribute of the revenues of the Ellichpur province, to be despatched annually to Karra. On his part, he agreed to release all his remaining captives and to turn back the mythical army of 20,000 horse. On these terms the Raja of Deogir rid himself of Ala-ud-din for a time, and thus ended one of the most impudent and daring raids known to history. The refugee had paved the way for Muhammadan rule in the Deccan, and with the wealth which he had collected he returned to Hindustan. On his return he murdered his uncle and benefactor, and after a brief conflict, which was decided in his favour by means of a lavish but judicious expenditure of Deccan gold, ascended the throne of Delhi. He was not the last Musalman ruler to profit by the truth contained in the Hindu proverb that the legs of Lakshmi were broken after she had crossed the Narbada.

For some time the Ellichpur tribute was regularly remitted, but Ala-ud-din was too much occupied to attend to the affairs of the Deccan, and after an interval of a few years Ram Deo thought that he might safely discontinue the payment of the heavy toll imposed upon him by the adventurer, but he reckoned without his host. Not only did Ala-ud-din, the emperor, miss the tribute which had been demanded by Ala-ud-din, the fugitive, but he soon had other grounds for invading (Deogir) territory. In an expedition to Gujarat he had captured Kamala Devi, the wife of Raja Rai Karan of that country, and had taken her into his harem. Kamala Devi seems to have been

contented with her change of partners, but missed the companionship of her daughters. One had died, but the younger, Deval Devi, a beautiful girl, was sought in marriage by Shankar Deo, the eldest son of Ram Deo. Rai Karan had long refused his consent to the alliance on the score that a Rajputni princess could not degrade herself by marrying a Maratha. When, however, Ala-ud-din, at the instance of Kamala Devi, sent an army to Gujarat in order to compel Rai Karan to despatch his daughter to Delhi, Shankar Deo, without his father's permission, sent to Rai Karan a mission, at the head of which was his younger brother, Bhim Deo, and represented that it was better that Deval Devi should be married to a Hindu prince than that she should fall into the hand of the Turks. Rai Karan saw the force of the argument and made haste to despatch his daughter to Deogir. Ulugh Khan, commander of the imperial troops, hearing of this, attacked Rai Karan with all his force and defeated him, but was too late to prevent the despatch of Deval Devi to Deogir. Rai Karan fled towards Deogir closely pursued by Ulugh Khan. One day, when Ulugh Khan was halted by the bank of a river, probably the Girja, three or four hundred of his men asked for leave to visit the caves of Ellora, near which the camp lay. While they were wandering among the caves a force of Hindus came into sight. The sight-seers, who had their arms with them, believed that this force was one sent against them from Deogir, and formed up to receive it. A fight ensued, in which the Hindus were worsted and fled. The horse of a lady who was with them was wounded by an arrow, and the Musalmans surrounded it and were about to seize her as a prize, when her attendant came forward and entreated them not to dishonour Deval Devi. The Musalmans then learnt that they had the good fortune to encounter Bhim Deo's mission on its way back from Gujarat. The princess was sent with all honour to Ulugh Khan, who escorted her with his army to Gujarat and thence despatched her to Delhi, where she was married to Khizr Khan, the emperor's son, and became the heroine of one of the most famous love stories of the East.

Meanwhile, the emperor's favourite, Malik Naib Kafur, known as *Hazar Dhnari*, from the price which he had fetched as a slave, had been sent to reduce the Raja of Deogir once more to obedience. Ram Deo was captured and sent to Delhi, where he was well received

and highly honoured by Sultan Ala-ud-din. Deogir was restored to him and he received the title of *Rai Rayan*, with permission to use a white umbrella. For the rest of his life he remained a faithful vassal of Delhi.

There is a conflict of authorities regarding the date of these two expeditions to the south under the command of Ulugh Khan and Malik Naib Kafur, and it cannot be determined whether they were despatched in 1302-03 or in 1306-07.

As the Musalmans carried their arms southwards, they made use of Deogir as a base and source of supplies. Thus, when Malik Naib Kafur marched in 1309 against the Telinga Kingdom of Warangal, Ram Deo assisted him with treasure, elephants, and horses. In 1310, when the same general marched through Deogir on his way to Dhorasamudra, the capital of the Hoysala Yadavas of the south, Ram Deo had, according to the historian Barani, who disposes of the Hindu's fate in a Calvinistic spirit, "gone to hell," and Shankar Deo ruled in Deogir. Early in 1317 Ala-ud-din himself died, or, as was believed, was murdered by Malik Naib Kafur. Khizr Khan, the heir apparent, had been thrown into prison, and Shahab-ud-din Umar, Ala-ud-din's youngest son, was raised to the throne, but was deposed and blinded in the following year by his brother Qutb-ud-din Mubarak, who ascended the throne. In 1318 Harpal Deo, son-in-law of Ram Deo, was ruling at Deogir, and in the course of the disturbances which followed on Ala-ud-din's death, had thrown off his allegiance to Delhi. In this year Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah set forth to chastise him and to recover Deogir. Harpal Deo fled on the emperor's approach, but was pursued and captured and was then flayed alive. Thus ended the line of the Yudava Rajas of Deogir.

Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah remained during the rainy season at Deogir, engaged in bringing the Maratha country for the first time under Muhammadan rule and in building the great mosque which still stands at Deogir. This structure is a monument of the establishment of Islam in the south. The numerous pillars which support its roof are purely Hindu in design and were evidently taken from some temple which stood on or near the spot where the mosque now stands. The effect of the Hindu carvings in the temple of monotheism is most incongruous, perhaps designedly so, for Qutb-ud-din

Mubarak, who was three parts debauchee and one part theologian, evidently intended them to bear witness to future ages of the downfall of Hinduism and the establishment of Islam. The emperor, during his stay in Deogir, established military posts throughout the Gulbarga, Sagar, and Dhorasamudra country, and parcelled out Maharashtra among Muhammadan *jagirdars*. Then, after having appointed Malik Yaklaki commander-in-chief of the army of the Deccan, he returned to Delhi and plunged into the grossest debauchery. His neglect of public business was naturally followed by a loosening of the bonds of authority, and in the Deccan Malik Yaklaki broke out into open rebellion. An army was sent against him and he was taken captive with principal followers to Delhi, where all were put to death, Malik Yaklaki himself, as the leader of the rebellion, being mutilated before he was executed. Ain-ul-mulk of Multan was then appointed governor of Deogir, with Malik Taj-ud-din as his assistant. In 1320 Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah was murdered by his unworthy favourite Hasan, by birth a low caste Hindu, who had received the title of Khusrav Khan and had been appointed *Vazir* of the empire by his infatuated master. This infamous wretch now ascended the throne of Delhi under the title of Nasir-ud-din Shah, but the great nobles of the empire could not long endure the domination of the upstart, and later in the same year he was overthrown and executed. Malik Fakhr-ud-din Jauna, a Turki noble, being raised to the throne under the title of Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlaq Shah.

While these events were happening in Delhi, the affairs of the Deccan fell once more into confusion, and in 1321 the new emperor's eldest son, Ulugh Khan, who afterwards ascended the throne as Muhammad bin Tughlaq, was sent to restore order in Deogir and to annex Warangal. The first expedition to Warangal was a failure, and Ulugh Khan was forced to fall back on Deogir, where he halted to restore order in his mutinous army. The Hindus captured the leader of the mutiny, flayed him and sent his skin to Ulugh Khan. Other officers captured by them were sent alive to the prince, who despatched them to Delhi, where they were either impaled or crushed to death by elephants. Ulugh Khan remained in Deogir until 1323, when he received reinforcements and set out once more for Warangal, capturing Bidar on his way. Warangal fell on this occa-

sion and received the new name of Sultanpur on its annexation to the empire.

Early in 1325 Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlaq Shah died, and was succeeded by his son Muhammad. It was in this emperor's reign that Deogir, now renamed Daulatabad, reached the zenith of its fame. In 1327 the new emperor came to the conclusion that since the Deccan had been added to his dominions, Delhi was no longer sufficiently central to be a suitable capital for the whole empire, and orders were issued declaring that Daulatabad would henceforth be the capital. This order did not signify only a transfer of the imperial residence, which would naturally have been followed by a transfer of trade and population. A moderate measure of this nature would have accorded ill with Muhammad bin Tughlaq's fiery and impetuous disposition. It was his intention that all that made Delhi what it was, save only its stones, bricks and mortar, should be bodily transferred to Daulatabad. The emperor made all possible arrangements for the comfort of travellers on the road between the two cities, but no arrangements that could be made were sufficient to prevent unspeakable suffering. The inhabitants of Delhi evinced a natural disinclination to leave their homes, and Muhammad bin Tughlaq expelled them by armed force, and drove the wretched and homeless citizens across India to make new homes for themselves in the capital of his choice. One historian says that Delhi was so completely deserted that no sound was heard in it save the cries of wild beasts, and others tell us that most of the old, the widowed, the weak, and the poor died on the toilsome journey, and that of those who reached their journey's end all were sick at heart and many sick even to death. The most graphic description is that of Ibn Batutah, who thus describes the rigour with which the tyrant's orders were executed: "The Sultan ordered all the inhabitants to quit the place; and upon some delay being evinced, he made a proclamation stating that what person soever, being an inhabitant of that city, should be found in any of its houses or streets, should receive condign punishment. Upon this they all went out; but his servants, finding a blind man in one of the houses and a bedridden one in another, the emperor commanded the bedridden man to be projected from a *balista* and the blind one to be dragged by

his feet to Daulatabad, which is at the distance of ten days,* and he was so dragged ; but his limbs dropping off by the way, only one of his legs was brought to the place intended, and was then thrown into it, for the order had been that they should go to this place. When I entered Delhi it was almost a desert. . . . Its buildings were very few ; in other respects it was quite empty."

It was certainly during the period of Daulatabad's importance as the new capital of the Indian empire that the works which are its most marvellous feature were undertaken and executed. What these works were, and what labour was expended on them, may best be indicated by a quotation from a later historian, the official chronicler of the reign of Shahjahan, the fifth of the great Mughals. He writes as follows : "This lofty fortress, the ancient names of which were Deogir and Dharagir, and which is now known as Daulatabad, is a mass of rock which raises its head towards heaven. The rock has been scarped throughout its circumference, which measures 5,000 legal yards, to a depth which ensures the retention of water in the ditch at the foot of the escarpment. The escarpment is so smooth and even that neither an ant nor a snake could scale it. Its height is 140 cubits, and around its base a ditch 40 cubits in width and 30 in depth has been dug in the solid rock. Through the centre of the hill a dark spiral passage, like the ascent of a *minar*, which it is impossible to traverse, even in daylight, without a lamp, has been cut, and the steps in this passage are cut out of the rock. This passage is closed at the foot of the hill by an iron gate, and after passing through this gate and ascending the passage one enters the citadel. At the head of the passage is a large grating of iron which is shut down in case of necessity, and when a fire is lighted upon it the ascent of the spiral passage becomes impossible owing to the intense heat. The ordinary means of reducing fortresses, such as mines, covered ways, batteries, etc., are useless against this strong fortress."

This accurate description of the works at Daulatabad conveys some idea of the enormous amount of labour expended on them, and from what we know of the methods of Muhammad bin Tughlaq we may assume that exile was not the only, nor perhaps the greatest, hardship which its alien population had to bear. It can have

* Daulatabad is 610 miles distant from Delhi as the crow flies.

mattered little to them that they dwelt in a city of which the courtly poet laureate sang that the heavens were the anvil of the knocker of its door, that its gates were the eight gates of Paradise, and much more in the same strain of bombastic hyperbole. We know at least that a very large majority of the forced settlers never regarded their new home otherwise than with loathing.

The eccentric tyranny of Muhammad bin Tughlaq produced its inevitable result in the form of rebellions in almost every quarter of the empire save that in which the presence of the ferocious despot cowed all opposition. In 1341, when a rebellion broke out in Malabar, the emperor set out in person to punish the rebels, but his army had marched no further than to Warangal when it was attacked by a pestilence, possibly cholera or small-pox, and was unable to proceed. Muhammad himself was smitten, but made his way back to Daulatabad. At Bid, on his way thither, he suffered from toothache and lost a tooth, which he buried in that town, erecting a domed tomb over it. In Daulatabad he rested until he had recovered from the effects of his illness, and in 1343-44 returned to Delhi, leaving his brother Qutlugh Khan as Governor of Daulatabad. Before his departure he issued a proclamation to the effect that those who had been driven from Delhi to Daulatabad might now, if they wished, return. The result of this order was that Daulatabad, after being the capital of the empire for seventeen years, ceased to be so, for even this period had been insufficient to reconcile the wretched exiles to their new abode, and most of them elected to return, despite the prevalence of famine in the country between the two cities, the probability that a large number of those who set out would never reach their destination, and the certainty that those who succeeded would arrive at Delhi empty-handed and destitute.

The history of the troubles of the empire during the period which followed the return to Delhi, and of Muhammad's tyranny in other parts of the empire, forms no part of the history of Daulatabad, which, though largely depopulated and probably far from prosperous, was relieved of the immediate presence of the tyrant.

Shortly afterwards the emperor divided the Maratha country into four provinces under provincial governors, all worthless men. Imad-ul-Mulk, of whom more will be heard, was appointed *Vasir* at Daulatabad and Commander-in-Chief of the Deccan, Qutlugh Khan

being removed from his post in 1346. Later in the same year a low-bred adventurer, Aziz Hammar ("the ass-driver") or Khammar ("the vintner") was appointed Viceroy of Daulatabad, Malwa, and Dhar, with instructions to watch closely the centurions of Daulatabad and other cities, who were the originators of all the insurrections which, from time to time, broke out in the Deccan. A rebellion broke out in Gujarat, Baroda, and Bahroch, and Aziz marched against the rebels, but was defeated and slain. The emperor then marched against the rebels in person and defeated and dispersed them. After tranquillity had been restored he remained in Gujarat and supervised the collection of the revenues of that province and of Bahroch and Cambay. Thence in 1346 he despatched two nobles to Daulatabad to summon to his presence the centurions of that province. Some of these centurions had been concerned in the disorders of the Deccan, and although it does not appear that the emperor had any motive in summoning them other than that of employing them in Gujarat, the officers were apprehensive of evil, and, after moving one march out of Daulatabad, took counsel together, slew the two nobles who had been sent to summon them, and marched back to the fort. On their arrival they imprisoned Maulana Nizam-ud-din, slew other imperial officers, and broke out into open rebellion. They opened the imperial treasury in the citadel and divided its contents, and then, after being joined by some of the rebel centurions from Gujarat, proclaimed one of their number, Ismail Fath the Afghan, king, under the title of Nasir-ud-din. The emperor, who was in Bahroch, at once marched on Daulatabad, met the rebels in the field, and defeated them after a hotly contested battle. Ismail Fath and his immediate followers took refuge in the citadel of Daulatabad, while the other rebel officers, among whom was Hasan Gangu, dispersed to their *jagirs*. Muhammad bin Tughlaq laid siege to the citadel and gave the town of Daulatabad up to plunder, while he despatched Imad-ul-mulk, now governor of Ellichpur, in pursuit of Hasan Gangu and the other fugitive centurions. After besieging Ismail Fath in the citadel for three months, the emperor received news that rebellion had broken out afresh in Gujarat, and at once marched northwards to quell the rebellion, taking with him all the unfortunate inhabitants of Daulatabad. Malik Jauhar, Shaikh Burhan-ud-din Bilgrami, and other

nobles were left behind to carry on the siege of the citadel, but they were unable to prevent the Deccani *amirs* from pursuing the imperial army and attacking it with considerable success, and immediately after the emperor's departure the centurions who had dispersed re-assembled their troops under the leadership of Hasan Gangu, attacked and slew Imad-ul-mulk, and then marched on Daulatabad. Here they defeated and put to flight the imperial forces which had been left to besiege the citadel and were joined by the titular king of the Deccan, Ismail Fath. The brief nominal reign of Ismail Fath had been far from auspicious, and he had the sense to see that Hasan Gangu was the man of the hour. He wisely determined to take time by the forelock and resigned the royal dignity on the plea that he was too old and too fond of his ease to undertake the onerous task of ruling. The *amirs* agreed to abide by his nomination in the selection of a king, and he proposed Hasan Gangu, "entitled Zafar Khan, of the race of Bahman." The proposal was accepted without a dissentient voice, and Hasan ascended the throne in Daulatabad in 1347 under the title of Ala-ud-din Bahman Shah.

The death of Muhammad bin Tughlaq in 1351 freed the new king of the Deccan from all apprehensions, for I'iruz Shah, Muhammad's successor on the throne of Delhi, was so busily employed in restoring order in the provinces near to his capital that he had no leisure to turn his attention to the south.

It is strange that Ala-ud-din Bahman did not choose as his capital Daulatabad, which had for forty years been the centre of Muhammadan influence and power in southern India, but whether from attachment to his own *jagir* or from a notion that Daulatabad, the importance of which had declined owing to its recent depopulation, was too near the northern border of the Deccan and had been too closely connected with Delhi to be desirable as the capital of his kingdom, he passed over its claims and made Gulbarga the capital of the Deccan.

As soon as Ala-ud-din Bahman had consolidated his power he divided his kingdom into four *tarafs* or provinces, Gulbarga, Daulatabad, Berar, and Bidar. He died on February 11th, 1358, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Muhammad I., who completed the organisation of the army. Daulatabad still remained an important city, for each of the four great provincial governors maintained his

own army at his capital, besides appointing all the commandants of forts within his province. Each, too, had his distinctive title, the governor of Daulatabad being known as Masnad-i-Ali. Whenever the Sultan declared war against his Hindu neighbours on the south or east, or against his Muhammadan neighbours on the north, the provincial governors were summoned to join him with their armies. In 1365-66 Muhammad I. was engaged in a war with Krishna Raya of Vijayanagar. The Hindu was defeated, but the Sultan fell ill during the campaign and reports of his death obtained credence in various parts of the kingdom. In the absence of the provincial governors with their armies, the government of the provinces had been left in the hands of inferiors, and one Bahram Khan Mazandarani, who had been a favourite of Bahman Shah, seems to have been left in authority at Daulatabad. At the instigation of a Maratha officer named Kondba Deo, he raised the standard of rebellion, and was joined by some of the nobles of Berar. He retained in Daulatabad several years' revenue from Berar and the Maratha country, which was due to the royal treasury, obtained promises of assistance from a petty Hindu chief, and collected a force of 12,000 horse and foot. Muhammad Shah, hearing of these proceedings, sent a letter to Bahram Khan, promising him forgiveness if he would repent of his fault, but Bahram Khan, acting on the advice of his evil genius Kondba Deo, paid no attention to the warning and redoubled his efforts to strengthen himself against attack. The messengers returned to the King and informed him of the failure of their mission, and he, on his return to Gulbarga, sent Masnad Ali Khan Muhammad to restore order in his province, and followed him leisurely. The rebels advanced to Paithan on the Godavari to meet Masnad-i-Ali, who advanced without opposition as far as Shivagaon, about 15 miles from Paithan, where the rebels made an ineffectual night attack upon his camp. He then prepared to attack them, but first sent a message to Muhammad Shah, who was then hunting in the neighbourhood of Bid, with no more than three hundred troops, apprising him of his intention. The king, without waiting for his army to join him, pressed on with the small force which he had with him and joined Masnad-i-Ali just as he was about to attack the rebels. The latter, hearing of the Sultan's approach, dispersed, and the leaders fled to Daulatabad, where they

prepared to stand a siege ; but, being closely followed by the Sultan and Masnad-i-Ali, they could not persuade their troops to resist the royal army. Finding themselves deserted by their followers, they fled towards Gujarat, closely pursued by Masnad-i-Ali. They succeeded, however, in eluding him, and crossed the frontier, and ultimately ended their days in exile.

Firuz Shah, the eighth king of the Bahmani dynasty, assembled the armies of Daulatabad and Berar in 1398-99, to assist in the expulsion of Deva Rai of Vijayanagar from the Raichur Duab, but no sooner had they joined the Sultan than news arrived that Berar had been overrun from north to south by the Gonds of Kherla, and they were despatched northwards to repel the invaders, but were unequal to the task. The Gonds remained in possession of Berar until Firuz Shah had driven the Hindus from the Duab, and was left at liberty to march to the support of his northern army. In the following year Firuz Shah not only succeeded in driving the Gonds beyond his northern frontier, but sent in pursuit of them an army which defeated Narsingh, the Gond Raja, at the gates of his capital of Kherla.

During the reign of Ahmad Shah Vali, the brother and successor of Firuz Shah, Daulatabad became the base of military operations against the turbulent Rajas of the Konkan, whose depredations called for punishment, and in 1429 the Sultan appointed Khalaf Hasan Basri, the ablest of his servants, to the command of the province. Khalaf Hasan, in the course of an arduous campaign, reduced the refractory chiefs to obedience and enriched his master's treasury with the spoils which he captured from them. Unfortunately, the lust of conquest led him to attack the island of Bombay, within the territories of Ahmad Shah of Gujarat. His conquest of the island involved the Bahmani Kingdom in an unprofitable war with Gujarat, peace being ultimately concluded on the condition that each of the belligerents should retain the possessions which it had held before the capture of Bombay. Meanwhile, Hushang Shah of Malwa had taken advantage of the quarrel between his powerful neighbours, and had seized Kherla, then a recognised fief of the Bahmani Kingdom, and put to death the Raja, Narsingh. Ahmed Shah Vali was too exhausted by the campaign in the Konkan and the war against Gujarat to punish this act of aggression, and was compelled

to leave Kherla in the hands of Hushang on the condition that he refrained from molesting Berar.

In the reigns of the tenth and twelfth Kings of the Bahmani dynasty, Daulatabad was again disturbed by war's alarms. Ala-ud-din Ahmad II., the son of Ahmad I., had married Agha Zainab, entitled Malika-i-Jahan, the daughter of Nasir Khan Faruqi, Sultan of Khandesh, but afterwards took into his harem the daughter of the petty Raja of Sangameshvar in the Konkan, giving her the name of *Ziba Chihra*, or "Beautiful face." Agha Zainab, who was neglected for the Hindu girl, wrote to her father and complained of her husband's behaviour. Nasir Khan espoused his daughter's cause and resolved to punish his son-in-law, but, well aware that he was not strong enough to attack the Bahmani Kingdom single-handed with any hope of success, he prepared his way by corrupting the officers serving in Berar, and as soon as his machinations had met with some measure of success he followed them up by invading Berar in 1437. The officers who had been won over by Nasir Khan were besieging their governor, the Khan-i-Jahan, in the hill fort of Varnala, and the invaders were left free to advance unmolested in the direction of Daulatabad. Here Khalaf Hasan Basri, who had once more been selected for the command of an expedition, was assembling his forces. He was joined by the Khan-i-Jahan, who managed to effect his escape from Varnala, and marched northwards through Berar, inflicting a crushing defeat on the invaders at Rohankhed. Nasir Khan was pursued to his capital, which was sacked, and the troops of Daulatabad returned with much booty.

In 1461 during the reign of the young king Nizam Shah Bahmani, Mahmud Shah Khalji of Malwa invaded the Deccan and captured the capital, Bidar, but was unable to reduce its citadel. The province of Daulatabad was overrun by the invaders, but the old fort held out and once again was a base of military operations against the invaders. Mahmud Shah of Gujarat came to the assistance of the Bahmani King, and in the neighbourhood of Daulatabad joined forces with the soldier-statesman of the Bahmani Kingdom, Mahmud Gawan, thus threatening the communications of the invaders, who retreated hastily through the jungles of the Satpuras closely pursued by Mahmud Gawan. In the following year

Mahmud Shah Khalji again invaded the Daulatabad province, but before he could attack its capital he received news that Nizam Shah was advancing against him from the south-east and would probably be joined by Mahmud Shah of Gujarat from the north-west. He had no hope of resisting successfully such a combination, and hastily retreated to Malwa. In 1471 Yusuf Adil Khan, who afterwards founded the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur, was appointed Governor of Daulatabad, "than which post there was none higher in the service of the Bahmanids." This appointment was made in the reign of Muhammad III., the thirteenth king of the Bahmani dynasty, and later in the reign a reform which had already been too long delayed was effected. The four original provinces of the kingdom were sub-divided into eight, Daulatabad being divided into the new provinces of Daulatabad and Junnar. The almost regal powers of the *tarafdars* were also curtailed in other directions. Formerly, all the forts in the provinces had been in the hands of the *tarafdars*, who appointed and removed the commandants. It was now ordered that only the fort at the capital of each of the provinces should be in the hands of the *tarafdar*, and that the commandants of all other forts should hold their appointments directly from the Sultan. The nature and effect of this policy have been strangely misapprehended by a modern historian,* who, referring to the dissolution of the Bahmani Kingdom, says, "A recent division into large provincial governments hastened the dissolution." This statement is entirely wrong. The kingdom had originally been divided into large provincial governments, and the "recent division" referred to was the sub-division of those large governments into smaller ones. This step, though not taken in sufficient time to prevent, certainly did not accelerate the dissolution of the kingdom, which was due solely to the degeneracy of the later Bahmanids and to their subserviency to ministers whom the provincial governors would not accept as masters.

(To be continued.)

WOLSELEY HAIG.

* See *Medieval India under Muhammadan Rule* ("Story of the Nations" series), by Stanley Lane-Poole, p. 184.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF SIKHISM.

AMID the bewildering maze of stereotyped customs, smooth conventions and meaningless ceremonies, Guru Nanak raised the banner of truth, light and devout aspiration, and a ray of divine love shivered through the dark clouds of intolerance and blind orthodoxy, heralding peace and goodwill, fraternity, justice and tolerance.

Souls, weary of the empty formalities which surrounded them, weary of the orthodox demonstration and metaphysical subtleties which failed to satisfy the inner cravings of human nature, turned with eagerness to this harmonious spiritual voice sounding clear from a region towards which their hearts yearned with untold aspiration, but from which the chaotic mental condition of their times had shut them off with brazen barriers.

Guru Nanak proclaimed the Primal Truth : the unity of God and the brotherhood of man ; endowed the Parabrahm (Supreme Lord) of the Hindu philosophy with the father's excellence of love and compassion, and thus presented for the reverence, gratitude and devotion of all true believers a figure of infinite sweetness and love, who drew from men the highest love which their souls were capable of along with the warmest feelings of pity and love for their brethren, irrespective of the outer garments that they wore, and the spoken formula in which they tried to pour out their feelings of humility and devotion to God.

To Hindus and Mohammedans alike he pointed out the ideal, the true, the noble that was in their beliefs, and applied intellectual tests to outside ceremonies which, alas, shrouded the truths and were thrown out by some good and wise men to veil the light from the dazzling and all-powerful centre which they thought was too strong for their weak brethren.

But Guru Nanak boldly pushed aside the veil, firmly believing in the unconquerable strength of steadfast faith and selfless devotion, and truth in all its splendour shone out like the noonday sun and so the glamour of complicated Hindu ritual and stiff Mohammedan formalism vanished like an empty shadow.

On foot Guru Nanak travelled to Hardwar and mixed with the crowds of the pilgrims and pointed out to them the vanity of their exclusive ways of eating and drinking. "It is no use your drawing the line around you," he said, "when blind ignorance, ruthless egoism, undiminished selfishness, keep you company. Brothers, cultivate truth and let your actions draw the line. By repeating His name purify your minds. Only those are pure who do not lead evil lives."

Arriving at Hardwar he went with others to have his bath in the Ganges, and when the people began to throw water towards the sun he began to splash water in an opposite direction. "What are you doing?" asked a proud Brahman. "I am simply doing what the others are doing," replied Nanak. "They are giving water to their dear departed ones," remarked the Brahman. "I am giving water to my fields," simply said Nanak. "Fool," exclaimed the Brahman, "how can the water reach your fields?" "And pray how can the water reach those who are no more on this earth?" said Guru Nanak, turning toward him and looking the Brahman full in the face. A crowd had now gathered round him and he spoke to them in his own sweet winning way, telling them that it was not the act but the spirit in which it was done which led to higher regions and to salvation. "The question is not what we do," he said, "but how we do it;" and thus teaching and enlightening those who came near him he slowly travelled on to Benares and there spoke against the vanity of lighting lamps for those who no more required such lights. "The only light," said Guru Nanak, "which can guide those who have left this earth is the light of His name attained by suffering and renunciation of self." He stopped for some time at Benares and then moved on to Jaggannath, where seeing the Brahmans waving salvers full of flowers and tiny lamps automatically round wooden idols, he sweetly spoke out. "Friends," said he, "He is not confined in these stone temples. His temple is the dome of immensity; ethereal blue skies coped with suns and moons and star galaxies

sparkle like pearls before Him, the air laden with the perfume of the heavens waves round Him the 'chouri' in adoration, the deep toned music of Nature perpetually sings His praises ; let your hearts join the chorus which the music of the spheres raises in His praise." From Jaggannath he proceeded to Mecca and slept with his feet towards the Kaba, and when roughly asked by a Moulvi why he slept with his feet towards the house of God, he naïvely said, "Turn my feet in that direction where there is no house of God." The Moulvi, taking him by his feet, dragged him round and round ; but to whichever direction his feet were turned, the house of God turned with them. "Who are you?" asked the poor Moulvi in astonishment. "I am neither a Hindu nor a Mohammedan," said Nanak. "This body is made up of five elements, which is played upon by the invisible spirits." A crowd gathered round him and he spoke to them words of love and wisdom. "Friends," said he, "empty talk cannot lead to Heaven, only by practising we can attain salvation ; five times the prayers are offered and five are the virtues which must accompany them : Truth, Justice, Charity, Purity of Mind and Praise to God—you bathe yourselves in the blood of your brethren and offer prayers to God whose children you have wantonly killed. Learn kindness, restraint and contentment, bashfulness and charity, lead truthful lives, and then alone your prayers will be accepted." And so he taught the true religion to Mohammedans in the very land of the prophets, telling them to follow the spirit of the teachings of their Prophet and to discard the dead formulas, traditional heresies and untruths which their Prophet wished to emancipate them from.

Guru Nanak held up to ridicule only meaningless ritual and formal practices, but he never said a word against any religion or belief. True believers of all religions he recognised as his own brothers. What he tried to do was to efface all the debilitating influences in the old creeds, to divest them of all useless tinsel and false ornament, and establish their complete dependence on the great Creator of the universe. To effect this it was imperative that superstition, in which intolerance and narrow-mindedness had their root, should be proved ridiculous. "When men had learned to laugh at superstition, then alone they could perceive how abominable was the oppressive fanaticism which was its champion," as Morley puts it. "Tolerance," says Gladstone, "is far more than abandonment of civil

usurpation over conscience. Tolerance means reverence for all the possibilities of truth ; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions and wears vestures of many colours and speaks in strange tongues. It means frank respect of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions and social force. It means charity that is greater even than faith and hope."

No such tolerance could be expected from men who were capable of limiting the divine love and worshipping a divinity who loved some of his creatures and hated others. It was absolutely necessary to show how pernicious such limitations of truth were, which lowered the understanding of its votaries and dwarfed the infinite goodness of God according to their own narrow standard of goodness.

The Hindus say that Guru Nanak did not know Sanskrit, otherwise he would have preached nothing but Vedantism, while the Mohamedans think that he preached unadulterated Islam. The truth is that he preached that which is the essence of all religions, the fountain from which different religions flow like so many streams to refresh mankind. He perceived the truth directly and "all the Vedas were to him like a tank in a place covered all over with water," as the Gita puts it. He saw Hindus and Mohamedans alike wrapped up in ignorance and superstition ; the higher teachings of Hinduism only bewildered the common mind, while the anthropomorphism of Islam resulted in dogmatism and persecution. The people in general did not know either Sanskrit or Arabic, and were entirely dependent on the Pandits or Moulvies for their spiritual welfare.

Guru Nanak gave his teachings in the spoken language of the people, simple and easy to understand. It is a single doctrine melting in a glow of contemplative transport. It thrills from first to last by a glowing selfless devotional fire, such as has but rarely appeared in the literature of any religion. It teaches love to God and man, tolerance and the beauty of peace, silent worship of an unseen but ever-present divinity, purity of heart and mind in active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of their daily affairs ; and as his own son turned an udasin (recluse) he declared Angad as his successor, who, after Guru Nanak, carried on the work of reformation, teaching humility and obedience, forgiveness and charity, manly opposition to injustice and wrong.

Guru Angad was succeeded by Guru Amardass, who silently worked along the lines of his predecessors and kindled devotion and enlightenment in the minds of men who came in contact with him, so that the whole country was leavened by the radical and devotional teachings of the Sikh Gurus.

Guru Amardass was succeeded by Guru Ram Dass, who laid the foundation of the Golden Temple, which in the course of time became the centre of Sikhism. Guru Ram Dass was succeeded by Guru Arjan, who gathered a band of devoted disciples round him and compiled all the teachings of his predecessors in the form of a book, the Holy Granth. Guru Arjan was cruelly tortured by a noble at the Court of Jehangir, named Chandu Lall, and this was the turning point in the history of the Sikhs. Guru Hargobind, who succeeded Guru Arjan, threw off the simple garments of a devotee, and put on two swords as emblems of spiritual as well as temporal power.

The times had now changed, and the people, freed from the clutches of the priests, manfully shook off the barren accumulation of a fixed superstition and realised for the first time their own degraded condition under a despotic rule.

The larger illumination which the Gurus had poured out in all directions had wrought a wonderful change and transformed the despairing wretches of Brahmanism into bright beings not lower even than angels. The result was that the people looked with horror and despair on the anarchic conditions which surrounded them. The spiritual preparation which had been set in progress by Guru Nanak gave them new life, and inspired them to work out their own salvation. So when Guru Hargobind resolved to stand up against an unjust rule, the Sikhs, who had hitherto only led saintly lives of humility and love, as if some everflowing stream of divine melody was ever pouring into their minds, gladly took to bows and arrows and martial exercise, and successfully accomplished the great task of beating back the Moghal's armies in many a pitched battle. All his life long the Guru defied the Mughal forces and taught manliness and love of action to his disciples. He was succeeded by Guru Harkai, who led a quiet life of retirement and devotion and passed away in peace. His successor, Guru Harkrishan, was a mere boy when he succeeded to the Guruship, and reigned only for a short time. His successor, Guru Teg Bahader, sacrificed his own life to

save his beloved country from foreign misrule and poured out his life blood to kindle the fire of liberty and independence.

It was his son and successor who finally emancipated the Sikhs from the thralldom of caste and priests, and united and transformed them into a compact nation of men, ready to think and act for themselves.

Guru Govind Singh was remarkable as a child. The spirit which shone within his youthful body had passed aeons and aeons in meditation till it became one with God, as he himself puts it in the *Bachitra Natak*. So when Guru Teg Bahader wrote to him from his prison in Delhi, saying : "Strength has vanished ; fetters retard all free movements ; God alone can save, as He saved the elephant from his danger," Guru Govind Singh promptly replied, "Strength is yours ; the fetters have fallen off and everything can be done, but all is in your hands. Be you the Protector."

He was a mere boy when he wrote this, and when Guru Teg Bahader gave his life to protect the honour and faith of his country, Guru Govind Singh began to prepare himself to fulfil the mission which he had been charged with. He passed his youth in wild chase and calm meditation, inculcating the marvellous potency of action ; he saw around him a band of devoted disciples ready to sacrifice their lives at his word, eager to demolish misrule and tyranny, animated by the warmest feelings of social justice, and by a most fervent and sincere longing to make a nobler happiness more universally attainable. But they were too few in number, without any cohesion or settled form, to exert any influence on the masses which surrounded them. It was with unequalled wisdom, courage and activity that Guru Govind Singh transformed the heterogeneous body of his followers into a united nation, distinct in every way from the population of slaves which surrounded them ; a living proof of what the liberty of conscience can effect. It was thus that the Guru worked the miracle and transformed "the tame unresisting birds into hawks."

He called his disciples from all parts of the country, and when some 90,000 men had assembled, he addressed them lovingly, pointed out to them their ancient glory, and then called out to them if there was any one among them who was ready to give his life for his religion and country. Dharma, a Khatri, gladly jumped out of

the crowd and offered his life to the Guru. The Guru took him to a tent which was near the Darbar tent, in which he had privately ordered that five living goats should be placed. The Guru killed a goat, told Dharma to remain in the tent and with his sword still dripping with blood he called out for another Sikh. A young man cheerfully came up and offered his life. The Guru took him to the tent, killed a goat again, and coming to the Darbar tent asked for a third Sikh. Another Sikh came out, very happy to be of some use to the Guru. The Guru took him into the tent and did as before, and then coming out called for another Sikh. Muhkam, a low caste Hindu, stepped up and thanked God that his life after all was of some use to Him. The Guru took him into the tent and killed another goat. What was the surprise of the assembled crowd when the Guru came out with his five immortals, as he called them (and immortality no doubt they had attained). Radiant with joy, he said Lo ! a country which can produce five men ready to sacrifice themselves cannot be without a future ; and then in open Darbar he baptised them with water in which some sugar had been put, called them Singhs and his dear ones, and gave them new names, and then got himself baptised by his own disciples, and said, "Blessed is Guru Govind Singh who is himself a Guru as well as a disciple." And then he made them eat from the same plate, thus practically eradicating all idea of caste and creed. He told them that all were his children and as such they must behave to each another as brothers and fight manfully to lighten the burden of their country. "There must be no caste among you," he said, "and you must all be equal, no man greater than another. Caste must be forgotten, idols destroyed, and Brahmanical threads broken, worship of temples and graves abandoned, and you must worship the one timeless God with all your hearts, and by baptising you into Singhs I have destroyed your caste. Henceforth you have as your father Guru Govind Singh who belongs to no caste and creed and believes in God alone, and you must act as becomes his children."

Thousands of people received the baptism, and even the low caste sweepers were not denied admission into the brotherhood. The result was that in an extremely short period of time there grew up a distinct order, removed from the sordid and selfish interests of ordinary life by the austere discipline which every Sikh observed,

united by the common ties of brotherhood, each member ready to shed his life-blood for any member of his community, acknowledging the authority of God and the Guru, protesting against wrong, passionately inculcating new and higher ideas of right, denouncing the darkness of the false gods, calling on all men to worship the true God and adore the mysteries of that true God, thus presenting a front of unbroken spiritual unity which enabled them to hold their way among tumultuous tribes, half barbarous nobles and proud and foolish Brahmans.

It is wrong to say that Guru Govind Singh hated Islam and waged a war against Mohamedans in particular. Often he said "Temple and mosque are the same, worship and prayer are identical, there is no difference, don't be misled by words."

He was a great admirer of Persian poetry, and had some very intimate friends amongst the Mohamedan community, who fought with him against their own co-religionists. What he fought against was the forces of injustice and disorder, tyranny and misrule.

It is true that Guru Govind Singh led his people not to quiet faithful labour as in smooth times, but to faithful valourous conflict in times all violent and chaotic. Great wars, contentions and disunions followed from this reformation, but the Guru remained firm like the needle of a pointed rock, amidst all the turmoil that followed, and reconstructed from the anarchic society of those days an order animated by the highest aims and actuated by the most selfless devotion to the well-being of their fallen brethren ; though the Mohamedan rulers gave him no peace, he valiantly refused to submit to a king who wanted to whitewash his own deeds of cruel and perfidious nature by showing himself champion of Islam. More than once the imperial forces were beaten back by Guru Govind Singh and thrown back from his fort of Anandpur ; failing to storm the fortress, they laid siege around the fort in the hope of starving the garrison ; but for months the Guru manifested no sign of surrender but sallied out and inflicted heavy losses on the surrounding forces. Aurangzeb's crafty nature asserted itself, and he offered the Guru a free passage to Amratsar if he would only leave the fort of Anandpur. The Guru was against any surrender, but the Sikhs, who were on the verge of starvation, one and all declared for it. " Brothers," said the Guru, " if you

could suffer for ten days more you will end all your sufferings, but if you surrender now you suffer for many hundred years." "Better slow sufferings of many years than the suffering of hunger," replied all the Sikhs.

"All right," said the Guru, and he accepted the terms of Aurangzeb, and one dark night he sallied out alone with a devoted band of five Sikhs and his wife and children, while he sent the rest of his goods with his other Sikhs through the Mughal camp. It happened as he had anticipated. The whole Mughal army fell on the convoy which was guarding the treasures of the Guru, put the guard to slaughter, and looted all the treasures, but in all the turmoil that followed the Guru with his small band was able to make his escape. The man who was driving the chariot of the Guru in which two infant sons of the Guru were seated, treacherously drove them into the Mughal camp, in the empty hope of getting their jewels and in addition a reward from the Mughal general, but the divine law meted out to him his punishment. Before he had time to make his explanations, he was beheaded by one of the Mughal soldiers. The two infant sons of the Guru were taken prisoners and sent to Sirhind, where the two innocent boys, merely because they refused to embrace Islam, were buried alive under the walls of a mosque. The Mughal general not finding the body of the Guru among those whom he had slain, rode after the Guru with all his forces and overtook him at Chamkaur. The Guru took refuge in a small house and resolved to fight to the death. He showered arrows on the forces surrounding him, and in vain the Mughals tried to force an entrance. Whenever they approached the door, one of the Sikhs sallied out to fight with the invading forces and drove them back, though he gave his own life to save the Guru. But the devoted band fell one by one before the large host that remained, and as yet the sun had not set. At last his two sons valiantly threw themselves on the assailants, they drove them back and were themselves cut down, but by this time the shadows of evening had deepened and the assailants stopped to offer their evening prayers, and they had hardly finished their prayers when rain and wind came with the greatest fury. The Guru thought it a good omen and gently stepped out of the house. He found a patrol with lighted torch passing the door. The Guru took down the bow and shot an arrow at the torch, which fell on the ground

and was extinguished, and then he shouted, "The Guru escaping." The people ran from all directions and began to fight among themselves.

And so the Guru had time to escape unobserved by the surrounding forces, and soon appeared in Daruli, where the Sikhs again began to flock in. Though they all counselled the Guru to give up the war and submit to Aurangzeb, he firmly refused to listen to them and quietly retreated to Mukhtsar in the Ferozpur District, where he took his stand with a small band of devoted Sikhs and defeated the imperial forces, which fell back on Lahore. In the meantime Aurangzeb passed away and his successor thought it wise to make peace with the Guru, so that he might put all his forces against his rivals for the empire. The Guru was received with great honour by him and marched with him to the Deccan, and when the emperor returned to Dehli the Guru remained behind him at Nander. One day, he was playing chess with the son of a Mohamedan Chief who had been killed by Guru Hargovind in open battle. The boy, who had been brought up by the Guru and was a great favourite of his, flared up at some allusion to the death of his father and stabbed the Guru with a dagger. The Guru drew out the dagger and flung it aside and asked the young man to depart unharmed from his camp. The wound inflicted by the young man was very severe and the Guru knew that his mission was well-nigh over. He called his followers, thanked them for their love and devotion. Deeply affected, they asked who was to guide and lead them after him. "Brothers," said he, "believe in the Granth, the doctrine contained in it will be your illumination; yourselves your own refuge. Wherever five Sikhs are present there the Guru himself is present." And he invented no new ceremonies and formulas for his disciples to follow; he was content to supply them with well-founded beliefs and leave the externals in their own hands. He passed away declaring: "Since I took to Your feet, I never turned my eye towards other things. Rama and Rahim, Purans and Qurans explain many mysteries, and I simply spoke about You. Manifold paths were pointed, but I followed only Your path."

The Guru passed away, but there remained behind him a band of devoted followers who were eager to avenge the wrongs they had suffered. The small band of about 200 men, with Banda as their

leader, marched back on the Panjab, ransacked the cities they passed through, razed the city of Sirhind in which the two infant sons of the Guru were buried alive, and put the population and the governor to the sword, marched on Lahore and wreaked vengeance on those who had tormented them before. But these successes did not last long. They turned the head of Banda, who gave himself up to luxury and wanted himself to be acknowledged as Guru. The Sikhs remembered the commands of Guru Govind and refused to acknowledge him as a Guru, and so there happened a split in the Sikh ranks, which resulted in the destruction of Banda and his small band of followers. A price was set on the head of every Sikh, and they were virtually exterminated from the land and underwent suffering and torture, too great to describe. But the effulgent banner of truth and devotion, love and justice, which the Gurus had raised and poured their lifeblood to sanctify its glory, drew disciples, as a lamp draws a swarm of moths, and as more Sikhs were destroyed, still more took shelter under their banner, and the imperial forces no sooner retired than the Sikhs emerged from their fastnesses in the hills and spread over the country again ; though too few in number and with the whole forces of the empire ranged against them, they soon tired out the imperial forces and established themselves in the Panjab. They formed a sort of republic at Amritsar and partitioned the Panjab into 8 or 9 groups. But alas ! they were not prepared to carry on things on such high ideals, the individuals had not acquired that stability of character which alone could have made the republic a success.

The seeds planted by the Guru were now springing up and bearing fruit, but the soil was unsuited and rotten for a sound development ; so the fruit was not that which could have been expected from lives dominated by fasting, prayer and dependence upon God. The purest teachings of the Gurus were generally ignored, and it was the license that they gave which seemed to have the greatest influence upon the Sikhs. They were now mercilessly shedding the blood of their fellow creatures. Ranjit Singh for a time was able to control the Sikhs and establish a sort of government. With the death of Ranjit Singh the glory of Khalsa independence died out. No prince could venture to take the crown, for all were afraid of it. This was the saddest time for the Sikhs—blinded by lust of power, they had forgotten the maxims of the Gurus and ignored the pure teachings of

the Granth and quietly slid back into the old Hindu ways. Every one did what he liked. The fist and the sword decided between right and wrong. Princes and cities were in constant feud with each other, the retinues of the different Sirdars marched and plundering the level land, they robbed the farmers of their cotta and devastated their fields and burnt their houses. It was then that a kind Providence sent the English to put an end to the anarchy and disorder which prevailed and establish regular government in the Panjab.

The contact with western civilisation and the spread of western education in India has been gradually operating upon the minds of the people ; the intensity of national spirit in the west and the freedom of its political life is slowly waking up the Indians ; continual peace, free trade, the right to live as they like subject to their laws which are for all alike, have given them time to look backward and recognise the low position that they now occupy. The result has been a strange fermentation. Even the Sikhs are waking up, and in the last few years great efforts have been made to free Sikhism from the undesirable influence of lower Hinduism. The Sikhs have already succeeded in overthrowing rotten Hindu customs. Marriage, birth and death ceremonies are now simply performed according to Sikh scriptures. Every village now boasts of a Singh Sabha, where beautiful hymns from the Adgranth are always recited ; updeshaks or preachers visit every village and preach Sikhism. But while on the one hand Sikhism is being purified of all effete matters, on the other there is a greater tendency to turn it into another orthodox sect, and more stress is laid on outer forms and ceremonies than on the building up of the character and inner devotion which all the Gurus inculcated. It may be that some distinction is necessary to prevent the Sikhs from falling back into Hinduism, but their want of caste and class distinction, their firm belief in God and His goodness, seem to be protection enough to prevent their being absorbed into Hinduism. Is it a small distinction to cordially recognise the brotherhood of the human race and strive towards the tearing down of the walls of separation between man and man ? All the Gurus poured out their life-blood to evolve a united Indian nation, and this could only be effected by cultivating an unsectarian spirit. The Sikhs laugh at things which burden and oppress the spirit of different sects ; they must take care that they create no gyves and barriers in

their own. Guru Govind Singh at the last moment told the Sikhs to believe in the Adgranth, and left his beloved people in the hands of the Khalsa. It is for the Khalsa to justify the trust which Guru Govind Singh left in their hands. Let them boldly act upon and follow the teachings of the Guru, leaving all tradition aside, for it is so ordained by the tenth Guru himself.

Guru Nanak looked towards the brotherly coming together of men, and worked to bring about an era of charity, tolerance and mutual forbearance. Guru Govind Singh united the disciples of the Gurus, and from among the people, despised by their own kindred, trodden by a foreign rule, raised an order who, in all forms of sweetness and light, present a most inspiring picture.

Would to God that the followers of the divine religion could bloom out like fair flowers of this ancient soil into such a haven of kindliness, wisdom and breadth of soul, and by their pure, selfless, radiant lives, uplift their fallen brethren from the harassing gloom in which they grope so aimlessly.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

POLICE REFORM.

THE Report of the recent Indian Police Commission and the Resolution of the Government of India thereon, draw a comparison of the labours of the Indian Police Commissioners with those of the Commissioners appointed in 1837 to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the counties of England and Wales. No doubt, in form, the Report presented to Parliament in 1839 has a resemblance to the Report presented to the Indian Government in 1903 and published but recently; but, in matter, there are vital differences between the two reports. In England, outside the Metropolis and a few large towns, there was practically no organised constabulary: in India, for nearly half a century, we have had a large body of trained police. The Commissioners in England, therefore, proposed that as a primary remedy for the evil state of the country, which they set forth at great length, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the Legislature in the appointment of the Metropolitan Police Force. In India, the Commissioners proposed numerous reforms in the organisation, strength and pay of the regular police, most of which have been accepted by Government; and—which is far more important—they proposed a series of recommendations regarding the prevention of crime, the reporting and investigation of offences, and the prosecution of offences, covering a wide range, and some of them involving important changes in the law. These the Government of India have quietly shelved: they are “for separate consideration hereafter.” Before leaving the comparison of the two Reports, it is interesting to note that while the English Commissioners were of opinion that the early constitutional principles of local responsibility for offences committed, by compensation

to the sufferers, or by amercements to the Crown, had been impaired, and that it was inexpedient to revive them, on the other hand, the Indian Commissioners held that it was of paramount importance to develop and foster the existing village agencies available for police work, that the responsibility of the village headman for the performance of the village police duties should be recognised and everywhere enforced ; and that the village watchman must be a village servant subordinate to the village headman and not to the regular police.

Again, while the English Commissioners deemed it essential for the efficiency and attainment of all compatible services from a constabulary force, that neither by appointment nor otherwise should the constables be privately connected with the district in which they act, and that they should at periods be changed from district to district, on the other hand, the Indian Commissioners were in favour of local recruitment so far as is possible, and Government generally accepted their view. It would be interesting to consider in some detail these and other points of comparison between the English and Indian reports ; but for the present it is expedient to confine our attention to the most important question—Why the Indian Constabulary, though the subject of continuous reform for several years, still bears an evil reputation ? The Government of India supply the answer to this question: “The traditions of the Indian Police Department are Native,” that is, Oriental ; and until this fact is realised, and the police procedure brought into line with the conditions of civilised criminal administration, the popular opinion of the Indian Police will remain unchanged.

It is amusing to see how the Government of India have laboured to show that the Commissioners did not mean what they said. The second chapter of the Report is entitled, “Popular opinion regarding the Police and their work.” Government assert that the Commissioners do not express a critical appreciation of the grounds of that opinion, and that though “the conclusions (in the Report) are stated and argued in a concise and easily intelligible form,” in the body of Chapter II. the two points of view, that of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Commissioners, and that of the Commissioners who heard the evidence, are not always clearly discriminated. “The Commission begin by quoting the opinions of

others ; but where they agree with these, they insensibly glide into a corroboration of them which is hardly distinguishable from an independent and personal verdict." With the greatest respect, it may be seriously asked—What do Government mean by the above criticism ? The Commissioners were appointed to take evidence on certain specified points and to report their views on that evidence. Where were they enjoined to give " an independent and personal verdict " apart from the evidence ? Surely, their sole duty was to appreciate evidence and give their opinion thereon. The Governor-General in Council thinks that the Commissioners " have perhaps hardly made sufficient allowance for the tendency of the Indian witness to exaggerate." But the Commissioners, in paragraph 30 of their Report, expressly stated, " there is, no doubt, exaggeration in the picture presented by some of the witnesses." Again, " it is also clear that the lamentable picture of police inefficiency and corruption drawn by witness after witness is not a picture of universal experience. . . . But honourable exceptions and mitigating circumstances cannot efface the general impression created by the evidence recorded. There can be no doubt that the police force throughout the country is in a most unsatisfactory condition, that abuses are common everywhere, that this involves great injury to the people and discredit to the Government, and that radical reforms are urgently necessary." That verdict may be right, or may be wrong, but beyond question it is not faulty in form. Like a Sessions Judge, or Magistrate, whose duty it is to criticise a mass of evidence laid before him, and who sums up to the effect that, though some of the witnesses have exaggerated and are not to be implicitly believed, yet there can be no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, so here, the Commissioners carefully weighed the evidence and came to an " easily intelligible " conclusion.

The same view is borne out by an examination of some of the subjects on which evidence was considered and an opinion expressed. Thus :—" The Commission desire, as the result of their inquiries, emphatically to record their full concurrence in the view of the late Sir John Woodburn, viz., that " there is no part of our system of Government of which such universal and bitter complaint is made (as the police), and none in which, for the relief of the people and

the reputation of Government, is reform in anything like the same degree so urgently called for. The evil is essentially in the investigating staff. It is dishonest and it is tyrannical."

Further on, "the Commission cannot too strongly express their concurrence in the condemnation of the impropriety and unwisdom of giving to police constables the powers and opportunities of corruption connected with the conduct of investigation. They regret, however, to have to report that they have the strongest evidence of the corruption and inefficiency of the great mass of investigating officers of higher grades." Again, "while admitting that there are different degrees of corruption in different provinces or districts, and while admitting that there are exceptionally honest and upright officers of this class, the Commission cannot resist the strong testimony as to the prevalence of corruption among station-house officers throughout the country." Then, after setting out in detail the "numerous forms of this corruption," and the gist of the "endless narrations of the worries involved in a police investigation," they state that these "common practices form the burden of the complaints against the police," and then they proceed to show that some of the causes of these abuses have become very clear in the course of their inquiry, and on this foundation they base their recommendations with a view to remedy the evil.

Surely, it is difficult to conceive a State document drawn up in a more judicial as well as "easily intelligible" form. And on this the pronouncement of Government is that "by picking out and massing together all the separate blots which at various times disfigure police work in India, the Commission have produced a picture which would, in the opinion of the Governor-General in Council, give to any outside observer a somewhat over-coloured idea of the ordinary conduct of a police inquiry, or of the habitual behaviour of the police, at any rate in the majority of Indian Provinces." Where in the Report are the separate blots picked out and massed together? They are simply stated as deposed; and if there was a mass of evidence as to what Sir John Woodburn called the dishonesty and tyranny of an ordinary police inquiry, the fault is with the evidence and not with the Commissioners, who would have been worthy of censure had they omitted to set forth the evidence and their concurrence therewith.

Why, then, to revert to the question suggested above, is the popular opinion of the police administration in India so universally bad ? The answer is, as shown, perfectly clear. The populace, the source of popular opinion, comes into contact with the police mainly in the course of investigation of crimes. The investigating staff is "dishonest and tyrannical." That is not the opinion of a solitary individual, however eminent, such as the late Sir John Woodburn. It is not merely the opinion of natives given to exaggeration, or of prejudiced pleaders and Sessions Judges. The same view was expressed before the Commission by European police officers and Magistrates. The evidence of the witnesses before the Commissioners was given in public : lengthy extracts of their depositions and written statements are to be found in the newspapers of two years ago. It would be easy to collate them and show that so far from the Commissioners having given "a somewhat over-coloured idea of the ordinary conduct of a police inquiry," they have rather understated the case. For example, take the case of Bengal, not an insignificant part of India. Here is the opinion of an official, who, after 35 years' actual service in the police, has reached the top of the tree. Asked what was his opinion in regard to the manner in which the police generally discharge their duties and the estimation in which they are regarded by the public, he replied, "Corrupt and oppressive, all classes, from inspectors down to constables." We in Bombay may demur to such wholesale denunciation ; and our justification may rest, as suggested by the Commissioners, on the fact that our District Magistrate and his subordinates in their revenue and other work are brought into closest contact with the people, accessible to them, and well acquainted with them ; and this has tended greatly to prevent abuse in the police as well as in other departments. Be that as it may, we cannot claim to be free from the odium which attaches to the prevalent methods in ordinary police investigations. For many years Government have been fully aware that it is the *crux* of the whole matter. It is perfectly well known that twenty years ago the Sessions Judge of a district in this Presidency made an earnest appeal to Government to employ the whole weight of its authority to put a stop to the vicious system of police investigations. After some years another Sessions Judge in another district made a similar appeal, pointing out what has been re-

peatedly affirmed, that the root of the evil lies in the fact that the efforts of the police are directed to one single object, that is, to extort confessions. For this purpose they invade the village, in which the crime has been committed, in a large body, quarter themselves on the poor peasantry, collect a mass of people from that village and neighbouring villages, illegally detain all suspects, buffet and bully everyone who is likely to know anything connected with the circumstances relating to the crime ; and the result is that a police investigation is dreaded by all the villagers who, instead of working in sympathy with the police, are passively, if not actively, opposed to the guardians of the peace. If we remember rightly, a miniature Police Commission, consisting of a Commissioner, a District Magistrate, and the Inspector-General of Police, was appointed by Government to consider the representations of this last named Sessions Judge, but was any remedy suggested for the notorious evils ?

There is only one remedy, and that is to stamp out the " native traditions " (to use the term employed by the Government of India in their recent Resolution) of a police investigation. This may be well illustrated by a reference to the statements of a police officer before the Commissioners, which attracted considerable notice when it was published at the time. The officer has a high reputation in Northern India as an able policeman ; and it may be noted that from the circumstances of his birth and family he is peculiarly well fitted to speak authoritatively on this subject from the oriental point of view. His evidence, in brief, was that the detection of crime consisted in eliciting confessions, and that with the present staff and under present circumstances, in the absence of the use of violence and other unlawful method, detection is impossible. That, in a word, is oriental police procedure. It was universal before the British rule was established in India, and so far as it has not been eradicated it is the main, if not the sole, reason why the police department is detested.

Now there are three aspects from which this important subject may be regarded. First, there are the people who assert that the only procedure suitable to an oriental country is the oriental procedure. They are like the ardent young Civilian (this is an old chestnut, but it will bear repetition), who urged that Asiatics must be treated

Asiatically, and who met with the cruel retort that he might just as well say that idiots must be treated idiotically. The fatal objection to this view is that it is directly opposed to the plain provisions of the Legislature; therefore it is contended, by the next class of people, that the law should be altered and brought into conformity with existing practice. There are many who urge that illegal detention of suspects and witnesses should be legalised, and the eliciting of confessions should be encouraged. To this it is answered by the first school of thought that it is hopeless to expect that Government or the Legislature would ever consent to repeal the provisions of the law, which were expressly enacted to put a stop to police oppression. So, it is urged, the present law must remain, but present practices must be winked at. To this it is naturally rejoined that such a state of things is intolerable. At present an investigating police officer has to work with a halter round his neck. He is practically, though not in express terms, encouraged to follow the present vicious system, knowing the terrible risk he runs of falling into the clutches of the law, and perhaps standing in the dock, and receiving the sentence of rigorous imprisonment with the consequent ruin of his career. This is not an imaginary picture, as may be seen by a perusal of several criminal cases in which able police officers have been convicted and punished for breaking the law.

There remains, then, the third class of persons who urge that practice should be brought into conformity with the law, and that, to use the words of the members of the late Commission, the detention of suspects without formal arrest, being illegal, must be rigorously suppressed, and that the practice of working for or relying on confessions should be discouraged in every possible way, and that confessions should be recorded only by a Magistrate having jurisdiction to inquire into or try the case.

Will Government carry out those recommendations? If they do, if they refuse for one instant to listen to the specious plea that it is hopeless to expect that investigating police officers will change their "traditional" procedure, if breakers of the law meet with summary dismissal, then, and not till then, will the fruits of reform be visible. The changed attitude of the people will come, slowly no doubt, but surely. When they realise that a police investigation does not mean that everyone is made uncomfortable,

they will begin to assist instead of opposing the police officers. At first there may be diminution in the detection of crime, but time will remedy that. There is plenty of detective ability in the members of the police force, if it is properly encouraged. Improved pay, increased strength and supervision, these and such-like reforms will do some good ; but the root of the matter lies in the present prevalent system of police investigation. That must be *stamped out*.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A HINDU DEVOTEE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

THE Gunas, again, are a marvellous weapon for the analyst. I see a young manager of another's property who, in spite of innumerable efforts to improve him, is regular in irregularity in matters of business, though he has several good qualities. I see another who is a type of noble and ever-obliging gentlemanliness, but who, in matters in which his own interest is concerned, is most indolent, and owing to this indolence, unable to keep his promises respecting his own interests. How am I to explain these phenomena ? Irregularity and indolence are one side of Tamas, and that side has evidently gained the upper hand. Why ? Because the still small voice of Sattwa has not been heard and is not being heard, because Sattwa is being hustled on particular points, because in the council of the three Gunas, Tamas predominates over both Sattwa and Rajas. What is the remedy ? Decrease of Tamas and proportional increase of Rajas and Sattwa as regards those matters. But how is the one to be decreased—and how are the others to be increased ? By turning to Him Who is the source of all freedom. But suppose that Tamas has reduced Sattwa and Rajas to serfdom and totally suppressed them ; you cannot expect Tamas then to turn to the Light. What, then, is the result ? Why, the predominance of Tamas is another name for the predominance of hell—for the predominance of death, darkness and misery. Such predominance, unless a teacher or a friend intervenes to put it down, brings on disasters, and disasters end in revolutions, which effect fresh adjustments of the Gunas. The law of action and reaction is only one phase of the main operation of the Gunas.

Why should I forgive my enemy ? Because, if I am in the right and he is in the wrong, he is *pro tanto* in the hell of Tamas. Why should I exert myself to save him ? Because he is like a drowning man, and is drowning in Tamas. Why should we reverence and assist all true teachers ? Because they can turn a spark of Sattwa into a blaze and revive the ability to reflect and to obey.

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The ability to obey—the power to stand, though we are free to fall—plays a conspicuous part in even evolutionary literature. We are told : “ The dead point to the living to show by what means they have managed to survive. The living are the adaptable descendants, who have succeeded in shaking off certain of those family traditions and family idiosyncrasies which stood in the way of advancement or even of continued existence. Advancement followed as a result of ability to obey. Thus we get the evolution of a species.” This is how science translates Seneca’s “ Parere Deo libertas est.”

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Eastern Philosophy makes no broad distinction between material and mental elements. It considers mind a subtle form of matter, and freely applies words expressive of mental phenomena to material phenomena. In English we have ‘light’ and ‘darkness,’ which can be applied to both. In the Sankhya, the whole terminology is deliberately so constructed as to show the evolution of the highest as well as the lowest phenomena—material and mental—from the three Gunas of Prakriti, Purush being posited as the only unevolved and unevolving entity, inseparable from Prakriti and yet untouched by her. The theory of the sub-conscious self—with the Gunas playing their proper parts in it (and confusing the Psychological Research Society)—has had a great share in giving a finish to our Science of Being and Doing discovered by our Science of Meditation (Yoga).

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The groupings of the Gunas are endless. They have first their potential groups ; and, as in the mathematical theory of Groups, their potential groups are the same as their antipotential groups—for each of their cyclic substitutions becomes a substitution of the antipotential group. Every cyclic group is composed of iterations of a single operation of theirs, and every identical operation of theirs is

necessarily self-conjugate. They form innumerable kinds of groups, from the simplest, containing no self-conjugate sub-group, and the finite, with a finite number of substitutions, to the composite, containing many self-conjugate sub-groups, and the continuous, containing an infinite number of substitutions in which infinitely large or infinitely small transformations occur. They have their transition groups, by some substitution of which, any of their elements can be brought to any place. They have their dual commutation groups, in which the product of two substitutions belonging to one group and the other is independent of the order of the factors. They have their isomorphous groups, which can be separated each into the same number of sub-groups, so that a substitution of a sub-group in the one can be so co-ordinated to one of the other that products correspond to products. They bring about dihedral groups—tetrahedral groups—octahedral groups—quadratic groups and quaternion groups. They are at the bottom of the chemical groups, in which, though the number and the weight of the atoms are the same—the results vary. They form associate groups “and groups of rotation extended by the addition of operations of perversion.” They have, in short, innumerable definite operations, both direct and *inverse*, and set the whirligig of time and space a-rolling.

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Mathematicians can work out their groups even in four-dimensional space, and the Hyperfuchsian group is a group of transformations in that space. By each of such transformations a fundamental sphere is transformed into itself. The Gunas have not only continuous groups, but discontinuous ones and mixed ones. There is nothing of which a negative or a mixture is not supplied by their operations. There is nothing beyond which there is nothing. If we have cyclic groups, we have also metacyclic ones.

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Every product of the operations of the Gunas belongs to their set. They have their systems of conjugate substitutions. They have their sets of permutations resulting from performing all the substitutions of a conjugate system upon a series of their elements. They have their sets of functions called in the Yoga Sutras their *Dharmas*. The Galaxy and the double-stars are as much their work as the infusoria and the weeds. They are present actively or passively.

actually or potentially, in every cell—in every iota of protoplasm—in every element—in imagination, memory, and hope—in instinct, intuition and intellect—in the inner eye of the Yogi as well as the compound eye of a fly. It is the inverse processes of the Gunas that create so many difficulties for theologians. Vice has been called “inverse mysticism,” and minus one (-1) has been called the “parameter of every Involutorial Homology.” If motion in one direction along a line be treated as positive, motion in the opposite direction along the same line is negative. When an image is formed by a plane mirror, the distance of any point on it from the mirror is simply the negative of that of the corresponding point of the object. Every quaternion has its scalars or real numbers, and its vectors or quantities whose squares are negative scalars—for it can be resolved in one way, and one way only—namely into a sum of a scalar and a vector. Science has repeatedly acknowledged the simplification of its formulæ effected by means of Sir W. R. Hamilton’s quaternions. A greater simplification is possible if the inverse processes of the Gunas are deeply meditated on.

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It is these inverse processes that create so much interest. The Gunas not only add but subtract—not only multiply but divide. Themselves the constituents of the first matrix, Prakriti, they go on producing matrix after matrix, element after element, determinant after determinant. For every direct matrix there is an inverse matrix—and for every symmetrical matrix an asymmetrical one. They give rise to partial determinants, bordered determinants, adjugate determinants, composite determinants, compound determinants, complementary determinants, functional determinants, characteristic determinants, cyclic determinants and axi-symmetric ortho-symmetric, centro-symmetric determinants. The true Yogi’s determinant is centro-symmetric or persymmetric as the constituent in the rows and columns of the *Pravritti* part of his self is equal to the constituent in the rows and columns of the *Nivritti* part. He has, as the Gita says, no hate for the former, no fondness for the latter. The Yogi finds the point which remains at rest while the Gunas move round it. It is such a point that if the whole mass of the pendulum of the Gunas were centred there, the time of their oscillation would remain unchanged. It is such a point that

every radius vector from it to the curve of the Gunas is accompanied by an equal and opposite one. It is the point from which the lines of the pencil rays of the Gunas radiate. It is the point which is the centre of every Involution.

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How can we reach that point ? Because we are like metetheria pearls—geometric points, so to say—on a metetherial circumference, with liberty to go up by any radius to the centre of motion. The most conspicuous radii are the paths of Karma, Bhakti, Yoga and Gnana, and there are guides on these paths—the great founders of religions—seers and saints—still alive, though we, in our folly, deem them dead. We see numerous descriptions of manifoldness, but they are all resolvable into the discrete manifoldness of the Gunas and the continuous manifoldness of the Gunas. We see an endless number of serial combinations, visible physically or mentally—and we resolve them into the Gunas. There is an ascending series and a descending series. There is a converging series, a semi-converging series and a diverging series. There is a continued series and a discontinuous series. There is a determinate series and an indeterminate series. There is a reciprocal series and a recurrent series. There is a functional series and an exponential series—a geometric series and an arithmetical series—an hypergeometric series and an hyperbolic series—a finite series and an infinite series. The Yogi takes up a humble position in this last and tries to discover the law of that series. He purifies himself in thought, word and deed, and practises concentration in order to increase his Sattwa. He humbles himself in order to crush his Rajas, and he loves all and serves all, to crush his Tamas. Equipped in this way, he asks: “What is the relation which subsists between the successive terms of this infinite series ? What is the relation by which the general term of all such terms may be expressed ? What is the indeterminate unknown—the x of Yogic algebra—of which the general term is a function ? Is this x variable or invariable ? Can I substitute anything for it in the series in order to produce all the terms of the series ?” He meditates with faith and earnestness in order to obtain that “experimental knowledge of God which is the result of the embrace of unitive love.” He meditates, as Sir Rowan Hamilton or Euler meditated, on mathematical problems

and a light flashes on him gradually, and he finds that the truth lies in a paradox.

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The relation which subsists between the successive terms of the infinite series of which we are a part is Sattwic, Rajasic or Tamasic. The general term expressing that relation is Prakriti. The indeterminate unknown of which Prakriti is phenomenally a fraction is Brahm and the unis many as well as one. He is in me, as in my sister. He is in the sun and in the moth. He is Love and He is Law in me and all, and yet He is one. That is why St. Vincent of Paul said, "Our love embraces the entire world." That is why St. Catherine of Siena said : " Man was created by love and it is his nature to love." That is why St. Clement of Alexandria said : " Man predestines God as much as God predestines man"---for, as Bossuet explains : "The soul gives itself as the spouse to her lover : It gives itself to God as actively and freely as God gives himself to it. For God raises its power of free election to its highest pitch on account of the desire He has to be chosen freely."

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The occidental world has had its mystics like the oriental, and it is remarkable how their testimony agrees with the teaching of the Yoga Sutras and the Gita, which crystallise the experiences of our saints and seers. Says St. John of the Cross : "All the images of the imagination are confined within very narrow limits ; and the Divine Wisdom, to which the understanding ought to unite itself, is infinite, absolutely pure and absolutely simple, and it is not confined within the limits of any distinct, particular or finite mind. The soul which desires to unite itself to the Divine Wisdom must necessarily bear some proportion and likeness to it, and consequently it must shake itself free from the images of the imagination which would give it limits. It must not attach itself to any particular form of thought, but must be pure, simple, without limits or material ideas, in order to approach in some degree to God, who cannot be expressed by any bodily likeness, or by any single finite conception." This is meant for the higher stages of meditation. In the lower, says St. Theresa, the setting aside of material images should "not be attempted before the soul is very far advanced, as it is clear, that till then, it ought to seek the Creator by means of creatures. To do

otherwise is to act as if we were angels." St. Loyola similarly advises the exercise of the five senses of the imagination : "I will see with the eyes of the imagination ; I will hear with the help of the imagination ; I will taste with the help of the imagination." Gradually a distinct "voice which has no sound"—the *anahat shabd*—speaks to the mind ; gradually "the field of passing sensations and empty illusions" is narrowed ; and gradually the soul of the Yogi comes to discover "true things more than seven watchmen that sit in a high place to watch." His absorbing idea is, as St. John of the Cross says, "to get rid of everything which is not God Himself," and, to use the words of St. Catherine of Siena, the powers of his soul act in concert, the memory recalls the thought of God's benefits, the understanding strives to know His will and the will loves Him to such a degree "that it is unable to love or desire anything apart from Him."

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"The revelations which are from God," says St. Theresa, "are recognised by the great spiritual treasures with which they enrich the soul." The veils fall down, and humility and self-sacrifice attest the holiness of the soul. Love gives a taste of divine rapture, and like St. Philip of Neri, the Yogi cries out : "there is nothing harder than living to the man who really loves God." His ecstasy is not 'stupor' but 'amor.' He knows that God loves all, and he tries to love what is loved by Him he loves. He stands aloof from all pleasures derived from self-love, and as the Gita says, and as St. Theresa also says, while his soul is asleep, as regards earthly things, it is awake to the things of heaven.

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One of the higher stages is Nirvitarka Samadhi. In it St. Theresa rightly says : "the understanding stays its discursive operations, but the will remains fixed in God by love ; it rules as a sovereign. . . . It is true that if any one ask me how is it that, while our faculties and senses are as much suspended (in their operations) as if they were dead, we are able to hear or understand anything ; I can only answer that this is a secret which God has reserved, with many another, to Himself." Paramhansa Ramkrishna used to say that only so much of *Aham* was left as was necessary for the enjoyment of the Bliss of the Vision.

St. Gregory the Great has said: "If we wish to reach the citadel of contemplation, we must begin by exercising ourselves in the field of labour. Whoever wishes to give himself to contemplation must first examine what degree of love he is capable of; for love is the lever of the soul. It alone is able to detach it from this world and give it wings." The field of labour is the *Abhyas* of the Sutras and the Gita—the detachment of the soul is their *Vairaga*. The soul changes into what it loves or meditates on, and as Spinoza has said: "Man advances in perfection in proportion to the perfection of that object which he loves above all other things, and which loves him in return."



Every advance in meditation means increased power to reconcile opposites. St. Theresa, who, desiring to be Mary, laboured first like Martha, has said: "Suffering alone can make life tolerable to me. My greatest desire is to suffer. Often and often I cry out to God from the depths of my soul: Lord, either to suffer or to die, is all I ask of thee." She made a free gift of herself, and suffering was a joy to her. In that state her activity was nourished by her contemplation. "She compared herself to a bird which, when its wings have become strong enough to fly to greater heights, is also better able to descend quickly and safely." "The soul, (when united to God)," writes her friend St. John of the Cross. "falls at first into a state of great forgetfulness. With regard to exterior things it then shows so great a negligence and so great a contempt of self that, lost in God, it forgets to eat or drink, and it no longer knows if it has done a thing or not, or whether or not it has been spoken to by anyone. . . . But once the soul has become firmly established in the habit of a union, which is its sovereign good, it no longer forgets reasonable things, and things of moral and physical necessity. On the contrary, it is more perfect when engaged in works suitable to its state of life, although it accomplishes them by the help of images and knowledge which God excites in a special manner in the memory. All the powers of the soul are, as it were, transformed in God." In the words of the Gita, Karma and Akarma are then seen to be reciprocals. The Yogi then can say with St. Paul: "Who is weak and I am not weak, who is scandalised and I am not on fire." For he has that "liberty" which enables him "to find God in all

things," to quote again the words of St. Theresa, which are also the words of the Ishopanishad and the Gita.

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St. Francis of Assisi used to say : " We must needs use great discretion in the way we treat our brother, the body, if we would not have it excite in us a storm of melancholy." " Our brother, the body," reminds us of the ' yukt áhár ' and ' yukt wihár ' of the Gita, as well as of its strong denunciation of torturing the body. The body has to give its best powers to the soul during deep meditation, but, as St. Theresa says : " Though the body is often infirm and full of suffering before ecstasy, it comes out of ecstasy full of health and admirably prepared for action." " It is in the mind," says St. John of the Cross, " that the disorders of the animal part of our nature take rise, and from it that they derive their strength." Devout meditation, therefore, is useful even from the medical point of view.

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On another important point also the teachings of our great saints agree with the teachings of the great saints of the West. Both St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross state that what we call *Siddhis* are subject to a thousand dangers and illusions. St. Paul tells us that it is of more importance to possess charity than to be able to move mountains. St. Augustine says that " it is a far better thing to convert a sinner than to raise a dead man to life." And St. Bernard says : " I see miracles are not a proof of sanctity; they are a means of gaining souls. God worked them (through me) not to glorify me, but for the edification of my neighbour ; therefore, miracles and I have nothing in common with one another." The Yoga Sūtras treat of *Siddhis* as *natural* powers—but after enumerating them—give a most striking warning of their danger.

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The Grantha, that great treasury of the songs of our saints, lays stress a hundred times on discarding all desire for *Siddhis*—and on becoming as a little child in relation to the Supreme. Such learning as puffs up the mind has been always denounced—but learning that is consistent with humility and reverence is no obstacle but a help. " Piety without science," says St. Theresa, " may fill souls with illusions and inspire them with a taste for childish and silly devotions." As to the semi-educated, however, she said : " I have found that, pro-

vided they are men of good morals, they are better with no learning at all than with only a little, for in the former case, at least, they do not trust to their own lights but take counsel of really enlightene persons."

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What discrepancies there are in the evidence as to the higher experiences of the soul arise mainly from these causes, and from another which is even more powerful, namely, the spiritual law under which we see what we intensely desire to see and enjoy what we intensely desire to enjoy. The Prophet of Islam figured to himself the kind of paradise that was likely to be delectable to the Arab, and his inner eye realised it by means of deep meditation and brought it, as it were, into being, just as Wishwamitra brought into being a new heaven for Trishanka. Swedenborg had different ideas, and he tells us: "From God emanates a divine sphere which appears in the spiritual world as a sun, and from this spiritual sun again proceeds the sun of the natural world. The spiritual sun is the source of love and intelligence, or life, and the natural sun the source of nature or the receptacle of life; the first is alive, the second dead. The two worlds of nature and spirit are perfectly distinct, but they are intimately related by analogous substances, laws and forces. Each has its atmospheres, waters and earths, but in the one they are natural and in the other spiritual." According to him, God's *esse* is infinite love, His manifestation, form or body is infinite wisdom, and Divine love is the self-subsisting life of the universe. His heaven was, therefore, naturally of another kind. The Buddhist desires extinction of desires and illusions, and he doubtless enjoys his Nirvana. The Vedantist wants the Absolute and the Ineffable, and let us hope he also will be able to actualise his ideal. The magic of the spirit is such that in a moment every desire is fulfilled, and as there are varieties of desire, so there are varieties of fulfilment, and hence the discrepancies which appear in the accounts of such fulfilment, and in the accounts of all phenomena in which the lower part of our nature mingles itself with the higher, and vitiates what otherwise would be unalloyed inspiration.

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Just as in electro-static induction, the character of the medium determines the amount of induced electricity, so in spiritual induction,

the character of the medium determines the amount of unalloyed inspiration. Tyndall says, in his "Light and Electricity," that "the density of the ether is greater in liquids and solids than in gases, and greater in gases than in vacuo." Similarly, the constituent parts of metether are more compact and close in liquids and solids than in gases, and more compact and close in gases than in the human mind. The density of metether varies directly as the preponderance of Rajas and Tamas, and inversely as the preponderance of Sattwa. Every increase of Sattwa means a proportionate diminution of alloy in a Yogi's inspiration.

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In his "Principia," Newton has developed his theory of prime and ultimate ratios, which has a bearing on spiritual science as well. If there be two variable quantities constantly approaching each other in value, so that their ratio or quotient continually approaches to unity by less than any assignable quantity, the *ultimate ratio* of those two quantities is said to be a *ratio of equality*. The ratios are called prime or ultimate, according as the ratios of the variables are considered as receding from or approaching to the ratios of the limits or invariables. In spiritual science, we have likewise two quantities—the ever-varying Prakriti and the *Purush*, who, though essentially invariable, appears ever-varying as *Jiwa* in conjunction with the forms of Prakriti. The Sattwa in those forms—by means of Yoga—constantly approaches the Jiwa, so that their ratio or quotient continually approaches to the unity of Ishwara and at last differs from that unity by less than any assignable quantity. The *ultimate ratio*, therefore, of Sattwic Prakriti and Jiwa is a ratio of equality, as one of the Yoga Sutras expressly says. The prime ratio between the two subsists in the non-Yogi.

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In all applications of infinitesimals in the differential calculus we aim at discovering the ultimate ratio of two indefinitely small quantities or infinitesimals. Such infinitesimals we consider as variables which become evanescent when we proceed to our final result. Sattwa and Jiwa are like a polygon and a circumscribing circle. No effort, however small, to approach the circle is ever lost. The differences pass through a continuous series, and we

approximate closer and closer in proportion as such infinitesimal differences are reduced nearer and nearer to zero.

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Mathematicians speak of "orders of infinity," and of the "ratios of infinite quantities," without being charged with mysticism or absurdity. "For every point in all space, considered to have even an infinite multitude of dimensions, there is a distinct and separate point in even a short line; so that the multitude of points in a line is the greatest possible quantity, as there is one-to-one correspondence with the points of all space. The multitude of finite whole numbers may thus be said to be infinite, since the counting of them cannot be completed. This infinite (∞) is analogous to a logarithmic infinite, or infinite of order zero. It is called 'improperly or discretely infinite.' But the multitude of points upon a line, which corresponds to the multitude of numbers expressible by an infinite series of decimals, is infinitely greater, in that it cannot be brought into a one-to-one correspondence. This infinite is properly or continuously infinite." Our Sattwa, informed by Jiwa, is discretely infinite—the Purush, on the other hand, is continuously infinite phenomenally. We commence with a one-to-one correspondence, and in the words of Herbert Spencer: "Since we regard as the highest life that which, like our own, shows great complexity in the correspondences . . . the equivalence between degree of life and degree of correspondence is unquestionable." We endeavour to see the Purush in all things and to regulate our life spiritually with a vivid sense of His presence. We let Him permeate our being.

(*To be continued.*)

ZERO.

WOMAN AND CIVILIZATION.

IN 1856 Wendell Phillips made a speech in New York on the "Woman Question" in which he said: "The position of woman anywhere is the test of civilisation. You need not ask for the statistics of education, of national wealth, or of crimes; tell me the position of woman, and you answer the question of the nation's progress. Step by step as woman ascends, civilisation ripens. Wherever we go in history this is true."

From this statement we may prophesy that as civilisation moves on, there will be no need to explain the position or place of woman; there will be nothing to say except that, in very truth, the woman's cause is man's. When Emerson was asked, what is Civilisation? he answered, "It is the influence of *good* women."

Down through all the ages there comes to us the story of the two kinds of women; the one making for good, the other for disaster. In Eve, the mother of sin, and Mary, the mother of Christ, we see the two extremes of womanhood, the one tempting to wrong-doing, the other blessing the world by bringing into it the Founder of Christianity, which as a force has surpassed all other institutions in helping to bring forward an ideal civilisation.

It is interesting to note the similarity of the stories of the fall of man through woman in the traditions of the different nations. In the Hindu story, Eve's counterpart is called Menaka, and of her the man complains in the very spirit of Adam, "Alas! what has become of my wisdom, my prudence, my firm resolution? Behold, all destroyed at once by a woman." In the sacred chronicles of the Chinese it is written:—"All was subject to man in the beginning. The wise husband raised up a bulwark of walls, but the woman by an ambitious desire of knowledge demolished them. Our misery did not come from heaven; she lost the human race." The mythology of the Greeks contains the story of Pandora, the beautiful gift of the gods, who opening in curiosity the great chest in which were imprisoned all the ills of the

human race, at once plunged mankind in an ocean of misery. The witty Frenchman, Max O'Rell, sums up the Christian story amusingly by saying that woman had the leading part in the first great drama of the world, the minor parts being filled by a serpent and a poor weak man. The woman was the heroine, the serpent, the villain, the man was the fool.

To balance the story of the temptress there comes down through all ages the parallel tradition of the divine woman, the holy Mother, the goddess who holds her child as well in old Egyptian temples, or over ancient Turanian altars, as in Christian Churches to-day.

That woman has been, and is, a powerful factor in civilisation will hardly be disputed so long as men own her to be the author of all evil, and the inspirer of all good.

But, we may ask, what is the definition of the word *Civilisation*? Like all broad general terms of popular application it is difficult to define. Guizot in his "History of Civilisation" says of it that it is properly a relative term, and refers to a certain state of mankind as distinguished from barbarism. Man being formed for society would remain undeveloped in solitude, his reason would be barren. "In proportion as the social relations are extended, regulated and perfected, man is softened, ameliorated, cultivated. To this improvement various social organisations combine, but as the political organisation of society—the State—is that which first gives security and permanence to all the others, it holds the most important place. Hence it is from the political organisation of society, from the establishment of the State (*civitas*), that the word civilisation is taken."

To civilise, then, according to Guizot, is to citizenise. But if citizenship be the mark of civilisation, women in the past have had small claim to be considered civilised, and even at present can only be looked upon as semi-civilised, since only partly citizenised.

Civilisation, Guizot says, is the great factor in which all others merge themselves—institutions, commerce, industries, war, arts, government. Their value is the measure of the aid which they have afforded to progress, to civilisation. To this individuality of nations, the centre not only of its wealth, but also of the elements of its manhood and womanhood, what has been the contribution of woman?

"Women are innocent of great inventions," says a writer on civilisation. "The printing-press, the steam-engine, the sewing-machine even, were not invented by women. Thus, for all we can see, if all human beings had been women we should still be savages." Evi-

dently if the measure of civilisation be progress in material invention, he is justified in his deduction.

Speaking of the civilisation of Lapland, Herbert Spencer says that there are no people, however refined, amongst whom the relative position of the sexes is more favourable than in Lapland. The men are not warriors, they have no army, fight no battles, either with foreigners, or amongst their own tribes, and "in spite of their wretched dwellings, dirty faces, primitive clothing, their ignorance of literature, art and science, they rank above us in the highest element of true civilisation, the moral element, and all the military nations of the world may stand uncovered before them." That is to say, that, in the eyes of the philosopher of the 19th century, the moral element of peace and goodwill is the distinguishing factor in real civilisation.

A recent writer on the same subject makes the following statement :—
 "Perhaps the most truly civilised people of whom history shows any record were the naked savages inhabiting Hayti, when first discovered by Columbus. These people are described as having attained a state of happiness which filled their conquerors with envy. Impatient of unnecessary labour, their food and shelter were of the most easily procurable kind. Yet there was ample provision made for everything necessary to a comfortable existence, for what little work they did was properly directed. One result of this combined simplicity and abundance was that their hospitality was ideally perfect. Anyone who was in need of anything might help himself freely from the nearest house; and they gave willingly to the Spaniards whatever they asked without thought of barter. . . And though scorning what we call the 'Industrial Arts,' that is, making useless things for the sake of making, their lives were not lacking in refinement, for the social arts, music, dancing, poetry and conversation, were highly esteemed by them. And as for luxuries, they had in plenty and perfection those luxuries compared with which jewellery, paintings and fancy clocks are rubbish; namely, ample leisure, fresh air, scenery, and unrestricted genial intercourse."

From this point of view modern civilisation appears rather as that evil condition which creates artificial wants, "where wealth accumulates, and men decay." All civilisation, doubtless more or less partial, all modes of life, all oppressions even, have been, and are, fragments of the great plan, the great evolution leading to the day when all men's good will be each man's rule, and universal peace will

Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.

No problem is more mysterious than that of the oppression of woman, her slavery and her sufferings through the earlier civilisations ; the more so perhaps since historians tell us that it was undoubtedly a lapse from a happier and more equal state, a time when primitive man and woman wandered, worked, and were free together. So says the Veda. " Husband and wife alike rulers of the house draw near together to the gods in prayer."

The great migration of the Aryan race split Europe into two distinct types, each with a civilisation having a dominant note of its own ; in the North, freedom and opportunity ; in the South, social organisation and culture. The northern races had a high ideal of woman ; the southern developed a romantic admiration for her beauty and her charm. Tacitus, the Roman historian, unlikely to be prejudiced in favour of the barbarians of the North, yet speaks of the admirable manner in which men and women lived together in the rude Northern lands, although they were destitute of literature or of art. One custom he notes which might possibly be adopted with benefit by the Christian nations of to-day—that, namely, which permitted the women to accompany their husbands, sons and fathers, to the banquet, when, sitting at the back of the hall, they waited until the feast had in their judgment lasted as long as temperance permitted, and then terminated it.

Referring to the religion of the people. Tacitus tells of the answer of a chief who, when questioned as to his faith, replied, " I have no religion, but we have one, and if you want to know what it is, ask our women. They are nearer to God than we are, and what they tell us we believe, although we do not always do what they say."

The words reveal one of the greatest sources of women's influence on civilisation, her position, namely, as the conservator of religion, itself the oldest and most universal institution known to men, perhaps the greatest single factor in the progress of the human race. Men may believe or not, women will.

That these free, religious, equal women of the Northern races were fearless and dauntless, the mothers of strong and fearless sons, is a thing that goes without saying. Amongst their descendants, the Teutonic folk, it was the custom to present to the bride on her marriage morning, instead of an ornament to hang on her body, a

shield, a spear, a sword, and a yoke of oxen. This was the gift of the husband, and in return she presented him with a suit of armour, in token that they two were to be henceforth one in toil, and that she was ready to dare with him in war, and suffer with him in peace. Later, the sons of these women swept like a mighty, resistless torrent over the Southern lands, and over the sons of the Southern women, descendants of a less heroic mould.

Yet in ancient Greece and Rome, at the beginning of national life, women were strong, dignified by sex and by occupation. As priestesses and prophetesses they had a share in the highest civic functions. From them came the race of heroes, thinkers and artists, the warriors, statesmen, and legislators, who made the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome. Then followed riches, idleness, luxury, imprisonment within the walls of home amid the destroying services of slaves. In time no Greek wife was allowed to sit at table with her husband, or to appear at the door without his permission. Occasionally, if she failed to meet him upon his return from battle, he struck her dead. Her apartments were uncomfortable and poorly furnished, whilst his were beautiful, adorned with all the resources of art and taste. But the Greek wives and daughters were joint inheritors with their husbands and fathers of the Greek intellect; only by keeping them ignorant could their degradation be maintained. It came to pass, therefore, that whilst the men delighted to meet socially in order to spend their time in the discussion of philosophies and physics, the women were not allowed to learn to read. By-and-by there arose a new class of women, those of keen intellects, courageous enough to defy convention, and to overcome restriction. Greece became dominated by a class of women who were called *hetairai*, and who were rhetoricians, philosophers, poets, politicians, the controlling spirits and the unwedded wives of the statesmen and the scholars. Then marriage was discredited and the race withered away at its root.

"No other people ever ran so brilliant a career in so short a time as the Greeks. Greece had hardly become glorious before she appeared worn out. She did not decline so rapidly as she rose, but still her decline was strangely sudden. It seemed that the principle which called Greek civilisation into life was exhausted, and no other power or force came to supply its place." So says Guizot, who elsewhere remarks that all the ancient civilisations died out because of tyranny under different forms.

Plato thought that that society would be wholly disorganised

where wives should be on an equality with their husbands. Aristotle taught that woman was a being belonging to an inferior order. But nature seems to be of a different opinion, for, if there is one lesson which history teaches with utmost insistence it is that the woman's cause is the man's: that their advance must be together and equal, else civilisation dies in that form and for that nation. If "mothers be small, slight-statured, miserable, how shall men grow?"

The history of the women of Rome is similar to that of their Grecian sisters. In early days, erect, resolute, labouring, respected and self-respecting; later, luxurious, dissolute, idle, immoral. "Time was," wrote a Roman citizen of the later days, "when the Roman matron turned the spindle with one hand, and kept at the same time the pot in her eye that the pottage might not be singed, but now, when the wife and mother, loaded with jewels, reposes among pillows, or seeks the dissipation of baths and theatres, all the things go downward and the State decays."

The rise and fall of the various civilisations the world has seen is wearisomely alike. It has been said of China to-day that its civilisation can be accurately measured by the length of its woman's shoe. No exposition of the misery of women can be requisite concerning a country one of whose characteristics is the prevalence of female infanticide.

How far back into the history of India must we search for the beginning of woman's degradation? Far beyond the Moslem invasion no doubt, and possibly before the days of Manu, with his teaching that "no wife should be allowed to eat with her husband, no sacrifice be permitted to a woman separately from her husband, no woman have the right to repeat sacred texts, etc." To-day all friends of India are agreed that her greatest foe is the institution of child marriage, a custom, which, with its concurrent evils, precludes all possibility of Hindu women being strong and helpful factors in the national life, which stands as a menace at the very gateway of the existence of the nation. So long as the Hindu custom and teaching ordain that the women of India shall bear children whilst they are still children themselves, just so long will that great and wonderful land be peopled by a swarming race of enfeebled men and oppressed women, her civilisation stationary, her dominant note one of suffering.

When Napoleon was asked what was the greatest need of France, he answered in one word, "Mothers." The word applies to India, as well as to France, to Europe and America, as well as India. A slave cannot

be a good mother, a child cannot be a good mother, an ignorant person cannot be a good mother in an educated world. It is the mothers who change the characters of civilisations, and mould the destinies of nations, for they control the hidden springs of life. There can be nothing good and great in the state except it comes through the hand of some mother, for the power is hers to nurse, not only the child but the grand and heroic in the heart of the child, as she may also send him forth a weakling or a destroyer. Strong and dignified and idealistic, she brings forth strong, noble and beautiful sons and daughters; degraded, weak and ignorant, she is the mother of evil.

The Western world believes that in the uplift of women Christianity has had a large share, and it is undeniable that in the world to-day Christian nations are the only ones whose society is composed of men and women meeting together on equal terms. Under the pagan civilisations society was confined to men, unless at banquets or symposiums women were admitted for his amusement, never for his improvement, and less, if possible, for his restraint.

The teachings of the Master of Nazareth were without sex distinctions. "Whosoever," he had said, "doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother." So, indeed, had Gautama the Buddha before him declared the equality of the sexes in spiritual things. But, though slow, and sorely hindered by the introduction of old superstitions, the leaven of spiritual freedom worked in the West as it has not yet done in the East. Women were church-workers from the very first, and when, after nearly two thousand years, the opportunity came to them to stand side by side with men in the attempt to build up a new and better civilisation, based on equal rights for all, women were ready and eager for works of altruism and philanthropy—prepared indeed to lead as well as to follow.

Influence, it is said, is stronger than power. Warriors, monarchs, and statesmen wield the latter, but poets, philosophers and women work in the world of ideas which ultimately moulds governments and nations. There are those who dare to hope that women may some day purify the soiled world of politics as she has purified the gross world of literature, for when she became a reader, she enforced purity and high decorum, and "dawning into literature, changed the spirit of letters," as a great preacher said.

Theologians have been very ready to call upon woman to remember the debt she owes to Christianity. The fact is that men and women are equally indebted, for the debt of the race is one, whatever

it is. Though, indeed, it might be argued that according to the teachings of Christ, the man's obligation is the greater, since women's degradation and misery were of his making, and the lot of the oppressor is even more pitiable than that of the oppressed in the long run.

Civilisation is a comprehensive term, comprising many institutions, powers, forces; our individual share in it is small, it seems, to the vanishing point. Yet whatever may be the external condition of affairs it is the individual man and the individual woman who make the world as it is. Civilisation is regulated and marches onward according to the ideas and sentiments of the men and women who live in it.

" All society all civilisation,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,
The loud sum of the silent units."

FLORA M. SAWYER.

THE STAR CHAMBER.

IN the days of the first Stuart, the Star Chamber was a powerful Court. It was not, indeed, so "famous, infamous" as it was to become in the next reign. But its great and indefinite powers were regarded with hatred and aversion, not merely by the growing band of popular champions, but by the pundits and pedants of the common law. Coke and Bacon, surely the greatest pair of English lawyers, sat on its bench. The latter has quoted with approval in his essays the maxim that it is of a good judge to enlarge his jurisdiction, and he had applauded the Court as "one of the sagest and noblest institutions of the kingdom." Coke had urged its antiquity, and when men like Plowden had argued that it derived from the III. of Henry VII. (1487), he had retorted that this Act did not affect it, whilst Lombard averred this same Act was but an "additament to its powers." The controversy as to the origin of the court has lasted to our own time, though our chief constitutional writers are in substance with Coke and Bacon. They shew that all our great judicial and legislative bodies derive from the *curia regis* of the Norman Kings. From this came the Council through which the King himself administered justice, and that Council sat in the Palace at Westminster in the Star Chamber—there in substance you have the court. Its powers had somewhat decayed. or had been diverted to other tribunals. And then there came the Act of Henry VII. already mentioned, which empowers the Chancellor, the Treasurer of the Privy Seal, the two Lords Chief Justices, with a Bishop and a Lord of the Council to call before them those guilty of maintenance and other offences, and deal with them so as to promote the better government of the kingdom. Wolsey found this tribunal suited for his purpose. He was Archbishop of York, and had much to do with the rule of the northern shires. He used it to restrain the excesses of the nobles far from the centre of authority. Indeed, its main purpose was to curb "insolent, forcible, powerful parties" or as West quaintly puts it, "this Starry place like a bridal, to curbe the errors of stout noblemen and gentlemen." By a not unnatural process of

evolution, the court created by Henry VII. and the King's Council sitting in the Star Chamber merged together, and became that monstrous inquisition to which in 1641 the Long Parliament gave such short shrift. All offences under the degree of treason came within its scope, but chiefly riots, libels public or private, embracery of juries, *scandalum magnatum*, though indeed nothing seemed too high or too small for it. If it concerned itself with the malpractices of noblemen, sheriffs, abbots, corporations, it also made decrees against foreign artificers in London, it supervised printing, it inflicted penalties so cruel that it seemed a touch of irony to refuse it the death sentence. Ruinous fines were habitually exacted in addition to damages and costs for the injured party. It imprisoned for life, stuck people in the pillory, cropped their ears, slit their nostrils, branded their cheeks; it would throw down a man's house, sell his woods and plough his meadows. And all these punishments were cumulative, and were showered down on one devoted head, whilst in so far as his offences were ordinary crimes he was in addition liable to the ordinary legal penalties. And just as its powers had grown, so the right of other members of the council, as well as of Bishops and Judges, to sit on it came to be admitted.

And the place? The chamber was in the outer quadrangle of the palace, near the bank of the river, and so easily accessible to suitors. Till a century ago, the Thames, you may remember, was London's great highway. The windows and the roof were adorned and painted with the pictures of stars. But was this the cause or the effect of the name? Blackstone points out that there or thereabouts Hebrew contracts in Hebrew characters between Hebrew folk were stored for preservation, that from the Hebrew word *Starr*, the store-room had its name and so the court had its name also. But older writers loved a more fanciful interpretation—there shone the great men as stars of the realm! "The King sitteth there in his own person when he pleaseth;" a seat was always kept for the sovereign before which the purse and mace were laid, and the others drew light and authority from his majesty "as starres from the Sunne." Whatever be the cause, *Camera Stellata*, or in English the Star Chamber, was the fixed name of the court. It was so called in the heading of the Act of Henry VII., and in an Act of the next reign (20th of

Henry VIII.), which added the Lord President of the Council to its members, the term is again used.

The court sat between 9 and 11 in the morning on Wednesdays and Fridays during term; it also sat the day after term was concluded, but this was that the Lord Chancellor might give a homily or general charge on the duties of Justices and Jurors and the proper conduct of those holding official positions, and the services they owed to the King. How odd to think of feasting in this connection! Yet so it was, for after the sitting, the lords and their clerk dined in the inner Star Chamber at the public expense (one need scarce recall that "dinner" then was earlier than "lunch" now.) The dinner commonly parodied the extension of the court. The Lord High Treasurer Burghley shook his solemn pate at this strange sight. The dinner grew more costly year by year even though the number that attended grew steadily less. Liberal and spendthrift as Wolsey was reputed to be, £2-12-0 defrayed the cost of a banquet in his time; under Elizabeth it was eight times as much. With a far-off altruistic pleasure the antiquary still cons the menus of those Gargantuan banquets. Among more solid items one notes "the fine cream," "the strawberries," "the Marribones," "the Rose Water," "the Herons," the "Porposses," and of course there was sufficiency of the ale and wine.

The procedure, less formal than in the court of common law, began by a bill of complaint addressed to "the King's Most Excellent Majestie." The applicant stated his grievance in plain untechnical language, and concluded with a request "for His Majestie's most gracious writ of Subpœna." This Bill was engrossed on parchment and signed by a "learned man." Then came the answer of the defendant. After reserving all benefit of exceptions to the "uncertaintie, insufficiencie and other imperfections of the said bill of complaint," he pleaded "not guilty," and prayed to be dismissed with costs from the suit. The Replication was a reiteration of the complaint, and the Rejoinder repeated the Defence. In *West's Symbolæography* (1611) are numerous precedents of pleading used in the Star Chamber, among them is one recalling some curious features of old English Law. The lord Bishop of Rochester as the Queen's High Almoner exhibits a bill against the debtor of a man who had committed suicide, and who, being found a felon by the coronor's

jury, forfeited his goods including his unpaid debts, to the Crown. The Bishop had a grant of such things for purposes of charity. These were Civil cases. In Criminal matters there was a written information on a complaint by the Attorney-General. On proof or after confession of guilt the Council proceeded to judgment, in which the Lord Chancellor had a casting vote in case of equality of opinion.

The admirers of the court cracked up the "laconical brevity" of its proceedings, others were astonished at its delays. However, it did an enormous quantity of work. Over 43,000 suits were before it in the reign of Elizabeth alone. One significant fact shews its ever-swelling importance. In 1617 Inigo Jones had designed plans for a new Star Chamber on a magnificent scale. The King was quite agreeable. However, that eternal want of pence which vexes public men stopped this, as it has many other mighty projects. The chief official was a clerk who had £36-13-4 fixed salary with a damask and wrought velvet gown yearly. There was a Butler and Steward of the Diet, who saw after the material well-being of the members, and there were Attorneys, Examiner, Clerk of Records, and a host of minor officials. The Fleet was the prison of the court; the Warden or his deputy were bound to attend to receive the commands of my Lords. The offices of the Star Chamber were in Gray's Inn.

By a curious sort of historical reaction, present day writers have shown a certain tenderness for the Star Chamber. They have pointed out that in many cases it did good work, that it curbed the wanton acts of mighty men as no other tribunal did. No doubt this is true. The most eminent lawyers of the day sat on its bench, and it were indeed strange if they could not do justice in matters wherein they were indifferent. But a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and a Court is justly condemned by its worst cases. And the worst note of the whole proceedings was the scarcely concealed aim to swell the royal revenue. One of the severest charges against Empson and Dudley, ministers of Henry VII., was that they were "promotors" or common informers in the Star Chamber. One or two cases, picked almost at random, shew the extent and nature of its functions. Thus under Henry VII. a subpoena is issued for contempt in letting the Privy Seal fall into the dust. Under Sir T. More the consignees of Tyndall's Bible were sent on horseback through

the City with their faces turned to the tails and papers on their heads. Again, a certain Alice Hardman had accused Sir John Hussel in being concerned in the murder of her husband. The lords pity the widow but found she had not proved her case. They, however, ordered Sir John to pay her costs, which amounted to £6-13-4, not that there was the least imputation on him, "but only out of pity and compassion." In another case a woman is fined £500 for practising to get her husband whipped. This in Charles I.'s reign is mere broad farce. A subpoena had been served on one Crosby, a prisoner in the Marshalsea. The prisoners promptly seized the unlucky officer and haled him before *their* Lord Chief Justice who was the oldest prisoner in execution. Here the officer's cloak was adjudged forfeit and to be pawned for drink, "which the prisoners presently had," and he must eat the subpoena. If he would not, then he must be pumped and shaved. A Habeas Corpus was granted, and the warden of the prison was ordered to attend and explain the lack of discipline in the Marshalsea. Few fish were too small for the Council's net. The Sword-Bearer at York was punished for stopping in the street to laugh at a libellous song; and three fiddlers were soundly whipped for entertaining the populace with satirical rhymes on the Duke of Buckingham. On the other hand, Bowyer, for slandering Laud, had what amounted to penal servitude for life. He was fined £3,000, was pilloried, branded and so forth. Laud's name, indeed, became almost identified with all the worst features of the Star Chamber. He invariably voted for the severest fines and the cruellest penalties, and his conduct in this tribunal was among the gravest of the charges on which he was condemned. The cases which brought popular indignation to a head were those of Leighton, author of *Lion's Pie* against Prelacy in 1630, of William Irynne of Lincoln's Inn, author of *Histrionastix* in 1632, and again of Bastwick and Burton in 1637. The punishments included enormous fines, imprisonment for life, mutilation and torture. When the Parliament men had the upper hand, it fell with many other abuses. The 16 Carl. I. C. 10 (1640) abolished it as from 16th August 1641. It in fact sat last in 1639. Amidst the excesses of the Restoration, a Committee of the Lords suggested its revival, but the project came to nothing.

MAHOMEDAN MYSTICISM : THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

TO every student of Mahomedan history and literature, a study of *tasawwuf*—the mystic-philosophic system known as Sûfism in the West—is of the utmost importance. A critical exposition of this system, which is at once interesting and beautiful, is bound to excite the interest of the student and the thinker alike. Besides, everything Mahomedan is so surcharged with this mystic element, that a familiarity with the thing is quite essential. For Mahomedans the subject possesses a peculiar attraction of its own, in view of the fact that an element of *tasawwuf* is always to be found in their literature, their conversation, their mode of thought, in fact, in their everything, so to say. The subject seems to have taken a firm grip of the national mind, and nothing is free from it. The searcher after truth approaches the subject with mingled feelings of reverence and fear—reverence because it has influenced some of the noblest minds, and fear because his own littleness and the greatness of the subject are made apparent by the fact that the countless volumes devoted wholly to *tasawwuf*—not to speak of references and so forth—by oriental writers, would form a huge library by themselves, and the student finds himself lost in their midst.

Let us first of all look into the origin of the word Sufi. A number of conjectures have been made as to the derivation of this term. Some hold that the word Sufi is only the Arabicised form of the Greek word *sophia* (wisdom) ; * others are certain that it is derived from the Arabic word *Sûf* (wool), since the Sufis wore woollen raiment and “like the early Quakers in England, made the simplicity of their apparel a silent protest against the growing luxury of the worldly.”† Some go to the length of suggesting that it might have something to do with *Safa* (a station near the Kaba at Mecca), ‡ while Jami the poet, himself a

* For instance, Malcolm (*History of Persia*), and Rev. T. P. Hughes (*Notes on Muhammadanism*. Lond. W. H. Allen & Co.)

† Cf. that masterly work *A Literary History of Persia*, by E. G. Browne, Lond. T. Fisher Unwin.

‡ The *'Awarifu-l-Ma'arif*, trans. by Clarke, Calcutta, 1891. Introduction.

Sufi of distinction, expresses, in his *Baharistan*, the opinion that it had its origin in the Arabic word *Safa* (purity). It has been clearly shown by Mr. Edward G. Browne that the term Sufi has nothing to do with the Greek word *sophia*; nor does it seem to have any imaginable connection with the place called *Safa*. The suggestion that the term is derived from the word *Suf* is plausible enough, but Jami's etymology should be given the preference, since the purity of the soul is the essential condition of *tasawwuf*; and moreover, it cannot be believed that one of the greatest of Sufistic poets knew not the origin of the word Sufi.

What is the origin of the Sufi doctrine? On this point, too, several views have been advanced. Mr. Browne is of opinion with Mr. E. J. W. Gibb* and the author of *Selected Poems from the Divan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*,† that it is of Neo-Platonist origin. Thompson‡ hazards the suggestion that Sufism corresponds to the Eleusinian mysteries of the Greeks—"a transcript probably," says he, "of the same doctrine, concealed by a phraseology which rendered the secret little less impenetrable than the imposing mechanism of the mystagogues." The Indianists who delight in tracing everything back to India, affirm that it is the outcome of the Vedanta philosophy. This view, though held, among others, by scholars like Malcolm and Hughes, is untenable, since, as Mr. Browne points out in his *Literary History of Persia*, the emotional character of Sufism is essentially different from "the cold and bloodless theories of the Indian philosophies." Though it is certain that the philosophies of Greece and India were known to the Mahomedans, no convincing case has been made out for them, and with Clarke we believe that "Sufism is *not* due to the introduction of systems of philosophy from India, or from Greece. It is the result of the development of Islam."

The first person who took the name of Sûfi was Abu Hashim, a Syrian Shaikh who flourished in the 8th century A.D., and established the first convent at Ramla in Syria. But according to Clarke, some Sûfis are of opinion "that the seed of Sûfism:—

in the time of			in the time of		
was sown Adam	began to develop Moses
germed Noah	reached maturity Christ
budded Abraham	produced pure wine Mahomed.

* *A History of Ottoman Poetry*, by E. J. W. Gibb. Lond. Luzac & Co.

† *Selected Poems from the Divan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*, by R. A. Nicholson—Cambridge 1898.

‡ A translation of the *Akhlak-i-Jalaly* by W. F. Thompson. Lond, 1839, *Inta*. pp. xxvi also foot-note p. 81.

Those who loved this wine have so drunk of it as to become self-less." The stories of Bayazid, Junayd, Mansûr, Nesimi and other mystics will explain what this selflessness means. When men drink of this wine, they cry out with Hafiz in a state of helplessness

دل میرود ز دستم صاحب دلان خدا را
دردا که راز پنهان خوار شد آشکارا

"My heart from hand escapeth ! O men of heart ! By heaven !
Woe's me ! My secret hidden will now to all be given !"

(Trans. by E. J. W. Gibb.)

Bayazid of Bistam (D. 873 A.D.) and Junayd of Baghdad (D. 910 A.D.) were two of the greatest early doctors of Sufistic philosophy. It is related by Jalal-ud-din Rumi * of the *Masnavi* fame, that the former once exclaimed in an ecstatic state : "Lo, I myself am God Almighty. There is no God beside me ; worship me !" And again he is said to have cried out, "Within my vesture is naught but God." "Whatever attains to True Being is absorbed into God and becomes God." The latter is reported to have once said :† "For thirty years God spoke with mankind by the tongue of Junayd, though Junayd was no longer there, and men knew it not." There are many such similar mystic exclamations of his on record, but we must content ourselves with the above.

That saintly lady Rabi'a Basri (D. 1282 A.D.) was 'one of the most renowned Sufis of early times. It is said that she was in the habit of going to the roof of her house at night and was wont to exclaim :—

"O God ! hushed is the day's noise ; with his beloved is the lover. But, Thee I have for my lover ; and alone with Thee I rejoice in solitude." Farid-ud-din 'Attar, a well-known mystic poet of the 13th century, tells us in his *Taskirat-ul Awliya* (Memoirs of the Saints)‡ that she was once asked, "Dost thou hate the Devil?" "No," she replied. They asked, "Why not?" "Because," she said, "my love for God leaves me no time to hate him." "I saw the Prophet of God," she continued, "in a dream, and he asked me, 'O Rabi'a, dost thou love me?' 'O Apostle of God,' I replied, 'who is there who loveth Thee not? But the love of God hath so taken possession of every particle of my being that there is no room left me to love or hate any one else' !" The story is current among the Sufis that when once this saintly lady went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, the *Ka'aba* moved some distance forward to receive her.

* *The Masnavi* of Jalaluddin Rumi, trans. by E. H. Whinfield. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† Cf. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*.

‡ Quoted by Browne in his *Literary History of Persia*.

No article on Sufism can omit an account of Hosaya bin Mansur Al-Hallaj, the most celebrated of mystics, of whom we find constant mention in oriental poetry. He was a most confirmed Sufi and a disciple of Shaikh Junayd's, and in his ecstatic states said things that to the orthodox sounded as blasphemous. During the Caliphate of Al-Muqtadir he was arrested on the charge of exclaiming *أنا الحق*—"I am the truth," i.e. "I am God." The *muftis* tried him for heresy, and he was, by their order, impaled at Baghdad in 923 A.D. Sufis say that the sound of *الحق* came from every drop of blood that fell from the body of Mansur while he was undergoing his execution. It was then, they say, that the orthodox doctors of Baghdad knew their mistake. But they could not have done otherwise, they were helpless—the strict canon laws of Islam obliged them to pass this sentence on him. A few years after this sad occurrence, the *muftis* had to pass a similar sentence on three of his faithful and devoted disciples, for declining to renounce their belief in Mansur. It is said that Mansur walked triumphantly to the scene of his execution, reciting a number of Sufistic verses and encouraging his disciples to be exultant and happy. Sheikh Shibli, a distinguished Sufi of the time, sent a woman to the place of execution to ask him what Sufism was; to which he replied: "That which is mine, for by God I never distinguished for a moment between pleasure and pain." *

Some extra-orthodox writers call him "an infidel," "a cunning magician," "a man backed up by the love of power." No one can even for a moment believe these imputations after knowing that a personage like the recognised theologian Al-Ghazzali, "the Proof of Islam"—not to speak of men like 'Attar, Jalal-ud-din, Jami, Hafiz and a host of others, who speak of him in terms of love and admiration—has defended Mansur Al-Hallaj. The Sufis believe that the only mistake of Mansur was that he disclosed the divine mystery in a state of selflessness. Speaking of him Hafiz says:—

جرمش آن بود که اسرار هویدا مگرد

"His fault was that he divulged the secret."

The Sufis also believe that though apparently Mansur's was a cruel death, it was a happy end, for his soul was at once received in the bosom of Divinity.

The career of Mansur has a striking parallel in the life of the great Turkish poet, Nesimi. Mr. Gibb in his excellent book on *The History of Ottoman Poetry*, gives a detailed account of this remarkable man and

* Browne's *Literary History of Persia*.

of the Hurufi sect to which he belonged. Hurufism was an offshoot of Sufism and was first expounded by one Fazlullah bin Abu Mohammad in the reign of Sultan Murad I. The Hurufis believed that "there existed a hidden science, to acquire which was at once the supreme duty and the supreme happiness of man, indicating and explaining the meaning and significance of all things in Heaven above and in earth beneath, and the mystical correspondences which united them; and that this hidden science was contained in the Koran." According to these advocates of the "Science of the Letters" (Hurufis—from the Arabic word Huruf, Letters of the Alphabet) as also according to the Sufis, mere religious formalities were of no value. But to continue. Syed Imdad-ud-din, who flourished under the *nom du poète* of Nesimi, was a native of Nesim in Baghdad. He appears to have been both a Sufi and a Hurufi and a disciple of Sheikh Shibli as well as of Fazlullah, the originator of the "Science of the Letters." History tells us that like Mansur, in his ecstatic moments, he used to go about the streets exclaiming, "I am the Truth!" "I am the Truth." His friends and relations tried their utmost to restrain him from uttering those terrible words publicly, but in vain. He longed to die like his paragon Mansur. The desired end came at last. He was arrested on a charge of blasphemy and on the evidence of his poems, the *Muhtasib* condemned him to be flayed alive. This sad event took place at Aleppo in 1417 A.D. The following is a translation of one of his mystic quatrains.*

"From 'The Truth I'm come; 'I am The Truth,' I cry.

Truth am I, the truth is in me, Truth I cry.

Look ye how these mysteries uncouth I cry.

Sooth am I, and all the words are sooth I cry."

It was Imam Al-Ghazzali who placed Sufism on a philosophical basis and explained it in a manner agreeable to the orthodox *Muslims*. Some people think that Sufism is a *Shia* movement.† This is far from the truth. *Shia* Mahomedans do *not* believe in *tasawwuf*; it is essentially a *Sunni* doctrine. Hakeem Sanai, Farid-ud-din 'Attar, Jalal-ud-din Rumi, Jami, Sa'di, Hafiz and all the greatest of mystic poets have been *Sunnis*. We do not find a trace of *tasawwuf* in the poems of *Shia* poets.

Sufism has greatly affected oriental poetry. In fact, it is the very life and soul of the poetry of Arabs, Persians and Turks. What would oriental poetry be without this mystic element?—it would be dull and

* Gibb's History of Ottoman Poetry.

† Cf. for instance, P. De Lucy Johnstone's *Muhammad* (The World's Epoch-Makers Series) Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark.

bloodless, it would lose all its charm. Mysticism is always delightful in poetry. Who does not, for instance, relish the mystic element in the outpourings of Shelley? Not only has *tasawwuf* added to the charm of oriental poetry, but poets too have been of immense service to this mystic system by keeping alive the flame in all ages. Some of the greatest Sufis have been poets.

It would not perhaps be out of place here to speak a few words regarding the mystic signification of seemingly voluptuous expressions used by Sufistic poets. *Sharab* or wine is the delightful intoxication of Divine love, the *maikada* or the tavern, is the place where the devotee is initiated into the the mysteries of *tasawwuf*, the *pir-e-moghan* or the old tavern-keeper, is the spiritual guide, *zulf* or the ringlets of the beloved, stands for the intricate mysteries of Divinity, *wasl* or the union of the lovers, symbolises the annihilation of self and the absorption of the soul in the spirit of God. The *ma'shooq* or the beloved is God, the '*ushaq* or the lover is Sûfi, and so forth. It is impossible to give a detailed list of the phraseology of these mystics within the compass of a magazine article, and so the more important words given above must suffice.

Some critics are of opinion that there cannot be any reference to *tasawwuf* in the "erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz" and other poets of the same class. No one who has thoroughly understood them can stick to this view. Perhaps the frequent attacks of Hafiz directed towards the so-called Sûfis is responsible for this opinion. The sarcasm of Hafiz and other poets of his school is not directed towards the true Sufis, but towards Sufistic adventurers and those pretenders who, under the garb of the mystic, conceal a treacherous and impious heart. Besides, Hafiz has no sympathy for the man of dry austerity and formal penance. It is of such men that Sa'di says in his *Gulistan**:—

"Of what avail is frock, or rosary,
Or clouded garment? Keep thyself but free
From evil deeds, it will not need for thee
To wear the cap of felt: A dervish be
In heart, and wear the cap of Tartary."

That there is a mystic signification in the poems of Hafiz is evident from what he himself says in his *Saknuamah*:

باده ماقي آن خسرواني قدح
که دل را بيفزايد و جان فرح
مراد از قدح باده سرمديست
وزين باده مقصود ما بشخوديست

* Eastwick's trans. of the *Gulistan*. Lond. Trubner & Co.

"O Saki, give me that imperial bowl
Which opens the heart, exhilarates the soul,
By 'bowl' I imagine the eternal wine,
By 'wine' I signify a trance divine."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell*).

Almost all the poems of Hafiz are susceptible of a Sufistic interpretation. Beneath the veil of voluptuousness are hidden the germs of deep mystic philosophy. Even that most seemingly erotic couplet of Hafiz—

اگر آن ترک فی ازی بدست آرد دل ما را
بغال هندویش بخشم سرقند و بخار را

"If that Shirazian Turk would deign . . . take my heart within his hand,

To make his Indian mole my own, I'd give Bukhara and Samarkand"
(Trans. by Herman Bicknell)—has been differently interpreted by Sufistic *moulvis*. To them it means—

"If the All-Beautiful (God) is kind to me,
For a spark of divine knowledge I would sacrifice both this
world and the next."

But we are perhaps digressing. Let us continue. The first and the most important doctrine of the Sufis, is that God is the only Reality, He alone exists, and that all things corporeal and incorporeal emanate from Him just as rays of light emanate from the sun, or in other words, all Creation is "the evolution of Plurality from Unity." The great philosopher poet of Persia, Omar Khayyam, says :

ای زندگی و توانم به تو
جالی و دلی ای دل و جانم به تو
تو هستی من هدی ازالی به تو
من هستم قدم تو ازالم به تو

"My body's life and strength proceed from Thee !
My soul within and spirit are of Thee !
My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine,
And I am Thine since I am lost in Thee !"

(Trans. by Whinfield†).

The Sufis liken creation to a drop from the Ocean of Divinity.† The souls of men are merely the particles of the spirit of the Creator in

* *Hafiz of Shiraz* by Herman Bicknell. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyam* by E. H. Whinfield, Lond. Trubner & Co.

‡ *Dictionary of Islam*, by Rev. T. P. Hughes, Lond. W. H. Allen & Co. See article on Sufism.

whom "we live and move, and have our being." The well-known lines of Pope * very clearly express their favourite theory :

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

The Sufis believe God to be the First Cause—the primary source of all actions. The so-called school-fellow of Hasan Bin Sabah † says :

این هستی تو هستی هستی دیگر است
این هستی تو هستی هستی دیگر است
رو صر بگو بیان فکر در کفی
کهن دست تو آستین دهنی دیگر است

"Thy being is the being of Another,
Thy passion is the passion of Another.
Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see,
Thy hand is but the cover of another."

(Trans. by Whinfield).

The unlettered but inspired Turkish poet, Yunus Imre, is a thorough-going mystic and most bold in his exclamations. The following is a translation of some of his Sufistic verses‡ :—

"The Mighty One of 'Be ! and 'tis,' that Lord of gracious sway
am I.

That King, who, ere 'tis cut, provides for each his bread each
day, am I.

Who unto one doth horses give, doth wives and wealth and
children give.

The while another lacks a groat,—that One of gracious sway
am I.

He who did earth and sky create, who maketh Throne and
Stool § rotate ;

Thousand and one His Names ; Yûnus, He of the Koran, yea,
am I."

Now when God is the First Cause and the source of all our actions,

* Pope's *Essay on Man*.

† Dr. E. Denison Ross in his Introduction to Fitzgerald's *Omar A'hayyam* (London, Methuen & Co.), clearly proves that Omar was not a school-fellow of 'the old man of the mountain' as is generally supposed to be the case. Also see Mr. Beveridge's article in the "Calcutta Review," October, 1904.

‡ Gibb's *History of Ottoman Poetry*.

§ Throne and Stool stand here for 'Arsh and Kursi spoken of in the Koran. The 'Arsh is the throne of God, and Kursi may be conceived as the Footstool below the throne.

man has no freedom of the will. And when He is the Real Author (*Fa'il-i-mutlag*) of all the acts of mankind, there cannot and should not be any actual difference between good and evil, vice and virtue. To the Sûfis, therefore, the science of human duty is a formal nothing—absolutely useless and lacking a purpose. All Sufis are predestinarians. They argue that approbation and condemnation cannot, in all fairness, be applied to what we are *compelled* to do. The erudite tent-maker of Nishapur exclaims:—

یزدان چو گل و جود مارا آراست
دانست ز فعل ما چه خواهد برخاست
بی حکمش نیست هر گنا هیه که مرا
پس سوختن قهاست از بهر چه خور

“When Allah mixed my clay, He knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell ;
Without his will no act of mine was wrought ;
Is it then just to punish me in hell ? ”

(Trans. by Whinfield).

Hafiz very well illustrates the doctrine of predestination by the manner in which people of the East instruct a parrot. The bird is placed before a mirror and the instructor hides himself behind it and repeats the word that are to be taught to him. The parrot takes his own reflection to be the form of another bird and mistaking the voice of his teacher for that of his imaginary rival tries to imitate it. Hafiz likens man to the parrot in the mirror, and says that we do not actually speak what we seem to speak, but that the spirit of the Divine Master is hidden in the background, and He is the cause of all our actions. He says .—

دو پس آئینه طوطی صفتم داشته اند
آنچه اشداد ازل گوشت بگو میگویم

“I, like the parrot, in the mirror view ;
What says the Eternal Master, say I too.”

Jalaluddin Rûmi, one of the greatest of Sûfistic poets, says in his mystical *Masnavi**:—

“He is as Azar,† maker of idols, I am only the idol ;
Whatever instrument He makes me, that I am.
If He makes me a cup, a cup am I ;
If He makes me a dagger, a dagger am I.
If He makes me a fountain, I pour forth water ;
If He makes me fire, I give forth heat.

* *The Masnavi* of Jalaluddin Rûmi, trans. by Whinfield. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† Azar, the father of Abraham, was a famous sculptor.

If He makes me rain, I produce rich crops ;
 If He makes me a dart, I pierce bodies.
 If He makes me a snake, I dart forth poison ;
 If He makes me a friend, I serve my friends.

I am as the pen in the fingers of the writer ;

I am not in a position to obey or not at will."

In short, we are all but inanimate instruments in the hands of the All-Powerful. It was He who made us what we are. He uses us as He likes. If we sin it is not of our doing :—

حافظ بخود نپوشید این خرقه می آلود
 یا کدام معذردار

"Since *Hafiz* not by his own choice
 This his wine-stained cowl did win,
 Shaikh, who hast unsullied robes,
 Hold me innocent of sin."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

Since it was destined that *Hafiz* should drink wine, he should not, in all justice, be blamed for it. Then why are we made to sin ? Because, say the Sufis, sin is required to call forth mercy, which is the highest attribute of God. The astrologer-poet of Persia, Omar Khayyam, says :—

آمد خرابات ز می خوردن ماست
 خون در مزارقوب در گردن ماست
 گر من نکنم گناه رحمت کز کند
 رحمت منه موقوف گنه گردن ماست

"Wine-houses flourish through this thirst of mine,
 Loads of remorse weigh down this back of mine ;
 Yet, if I sinned not, what would mercy do ?
 Mercy depends upon these sins of mine "

(Trans. by Whinfield).

And again—

خام ز بهر گنه این ماتم چیست
 وز خوردن غم فائده بهش و کم چیست
 انرا که گنهد نکرد غفران نبود
 غفران ز برائے گنه آمد غم چیست

"Khayyām, why mournst thus for thy sins ?
 From grieving thus what advantage, more or less, dost thou gain?
 Mercy was never for him who sins not,
 Mercy is granted for sins—why then grieve ? "

(Trans. by Edward Heron-Allen*).

* *The Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyam*, by Edward Heron-Allen, Lond. H. S. Nichols.

The well-known Urdu poet *Zowk*, the poet-laureate of the last King of Delhi, expresses the favourite doctrine of predestination in a rather devotional spirit when he says :—

کما نائده فکر بهش و کم مولا
م م کما مین جو کوئی کام مے مولا
جو کچھ مولا مرا کرم سے تیرے
جو کچھ کہ مولا تیرے کرم سے مولا

"What boots the thought of loss or gain,
What am I that any work will be done by me ?
Whatever I did, was through Thy grace,
Whatever will be done by me will be through Thy kindness."

One of the greatest virtues of Sufism is the liberal view it takes of all the religious systems of the world. The Sufis prefer Islam to other religions because they think it to be more perfect as a system, but they certainly express the opinion that all religions point to the same God, and that one is as good as the other when its tenets are faithfully followed.

The Persian poet Saib says :—

گفتگو کفر و دین آخر یکجا می کشد
خواب یکی خواب است اما مختلف تعبیر ما

"Free-thought and faith—the upshot's one; they wrangle o'er a name:
Interpretations differ, but the dream is still the same."

(Trans. by E. G. Browne*).

Hafiz puts the same thought in the following couplet :

ہر کس طالب یار اند چہ ہشمار و چہ مست
ہر جا خانہ مشق است مسجد چہ گشت

"Every one the Friend solicits, be he sober, quaff he wine,
Every place has love its tenant, be it or the mosque or shrine."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

All forms of worship, they say, tend to the same thing. The Mussalman prays in the mosque, the Christian in the church, the Jew in the synagogue, the idolater in the temple—but however various their manner of devotion may be, they are all animated by *love*, hence each must be acceptable to God who is Love personified. Hakeem Khayyami in one of his quatrains says † :—

"Temple, as Ka'bah, is a hall of worship ;
Bell-ringing also is a call of worship :
The arch and church, the chaplet and the cross,
Truly are emblems which are all of worship."

* Cf. *A year amongst the Persians*, by E. G. Browne. Lond. Adam and Charles Black.

† Trans. by Herman Bicknell, vide the Intd. to his *Hafiz of Shiraz*.

Jalal-ud-din Rumi has the following anecdote in support of this doctrine.* "Moses once heard a shepherd praying as follows : 'O God, show me where thou art, that I may become thy servant. I will clean thy shoes and comb thy hair, and sew thy clothes, and fetch thee milk.' When Moses heard him praying in this senseless manner, he rebuked him, saying, 'O foolish one, though your father was a Musulman, you have become an infidel. God is a Spirit, and needs not such gross ministrations as, in your ignorance, you suppose.' The shepherd was abashed at his rebuke, and tore his clothes and fled away into the desert. Then a voice from heaven was heard, saying, 'O Moses, wherefore have you driven away my servant? Your office is to reconcile my people with me, not to drive them away from me. I have given to each race different usages and forms of praising and adoring me. I have no need of their praises, being exalted above all such needs. I regard not the words that are spoken but the hearts that offer them. I do not require fine words but a burning heart. Men's ways of showing devotion to me are various, but so long as the devotions are genuine, they are accepted!'"

The Sufi in quest of Truth has to perform a spiritual journey under the guidance of a spiritual teacher or *Murshid*. The *Murid* or the disciple must choose a saintly preceptor who might help him in successfully passing through the various stages of divine development. Perfect devotion to the *Murshid* is enjoined, and every Sufi understands the significance of Hafiz's well-known couplet :

بمائي سجاوه رنگين کن گرت پيرمغان گويد
که مالک بخبر نبود ز راه و رسم منزلها

"Stain with the tinge of wine thy prayer-mat if thus the aged Magian bid,
For from the traveller of the Pathway no stage or usage can be hid."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

The *murid* is to blindly follow the instructions of his spiritual guide—the Magian or the tavern-keeper, who is the traveller of the Pathway leading straight to God. At first the devotee is rather sceptical and uncertain, but by-and-by these feelings give way to admiration and delight, and at last "his eyes are opened, his heart is made clairvoyant through Divine Love; wherever he turns his gaze he sees the Face of God; God shines down on him from every star in the sky, God looks up at him from every flower in the field, God smiles on him in every fair face, God speaks to him in every sweet sound; all around him there is God, nothing but God. If he turn his eyes inward and look into his

own heart, there he can read letter by letter the very heart of God. For he has now become one with God, knowing and feeling that there is naught beside God ; and he can cry out with Mansur ' I am The Truth ! ' and exclaim with Bayazid of Bistam, ' There is none other than God within my cloak ' ! *

According to these mystic philosophers the soul existed before the body and it is imprisoned in an elementary cage in order that it might gain certain experiences of things material. The ultimate end of the souls of men, the particles of the divine essence, will be their final absorption in the Deity. " The world," say the Sufis, " and the things of the world are not what they seem ; our life here is a fall and a ruin ; for the soul has once been absorbed in God, and only in re-absorption can one hope to find rest. " † The attainment of this re-absorption by means of death is the chief object of the Sufi's desire. Death to them is a welcome visitant. Says *Zowk* :

توے کوچے کو رہ ہمارے ہم دار الشما صبحی
اجل کو جو طیب ار موت کو اپنی دریا صبحی

" That patient of sorrow thinks thy love to be a hospital,
Who considers death his physician and death his remedy."

In death and consequent re-absorption lies the highest perfection and happiness of the soul. The annihilation of individual souls has been likened to " rain-drops falling into the ocean." Asadullah Khan Ghalib, the king of modern Urdu poets, expresses this idea when he says :

عشرت قطرہ ے دریا میں فنا مرجانا

" The highest pleasure of a *drop* is in its annihilation in the *ocean*."

And now we come to the most charming theory of Sufism—that relating to the philosophy of love. God existed what time there nothing else was—He alone was there, crowned with beauty and glory. Being the embodiment of perfect Love he desired to be loved, and this led to the creation of the universe. This being the case, Love should be our guiding principle, our faith, our religion. We have nothing to do with free-thought and faith, ours should be a religion of Love, says the greatest of mystic poets, Hakeem Sanai :

ہمیشہ آنکس گر عشق رہبر ارست
کفر و دین مر در ہر دہ درو ارست

" To him whose guide is Love,
Paganism and faith are both the curtains to his door."

* Gibb's *History of Ottoman Poetry*.

† Prof. Cowell's remarks on Sufism. see *Life and Letters of Prof. Cowell*, by G. Cowell. Lond. Macmillan & Co., p. 11.

The poet means to say that faith and paganism both are like curtains to the door of God. Both alike, like the curtain, obstruct your view and keep what is in the room hidden from your gaze. Love alone can enable you to see beyond this veil—to see God as He really is. But how do the Sufis explain the difference of religions when they hold that all forms of worship are animated by love? Says the *Lisan-ul-Ghaib* :—

در ازل پر تو حسن ز تجلی دم زد
عشق پیدا شد آتش بر عالم زد

“ When beamed thy beauty on creation's morn,
The world was set on fire by love new-born.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

Jealousy necessarily followed the manifestation of Beauty and the creation of Love, and hence arose the different religions of the world.

The Sufis hold that an element of love is to be found in all things, and that human love is a step towards the love of the All-Beautiful. Look around you and reflect, says the mystic, and you will find that nothing is free from love—God has put a spark of this emotion divine into all things. We all admire human beauty, but little do we think that we are merely adoring the far-off reflections of Divine Beauty. Meer, the renowned Urduo poet, exclaims :

تم مونے تم مونے کہ میر مونے
انہی زلفونکے سب اسیر مونے

“ Whether it be you, or I, or Meer,
The self-same ringlet has captivated all.”

The great desire of the mystic is the annihilation of self, without which he cannot have access to the Divine Spirit. Says Hafiz :—

مہمان عاشق و معشوق ہمچو حایل نیست
تو خود حجاب خودی حافظ از دیوان برخیز

“ Between the lover and the Loved
Doth no one intervene :
Hafiz, remove the veil of self
Which has been cast between.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

The Sufis enjoin the highest degree of self-annihilation. Imam Ghazzali is of opinion, that if to a man, practising the annihilation of self, it occurs that his self has been effaced, such effacement of self is incomplete and defective. When he is “effaced from effacement,” the Sufi has reached the end of his spiritual journey. But how is the self to

* *Lisan-ul-Ghaib* or the “Tongue of the Unseen” is the title given by Jami to Hafiz, in consideration of his spiritual writings.

be effaced ? By love and by love only. Unless we take some lessons in the school of love, we shall not attain this object. Earthly love is not to be despised, since it uplifts and ennobles us, and is a step towards the love of the All-Beautiful. "Love," says Mr. Browne, "is with these mystics the Sovereign Alchemy transmuting the base metal of humanity into the Divine Gold." The following lines of Jami* embody the very essence of Sufi philosophy :—

"Though in this world a hundred tasks thou triest,
'Tis Love alone which from thyself will save thee,
Even from earthly love thy face avert not
Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee."

Though earthly love is only a means to the desired end, it should not be neglected. At all events it gives us a start. Says Dagħ, one of the greatest of living Urdu poets :

گما ے عوش معلن ہر شور نالونکا
خدا بہتہ کرے آواز دینے والونکا

"The noise of my cries has reached God's Throne,
Heaven bless my charming torturers !"

We never forget God when we are in trouble. He is then our only stay. And so love serves at last to remind us of Him by making us delightfully miserable. But human love is not in itself the goal to be attained. It is illusionary love (*ishq-i-majazi*), whereas the Sufi's goal is *ishq-i-haqiqi* or True Love. The Sufi must bear in mind the well-known words of Jalaluddin Rumi † :

"Love's radiance shineth round about our heads
As sportive sunbeams on the waters play ;
Alas ! We revel in the light He sheds
Without reflecting back a single ray.
The human soul, as reverend preachers say,
Is but a mirror to reflect God's grace ;
Keep, then, its surface bright while yet ye may,
For on a mirror with a dusty face
The brightest object sheweth not the faintest trace."

But to revert. Mr. E. G. Browne, whom we have taken the liberty of quoting so often, speaking of the philosophy of the Sufis, says in his remarkable book *A year amongst the Persians* : "The renunciation of self is the greatest lesson to be learned from a merely human love"

* Trans. by Mr. Browne, vide his *Literary History of Persia*.

† *The Song of the Reed*, trans. of the *Masnavi* by E. H. Palmer, Lond. Kegan Paul & Co.

We love our fellow-creatures because there is in them something of the divine, some dim reflection of the True Beloved, reminding our souls of their origin, home, and destination. From the love of the reflection we pass to the love of the light which casts it ; and loving the light, we at length become one with it, losing the false self and gaining the True, therein attaining at length to happiness and rest, and becoming one with all that we have loved—the Essence of that which constitutes the beauty alike of a noble action, a beautiful thought, or a lovely face."

From the above account of Mahomedan mysticism the reader will have seen that love is the guiding principle, the ruling passion of the Sufis. Theirs is essentially a religion of love. They acknowledge not the *jatal* or the terrible attributes of the Deity. His Beautiful aspect or *jamal* is the only thing they see. How delightful ! How consoling must be such a religion ! How soothing must be the doctrine which teaches you to contemplate on the Love and Beauty of God and to set everything else at naught, and which assures you that in everything you see a dim reflection of His Glory ! This article cannot better be concluded than by quoting at length the beautiful lines of Jami, so exquisitely rendered into English by one of the greatest orientlists of the day* .—

" From the rose flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly: From that fire the candle drew the lustre
which beguiles

The moth to immolation. On the sun His beauty shone and straight-
way from the wave

The lotus reared its head. Each lustrous lock of Leyli's hair attracted
Majnun's heart

Because some ray divine reflected shone in her fair face. 'Twas He to
Shirin's lips

Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal the heart from Parviz,
and from Farhad life.

His beauty everywhere doth show itself, and through the forms of earthly
beauties shines

Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal His face through Joseph's
mantle, and destroyed

Zuleykha's peace. Whatever veil thou seest, He hides beneath the
veil : whatever heart

Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love the heart hath life ;
longing for Him the soul

* Trans. by Mr. E. G. Browne, cf. *Thoughts and Aspirations of the Ages*, Lond.
Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Hath victory. The heart which seems to love the fair ones of the world, loves Him alone.

Beware ! say not *He is All-Beautiful and we His lovers !* Thou art but a glass,

And He the face confronting it, which casts its image on the mirror. He alone

Is manifest, and thou in truth art hid. Pure love, like Beauty, coming but from Him,

Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly thou canst regard, at length thou wilt perceive

He is the mirror also. He alike the Treasure and the Casket : " I " and " Thou "

Have here no place, and are but phantasies vain and unreal.

Silence ! for this tale

Is endless, and no eloquence hath power to speak of Him ! 'Tis best for us to love

And suffer silently, being as naught ! "

A. F. M. ABDUL ALI.

THE SECRET OF THE JAPANESE NATION.

THE Japanese nation is at the present moment astonishing the world. No one can deny the fact that Western civilisation has received a shock which at present it can in no way comprehend. Till recent times the nations of the West, wrapped in their impenetrable mantles of self-conceit, have imagined themselves to be the only centre of what they are pleased to call civilisation, when suddenly and without warning they are called upon to witness the fact that from the distant East have come knowledge, brain-power, comprehension, before which many an Occidental might quail and feel ashamed.

How has Japan, within the last thirty-five years, so aroused herself as to compete successfully in every way with Western brain-power, and Western skill, when before this her people appeared to the uninitiated as simple-minded, uneducated (at least as we use the term) and almost childlike?

"The Orientals are inferior in every way to the Occidentals," says the smug European as he sits at home and talks comfortably of many things of which he knows nothing. He has been brought up to believe that what he says is true, and we cannot blame him. But what of those who know the East, its learning, its people, its wonders? They tell a different tale. "In many ways," they say, "the Easterns are ahead of us, in many ways we can learn from them." And they are right.

Are there any ethnologists living who can successfully explain the apparent mystery of the Japanese? Is there any elucidation of the matter?

There is a complete elucidation, but it is one which will, I am well aware, at first appear strange to Western minds. All I can do is to set forth here a plain and simple account of the facts connected

with the history of the Japanese as they really are ; I do not ask anyone to believe it if his own intuition can inform him any better concerning the matter or if he feels it does not agree with his sense of logic and truth. Any student who has visited India, China and Japan, and has had frequent intercourse with the aborigines of these lands, will be well aware that many things are known to them which are the deepest mysteries to us : of late years it has become customary to study much by the light of Oriental books and Oriental knowledge, and to add to the learning of the West the more esoteric and mystic learning of the East.

To study history from an esoteric standpoint may seem extraordinary ; at first sight history appears to be such a purely exoteric production. What can be more purely exterior than wars and dynasties, treaties and laws ? Yes, that is so. But how far back will most of our written treatises on history take us ? British history is certainly not very old. As far as I am aware, the earliest mention of Britain is in the annals of the Roman historian Herodotus, who writes of the Phœnicians as trading with the people of the Cassitendes (Scilly Islands) some 450 years B. C. The geologic records certainly take us further back by some thousands of years, but their accounts are meagre. What do we really know concerning the history of the Neolithic man whose body is occasionally discovered in some forgotten barrow of Cornwall or Devon, beyond the facts that he used certain flint instruments of war and toil, ate certain foods, wore certain skins, and buried himself in certain (to us) curious fashions ; all is fragmentary and imperfect.

Certainly, other national records date back further. China, Egypt, Babylon, Peru, Mexico possess documents which trace the history of their lands and peoples back some four or five thousand years.

The "Troano" manuscript of the Mayas of Yucatan dates back 3,500 years and mention events which occurred some 8,060 years previous to its being written. The "Popul Vuh" or sacred book of the Guatemalians goes back also to what to us seems prehistoric times. Plato mentions events told to him by priests of Egypt which took place B. C. 9564.

In spite of these facts, we are still at a loss as to the history concerning the beginnings of the various races which now inhabit

this globe, and the several causes which either retarded or hastened their early progress. Is there any means by which we can obtain this knowledge? Certainly, yes. There are in the possession of many persons now living in the world the records of the history of man which go back, not thousands, but millions of years. It is not my purpose in this short article to deal with the means by which this knowledge is obtainable; it suffices to say that the correct interpretation of the esoteric side of the various, especially the Oriental, religions of the world, by persons specially qualified to do so, will result in this knowledge of the secular history of the nations.

To state clearly the place occupied by the Japanese in the evolutionary system, one must first explain that system in its entirety as comprised by Eastern students.

The earth on which we live is one of a series of seven planets round which the wave of life flows. Mars and Mercury are also planets of the same series; the other four are invisible to the naked eye.

The life-wave passes in succession through each planet in its turn, our earth taking the fourth place in the circle. The complete journey round the seven planets constitutes a "round" and the time taken to accomplish it is, roughly speaking, some 49 million years. During the time the life-wave sojourns on any planet seven great races of mankind are evolved upon it, and each of these races consists of seven branch races. The average time taken for one race to evolve is about a million years (in reality much more). At the present time the life-wave is upon our Earth and is on its fourth "round." A great number of the people now in the world belong to the fifth race of this fourth round, but enormous numbers of fourth race and third race men are still living, as the races necessarily overlap one another to an enormous extent.

Naturally, each race is a great improvement upon the one preceding it, but it can easily be understood that a nation at the zenith of the fourth race would naturally be equal, if not superior, to a nation at the early stages of the fifth, and this, as will be seen later, is particularly the case with the Japanese.

The name given to the third race is Lemurian. It includes all the negro-races, Kaffirs, Papuans, Melanesians, Borneans, etc. The

name of the fourth race is Atlantean and among its representatives are Chinese, Japanese, Finns, Magyars, Turks, Hindus, and North American Indians.

The name of the fifth race is very well known. The term Aryan is familiar to every student of mankind, and it includes such races as English, French, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Spaniards, Italians. Of course, it can easily be understood that certain admixtures of races are to be found in almost every nation and scarcely one of the peoples now living can claim to belong exclusively to any one race, to such a great extent are they permeated with the blood of earlier races. I do not propose, in dealing with the Japanese, to go into any details concerning the gradual development of the great fourth race, but it will be necessary in the interests of those who do not know them, to give the names of its great sub-races, which are as follows :—

- (1) Rmoahal.
- (2) Tlavatli.
- (3) Toltec.
- (4) First Turanian.
- (5) Original Semite.
- (6) Akkadian.
- (7) Mongolian.

As most people are aware, the Japanese are Mongolians ; furthermore, they belong to the most highly developed branch of the Mongolians, hence they stand absolutely at the summit of the great fourth race, and possess in a marked degree the characteristics and mental qualities for which that race, when at its zenith, was distinguished. The fourth race was noted for the possession of psychic powers and intuition of a very high order and these powers enabled its peoples to possess a knowledge of science, agriculture and sociology tending to a state of civilisation far exceeding anything yet attained by the fifth race, although the fifth race at its height will naturally in its turn far exceed the fourth. As an example of engineering skill alone, let us consider the Pyramids, the two greatest of which were erected by fourth race men, the stones being raised by a process which is only just becoming known to fifth race people, and which can only be wielded by a very small percentage of them, and then only in an imperfect manner.

Speaking of the Japanese, Mr. Scott Elliot in his book, "The Story of Atlantis," says—

"The interesting fact about the Mongolians is that its last family race is still in full force—it has not, in fact, yet reached its zenith—and the Japanese nation has still got history to give to the world."

Another thing which has tended to the advancement of the Japanese is the fact that to their own high mental and psychic development they have added all the best attributes of Western civilisation, as evinced by some of the most evolved branches of the Aryan race. Hence they combine in a remarkable degree all that is best in both races.

Professor A. H. Keane, in his well-known work on Ethnology sounds loudly the praises of the Japanese race. He says :—

The Japanese stand intellectually at the head of all the Mongolic peoples without exception. In this respect they rank with the more advanced European nations, being highly intelligent, versatile, progressive, quick-witted, and brave to a degree of heroism unsurpassed by any race. The sense of personal honour so feebly undeveloped among the Asiatics, became a passion under the mediæval feudal system, and led to astounding acts of devotion and self-sacrifice. With much enterprise and originality is combined an imitative faculty surpassing even that of the Chinese, as shown by the fact that their first steamer with engines complete was constructed solely from the directions given by a Dutch treatise on the subject. These varied mental qualities explain the rapidity with which the Japanese, the barriers of exclusion once broken down, have taken their place in the comity of the Western Nations !

The almost abnormal brain-power of the Japanese is a great contrast to their small and delicate bodies, and yet this is a psychological fact which must not be passed over, since it is becoming daily more recognised that genius of any description is apt to produce delicacy, if not degeneracy of the physical body ; we must await the dawn of still higher evolution before great brain-power is seen inhabiting a strong, highly developed body. At present the mind is in advance of its vehicle.

It is scarcely fitting to close this brief article without some allusion to the nation against which at this moment the Japanese are waging such successful warfare.

The Russians, although usually classed as fifth race people, are in reality one of the most composite nations on earth, and contain an enormous admixture of fourth race blood. The Russians are usually classed as Slavs, the Slavs being one of the early branches of a sub-race of the fifth race. Ratzel, the German ethnologist, considers the Slavs to be on a very low level, comparatively speaking. Since they have never had the upraising influences to which the other sub-races have been subjected, they have never come under the great influences of the civilisation of Byzantium, Greece and Rome. Furthermore, they are considerably weakened in intellect and their savage propensities increased by the large admixture of Tartar blood, the Tartars being a much earlier branch of the great Mongolian sub-race than the Japanese. The name Tartar is apt to be misleading, since it originally designated a remote Eastern branch of the Mongols, but is now applied to a Western branch (the Turks) by reason of the fact that their rulers have in many cases been original Tartars. Enough is known of the propensities of the Turkish races to assure the fact that any nature in which a large admixture of Turkish blood is found cannot help being gradually lowered in the scale of humanity, as is unfortunately the case with Russia, and sufficient has been said to show that the Japanese are, ethnologically speaking, in a very high position and well calculated to get the better of a nation in which mere physical force is so largely predominant.

L. M. YATES.



KNOWING AND BEING.

(PART II.)

IN my first article on "Knowing and Being," which appeared in the February number of this Review, I attempted to show that the Indian Vedānta in its theory of knowledge proceeded in its search for truth by the method to which European thinkers could take no exception. It started with the Self as the surest ground of certitude, for though everything else might be doubted, the doubter could not doubt himself. (Shankar's *Atmānātma Viveka*.) Nowhere in ancient times was the *cogito ergo sum* so well recognised in its correct form as in India.* The Vedānta also recognised the position that in every empiric cognition, the self was invariably a necessary element, and that such cognition always meant the synthesis of the Self and Not-Self (B. G. II. 16.) It further recognised the fact that this Not-Self was none other than the Self itself, externalised and appearing as conditioned by Time and Space and other relations of externality. And proceeding thus in its search, it discovered that the limitations to which both the individual Self and the Self in Nature appeared subjected could, in the course of man's development—mental, ethical and religious—be gradually sublated, so that, eventually, the two might appear face to face, so to speak, in their true character, and recognise their identity—the result of such consummation being that All must be realised as *advaita*, One and Non-dual.

The same result could be arrived at, if the Hegelian dialectic is fearlessly carried to its legitimate conclusion.

No system of philosophy is so bold and rigorously logical in this respect as the Indian Advaita. It has not got to justify or

* In speaking of Greece, Prof. Jowett remarks that "there had been an obscure presentiment of *cogito ergo sum* more than 2000 years previously." See Vol. 2 of his *Dialogues of Plato*, p. 20.

reconcile the dogmas of any Personal Revelation. Unhampered by any such considerations, it boldly pursues its course in the search of truth, and proclaims what it finds with equal fearlessness.

It is ready to admit the fact that in this world of sense-experience, man is met at every step with strife and discord ; he has the whole picture of the world as in a kaleidoscope, in which objects present no uniform appearance in any two moments. All is perpetual flux and change. The Vedantin is here at one with Heraclitus. The concrete riches of human life lie between these two extremes—a limitless Self and this perpetual flux and change,—this *Samsār*. (2 Hald. 230-33.) To us and to intelligences like ours, the truth consists in the synthesis of the One and many. (B.G. XIII. 26.)

But this is not a necessary truth. It must be remembered that this perpetual flux and change imply time relations which it would be philosophically wrong to carry into the region of Mind (*Atman*) which is itself timeless—timeless, because time itself, as Dr. Haldane might say, falls within it (2 Hald. 227-228), or as a Vedantin might say, it cannot be without it.

And although the Hegelian dialectic as to the alternation of self-externalisation and return with richer content each time in the process is of use to us as a guide to a complete comprehension, in the end, of the Absolute Being as the Ultimate Reality, it is unphilosophical to think that such a process of externalisation and return is necessary in the case of the Absolute Being itself to become self-conscious.

The Absolute from its very nature must be self-conscious, if it is All Intelligence. It cannot require an Other to become itself Self-conscious. To say that it does would be to deprive it of its natural freedom and subject it to a law of necessity. Hegel, however, does this and explains the descent of the Logos by means of his dialectic and also vindicates thereby the Christian dogmas of the Trinity and Atonement—God, Father, going into Otherness, finite mind, the Son, that is, God imposing on Himself the limits of man's finitude and then returning unto Himself in the fulness of His Self-consciousness (Holy Ghost).

But is it not true that the truths of philosophy are present to the mind of God as a whole in an Eternal Now and are not the

results of a ratiocinative process? All the great ideals of Absolute Truth, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Goodness, says Professor Upton, are eternally realised in the Eternal Absolute; only in us they are "a revelation of the perfection which *ought to be realised* . . . and it is only as the Ideal becomes in virtue of self-surrendering devotion and moral effort actually realised in our characters, that man's divine sonship, which is implicit in him, in virtue of his being of the same substance with the Father, becomes an explicit reality." (Upton's Hibbert Lectures, p. 287.)

According to Hegel himself "the conceptions of philosophy can be no abstractions [though] for us they always will be such." (2 Hald 254.) "Nature cannot be taken as appearing to God in the abstract externalities of Space and Time and, indeed, stands to him in no direct relation, for the plane of appearance which is distinctive of it pertains merely to the finite mind of man." (2 Hald. Analysis p. XXII.)

What, then, is the meaning of God standing in need of another-ness to become self-conscious? Does not His relation with that other become a necessary relation and does He not, in such a conception, lose His character of Absolute Being? God (says Origen) does not require the Second Person in order to come to Himself. (Inge's Christian Mysticism, p. 90; see also Lotze's Phil. Rel. pp. 59-63.)

The Absolute, as I have elsewhere stated, quoting Dr. Calderwood and J. S. Mill (Mill's Hamilton 116*n*), is that which is free from all *necessary* relations, as a condition of *existence*. It *may* enter into relations, being essentially free; but those relations, if removed, must not affect its existence.

Philosophically, it would not be correct to say that it is in the very nature of God a necessity for Him to create the world. It may be impossible for us to apprehend Him without such a world, but it is not a necessary condition of His *existence*.

Then as to *cognition* of the Absolute, according to the theory of the Vedanta, it must ever be borne in mind that it looks at the question from two—apparently opposed—points of view; and the conclusions thus drawn have to be understood by reference to the standpoint with which they are connected.

These are the two paths called *pravritti* and *nivritti*—the one

having a tendency to externality and the other to introspection—the one stimulating to Activity and the other drawing to Renunciation—the one giving rise to a world of empirical experience, necessary and useful for practical life ; the other leading to philosophic and spiritual enlightenment. (Ishopanishad, 15.)

The key to the correct reading of the Vedant consists in the recognition of this two-fold path, which has its sanction in the Vedas. It represents the stages in the evolution of the consciousness of man.

It is undisputed that man in the early stages of his development views himself and the object world as self-subsisting and independent entities with “sharp and clear distinctions in forms in which separation and isolation are the order of things.” Everything observable in the world appears as being the effect of an antecedent cause ; all objects in it appear as occupying space ; all events occurring in it appear as taking place in time. But in a further stage of development man finds that these relations of Cause and Effect, Space and Time, are relations which the mind itself makes, for its own purposes, and which fall within itself, and that they are true only for itself. They are forms in which the mind perceives the so-called objective world, which independent of it and apart from it has no existence (Mand. IV. 36). Its reality to the mind is only to the extent that it is presented to the mind *within itself* and by laws peculiar to itself. This reality is termed phenomenal or dependent reality, which both Western and Indian idealists equally assert.

It is a mistake to suppose that Indian Advaitins condemn this reality as illusory in the sense of a positive blank or absolute nothing. On the contrary, they have again and again emphasised its necessity and usefulness for practical life. No man in his daily life can well neglect the body in which his Self is, so to speak, encased ; he is bound to maintain himself and work out the rôle of his earthly existence. No man can, without injury to himself, ignore the environment in which he finds himself placed, or discard his social and other relations and the duties they impose on him. A personality, and that a knowing personality, with all the appliances which Nature has furnished, is absolutely necessary to man for his onward progress—intellectual, social, moral and religious.

Without it his own evolution and development and ultimate self-realisation, which is his goal, would be impossible. (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. I. 1. 1.) All this universe, says Shankar, is for man's edification to help him in self-realisation; experience acquired in the process of self-externalisation (*pravritti*) and return (*nivritti*) developing the Self, so to speak, and making it richer and richer in content in the process. (Ait. IV., Mandukya III. 15.)

Professor Max Müller is, therefore, not wrong when he says that "Shankar claims for the phenomenal world a reality sufficient for all practical purposes—sufficient to determine our practical life, our moral obligations, nay, even our belief in a manifested or revealed God." (M. M. Theos. 319; see also his *Six Systems*, 202.)

The knowledge, then, which man acquires in his initial stages of development is not ignored by the Advaitin as unessential. He knows that man here has duties, purposes and ends necessary for his social needs. But he also knows that this knowledge is not of a nature sufficiently far-reaching to guide us in the search after the ultimate truth (2 Hald. 4); he designates this knowledge *Avidyā* or false knowledge—false in the sense of empirical and as implying the tendency of the mind to look for truth outside itself (B. G. xviii. 61). The manifold, says Shankar, is evolved out of wrong knowledge (Ved. Sutr. II. 1. 14; 1, Thib. 323). This knowledge indicates the *pravritti mārga* of the Vedantin, in which all the Space and Time relations have full play.

This path admittedly does not lead to the end which the Self ought always to have in view, viz., its own self-realisation. In the world, as we see it, the mind meets at every step with strife and discord, and every sort of differentiation and antithesis; it forgets that all this strife and discord is of its own making, that it is due to its own activity and has no reality outside itself. (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. II. 1. 14.) It is, as Hegel would say, for itself and within itself. It is only on reflection that it discovers that these differentiations and antithesis are referrible to a higher unity, in which they find their reconciliation and explanation, and acquire a deeper meaning when thus viewed. (2 Hald, 61.) Such a process of alternate self-externalisation and return into a higher unity must continue till self-realisation results, and when that stage is reached, where it possibly

can be, the result must necessarily be that these differentiations disappear and all is realised as one and Non-dual (*advait*). *Paramārtha-avasthāyām vyavahar-abhāvam vadanti vedāntīḥ sarvā.* (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. II 1.14 ; 1, Thib. 330.)

In Hegelian language, as thought itself makes distinctions and relations, so it also transcends and cancels them ; in the very process of distinguishing, there is an implication of higher and higher stand-points where these distinctions begin to disappear (2 Hald. 221) and, as the Advaitin puts it, ultimately vanish.

This return of the Self unto itself is indicated in the Vedantic conception of *nivṛitti* (turning inwards). The region in which this return takes place is not conditioned by the relations of cause and effect or of time or of space, which are valid only so far as the phenomenal world is concerned. (Ved. Sutr. II 1.14.) The inward path is free, says the Advaitin, from such limitations, from *desha kāla vastu parichheda*.

The reader must have noticed how far the dialectics of Hegel and the Indian Advaitin run parallel and where they diverge. The following summary may be of use in this connection.

1. Being and Not-Being finding their reconciliation in becoming (Hegel). Compare Bhagavat Gita, 1x. 19 and Shankar, quoted at p. 553 of this Review for 1904.

2. Self-externalisation of Being (Hegel). Compare the Vedantic conception of Being projecting itself through its power called Maya. (Ved. Sutr. I. 4.26 ; Mandukya II. 12.) The phantasmagoria of a world which is thus projected man regards as external to himself. (Ballantyne ; Shankar's Viveka Choodamani, 142-146.)

3. In this process of externalisation the Absolute Being is unmoved though moving. (Hegel, Ved. Sutr. II. 2.2.)

The Advaita conception of the Absolute projecting itself *on itself* conveys the same idea. (See pp. 873 and 993 of this Review for 1904.) But Shankar candidly admits that though it is impossible to explain *how* the One becomes many, he does not ignore the eternal activity of Brahma when he attributes the world and all that has come into being to its inseparable power, Maya ; this is implied in the intelligent guidance (*salta sphoorti*) under which alone it is said that *Maya* can act. (Ved. Sutr. II 2.2 ; 1 Thib. 369.)

4. What happens in this process is the gradual and progressive

elimination of the notion of Nature being related to Intelligence as the effect of a cause. (Hegel, see 1 Hald. 112.)

This is exactly what the Advaita teaches in its *nivritti* path. (*Mandukya*, II. 32 IV. 22, 71.) When man abandons the outward path and begins to see *within* himself, he realises, or at all events he is on the way to realise, the truth that All is One in an Eternal Now without any of the limitations and relations of externality which oppressed him in the outer world of finitude. (See p. 871 of this Review for 1904.) He begins to understand that, though he cannot explain *how* the world has come into being, it can have no existence and no meaning independent of Brahma, since the individual itself is Brahma and the world itself is based on it, is for it and within it. (Ved. Sutr. II. 1.14; 1 Thib. 322.) The differentiations and distinctions which he used to make in this world of finitude as being external to himself begin to lose their significance for him.

5. "The picture of a pure self-consciousness regarding things from the highest standpoint, finding itself in its objects and no longer troubled by any distinction between the object world and itself, because it has got rid of all the abstractions of lower standpoints—such a picture we cannot present to ourselves, because we are compelled to view the universe from the standpoint of the particular individual. But by reflection we may get towards the grasp of the concrete truth that this is the final conception of the Self, the real foundation and meaning of experience, and that it is really actualised in experience." (1 Hald. 112.)

For the Advaita view on this subject see the very first paragraph of the present Article. It asserts that *Atman* (Self) and that alone is the ultimate Reality, and nothing independent of it is.

6. That Reality is Mind. There is only one Reason, one Mind; and Mind, as finite, has not a real existence. (Hegel, 2 Hald. 101.)

What is called Mind in the Hegelian system is designated Brahma, or Atman (Self) in the Vedanta. Both agree in holding that this is One and there is nothing like a finite Atman or Self. In the Hegelian system the human soul is called a "finite spirit"—an objectionable expression, I should think, since it is inconceivable in the very nature of things for spirit to be finite. In the Vedanta it is designated *jeeva*, but it asserts that it is not different from Brahma; it is metaphorically called individual soul on account of

its connection with the limiting adjuncts (*upádhis*). (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. III. 2.10 ; 2 Thib. 149.) Till the dawn of true knowledge it continues to be influenced by such limiting adjuncts ; it considers itself fettered by Time and Space relations in this world of sense-experience ; it erroneously identifies itself with the intellect (*buddhi* and *manas*) and *ahankára* (the lower egohood). These, in the Indian systems, are only the instruments of knowledge and can only function when enlightened by the true Self (Atman) ; they do not constitute our ego ; like other organs of sense and body, they are only a product of *prakṛiti* (Nature, Becoming) and as such liable to constant change. The true Self is the universal, eternal and changeless Self and never finite.

7. All things are ultimately reducible to thought, according to Hegel (Schweglar, 432). God is defined as "Mind that comprehends itself completely. Within such Mind all reality of whatever character or degree must fall." (2 Hald. 170.)

Compare B. G. XIII. 30, in which Shrikrishna is represented as saying : "When he perceiveth the diversified existence of beings as rooted in One, and proceeding from it, then he reacheth Brahma."

The last stage or category is All Thought, Universal Sentiency, says Shankar in *Māndukya*, IV. 89.

8. The spirit of man whereby he knows God is simply the spirit of God Himself (3 Hegel. Phil. Rel. 303). There is a "potential identity of man and God in a single subject of knowledge." (2 Hald. 169.)

When the Advait posits man's identity with God and subscribes to the doctrine of *tat tvam asi*, it does not mean anything more than that the two are identical in essence ; that both are one Atman or Brahma. It does not identify the man of the flesh with the Supreme Being. What it says most significantly is that stripping Brahma of the category of cause and the individual soul as the effect of that cause, what remains is All Thought, All Intelligence: *kāryopādhiṛāyam jeevaḥ kāranopādhiṛeśhvaraḥ kārya kāranatām hitvā poornabodhovashishyalay*, Prapakar, quoted by Prof. Bhanu in B. G. XIII. 2.

This is the identity which the Advaitin claims for man and holds forth as the ideal which, he says, it is possible to reach under proper culture.

It is only at this last stage—this culminating point—that some divergence between Hegelianism and the Indian Advait becomes manifest. The one apparently holds it to be absolutely impossible for man actually to become identical with God, while the other holds it to be possible; though, indeed, under conditions almost bordering, in practice, on the impossible. The one retains the element of plurality in the Unity, while the other discards it in the highest stage of development. The one posits as an ultimate reality the unity of Being and Not-Being=Becoming, the other says that Becoming is not a necessary truth but only contingent as involving relations which in the case of the Absolute cannot be necessary.

This is what according to the present Master of Balliol is the *summum bonum* of Hegelianism :—

Thought has always its opposite or negative, 'which it at once "excludes and involves, and this process is repeated in regard to it, with the result of reaching a still higher unity. . . . And so on through ever widening sweep of differentiation and integration till the whole body of thought is seen in its organic unity and development—every fibre of it alive with relation to the whole in which it is a constituent element." (E. Caird's Hegel, 164.)

Beyond this, Hegelianism apparently refuses to go ; and, indeed, generally speaking, all European idealists do the like. They seem to think that it is absolutely impossible for man to reach the condition of complete self-realisation, although potentially he is identical with God, and that it is blasphemous to conceive the possibility of such identification.

No doubt, so long as this feat is not accomplished, and, indeed, to the generality of human beings, it is practically impossible, the position taken by these thinkers is correct ; and Shankar himself admits its correctness (Tait. II. 1. Chand. II. 23. Kath. III. 14) ; and the distinctions of subject and object, knower and known, and the relations involved in them continue as valid as ever.

But where complete self-realisation is possible (as to which, see later on) and ensues in any given case, then, in such a case, the only philosophically correct view is that All is Thought and all element of plurality giving rise to variety must disappear as a differentiated entity. One who has reached this stage, if haply there be any, sees no differentiations anywhere ; to him All is

Brahman. This is the position which the Advaitin takes, and it is certainly the most impregnable position logically.

Plurality presupposes relations—relations of subject and object &c., &c., but “how (asks Shankar) can the One enter into relations with itself.” (Ved. Sutr. II. 2. 10 ; 1 Thib, 379.) He, however, concedes that having regard to the manifold of existence manifested on itself by its own power, Maya, under its intelligent guidance, Brahma may be *assumed* to have within it this element of plurality, as its potential content, *nāma rūpa beeja shakti rūpam*. (Ved. Sutr. I. 2. 22.) But such experience is *our* experience and the experience probably of intelligences like our own. We cannot assume it to be the experience of all possible intelligences. “The truths of the senses are not necessarily the truths for *all* minds, but only truths for beings with senses like ours.” (Ferr. Gr. Phil. 33. 87.) As in the Eleatic system, the universe is a “mere subjective phenomenon,” possessing no such truth as that which Reason might compel us to attribute to the Permanent One (*ib.* 86).

The highest philosophical truth seems to be “Mind” conscious of Itself—Mind knowing Mind in its completeness—Atman seeing Atman, the veil of Nescience being now completely removed.

The way in which the Advaitin seeks to arrive at this truth is by what is termed *adhyāropāpavāda* (Drivedi's Introduction to Mandukya, XVII)—an assumption of the negative of Being to explain the Becoming (see pp. 876-7 of this Review for 1904). This negative of the *Atman* is *Anatman*. It is this to which the world with its relations of externality is due. When this has fulfilled its purpose of effecting the complete self-realisation of the *Atman*, there is no longer any occasion for the recognition of the *Anatman* as a differentiated entity in its negative aspect. The assumption of *anatman* as the logical opposite of *Atman* is necessary only for explaining the universe and its object and aim. When that is accomplished, the true nature of the *anatman* becomes revealed. As *avidya* it was assumed to be in the *Atman* and inseparable from it, (see p. 553 of this Review for 1904) ; with the dawn of knowledge it is itself resolved into Thought, and must disappear as a differentiated opposite. With light must disappear darkness.

It is interesting in this connection to quote here a passage from Hegel himself:—“The good, the absolute good, eternally

accomplishes itself in the world, with the result that it is already accomplished in and for itself and *does not require to wait for us*. That it does so wait is the *illusion in which we live and which is the sole active principle upon which interest in this world rests*. The idea in its process causes this illusion to itself and its whole action consists in cancelling this illusion. *Only from this error does the truth spring, and herein alone lies the reconciliation with error and finitude*; otherness or error as cancelled is itself a necessary moment of truth which is only in so far as it makes itself its own result." *

And what is the result when the climax is reached, assuming the possibility of such an event in the case of any particular individual or intelligence? Dr. Haldane thinks it difficult to ascertain "what in ultimate analysis that [Ultimate] reality would disclose itself to be." (1 Hald, 285.)

Fichte, in his enumeration of the several stages of mental development, states as follow :—

God alone is and beside Him nothing is; . . . that the *divine life appears broken up in a multiplicity of things as the one light in the prism is broken up into a number of coloured rays*; . . . that the form ever conceals from us the essence, our seeing itself hides the object we see; our eye itself impedes our eye. Yet this only applies to the empirical point of view; . . . But, *'only raise thyself to the point of view of religion, and all wrappings disappear, the world passes away for thee with her dead principle and the Deity itself enters thee again, in its first, in its primal form, as life, as thine own life, which thou must live and art to live.'* The multiplicity of phenomena remains, it is true, for the empirical consciousness, but it is now known for what it is, as the unsubstantial reflection of the One Divine Being in the mirror of thought. (1 Pfliederer 291) . . . 'As soon as man abolishes himself, purely, entirely, to the very root, God alone remains and is all in all; man can produce no God for himself, but he can do away with [his lower] Self as the great negation, and then he passes into God.' (Ib. 293.) †

How closely analogous are these sentiments to ours! Still, there are passages in Fichte which indicate that while, like Hegel, he posits the "fellowship of God and Man," the dualism is not entirely wiped away.

* Hegel's Encyclopedia, Works, Vol. VI. p. 15, quoted by Prof. Upton in his Hibbert Lectures for 1893, p. 305. The italics are mine.

† The italics in this para are mine.

It is only the Indian Advait which has taken the lofty position and boldly asserted that, *from the standpoint of the Absolute*, the highest necessary truth is Unity, and Unity alone, without any differentiated element of plurality in it.

I say from the standpoint of the Absolute, for, as stated before, and it can never be too often repeated, that from the empirical point of view of the universe, the truth is, undoubtedly, Unity in difference, the unity of Being and Not-Being, or, as Professor Ferrier might say, the synthesis of Subject and Object, the *chit-jad granthi* of the Vedanta. But, on the highest plane of thought, this very synthesis is discovered to be a synthesis of the self with itself, and is a unity in identity, with the differentiation of subject and object wholly disappearing. As stated by Fichte, the multiplicity of outward phenomena may remain, but it would be for empirical consciousness only. (See also 1 Thib. 381.)

When all has been realised as thought, where is the room for any element of plurality to remain? In the case of one who has reached this highest stage, the sum total of his past experience which has transformed his entire personality and character has no distinctive meaning whatsoever. To use an Hegelian expression, it has enriched the mind, it is true, but in the very process of so enriching it, it has disappeared.

And what, again, would be the distinguishing characteristic of this plurality, if it is supposed to exist *in relation* after complete self-realisation? As a distinctive element it must be either in its infinitude or as a finite existence *within* the infinite. If the former, it must, as another infinite, destroy the infinitude of the Absolute itself. Shankar says that a plurality would imply substances exclusive of each other, and thus the Self would itself become limited (Ved. sūtr. III. 2.37, 2 Thib. 180). If it is a finite existence *within* the infinite, it would be superfluous to the conception of the Absolute, as Maimonides might say (see p. 650 of this Review for 1904). It may be truth for us but not for all possible intelligences. It is not a necessary truth.

Thus starting with Self (*Atman*) in our search for the reality, we come back to self (*Atman*) in the end. The individual soul thus regains its heritage at last.

IMPERIAL FISCAL POLICY.

THE Anti Tea-Duty League, started by a retired and apparently ruined tea-planter, by letters to the weekly papers of the United Kingdom, has succeeded in producing an immense volume of correspondence, going principally into the technical aspects of tea production. But when it comes to the point where it has to be shown that the increasing tax on tea in England has alone ruined the tea industry in India, we find that the producer is not the only sufferer.

It seems so natural to conclude, that the consumer's purse being only of a limited capacity, if he has to pay double for an article, he must use only half the quantity, or accept a quality only half as good. Therefore the producer must either sell double the *quantity* for the same price or diminish the *quality* by half, if he wants to avoid a loss ; and this is what appears to have been done to some extent, judging by the correspondence.

The sudden putting on of a duty causes the entire trade, consisting of producer, carrier and distributor, to be affected. The producer cannot stop his crop maturing ; and matured, he must get rid of it ; while the distributor cannot find room for unlimited accumulations of stock ; he must sell. The only relief is to be found in the consumer, and he has to be induced by low prices to use more of the article.

What affects each interest equally is primarily the amount of production and the desire for consumption ; or supply and demand. As regards tea, we all know that there has been over-production, and to get rid of the stocks, the producer, the carrier, and the distributor have all had to sacrifice something ; and the consumer has suffered.

But the correspondence shows that the tea planters have hedged.

somewhat, by plucking the coarser leaf, which can be got in larger quantity but is not so good in quality. The consumer is getting coarse tea, and the Government are taxing good and bad tea alike at the same figure, and accordingly would rather score on an increased bulk of tea. But again, it appears that the consumption, instead of increasing, is falling off, and one writer states that the Exchequer will receive £400,000 less on that account than was expected.

Apparently, therefore, we might conclude either that the consumer is dissatisfied with the quality of the tea, or he is getting his tea elsewhere. Here the exchange question comes in. China accepts payment in silver. India must have gold; a reason for duty against China in favour of India. New Zealand gives this preference to India.

As to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is perhaps absurd to expect much from an official who, when approached on such a delicate question as *Indian Tea*, disposes of it jauntily by saying that "*tea was the only thing to tax.*" He is not in a position to look at Imperial interests in the matter. He is fogged and bewildered between the "free fooders" and the "fiscal reformers," and the uncertainty of the justice or expediency of a tax on tea which comes mostly from India, while it is barred on corn which comes largely from Russia and would benefit the English farmer, must seriously affect his equanimity. one would think. Either British finance should be on Imperial lines, or local; and if the latter, the logical conclusion seems to be, that British dependencies should be left entirely free, to work theirs on the same principle. Why India should be barred, as distinct from the colonies, may be intelligible enough to the old schools of thought, which sanctioned the doctrines of free trade, but *plus* Indian cotton duties to protect Manchester.

But this and other thoughts antagonistic to the spirit of the age are subjects to be seriously considered by English statesmen; and whether persistence in them will not lead to much trouble in the future. Meanwhile the Chancellor has taken off 2d. from the tea duty, with the same lightheartedness with which he clapt it on; and the League insist that the duties should be taken off altogether. If this was to happen, and held to justify an expansion of the tea industry by extending cultivation, it is not clear that tea would be

in any better plight than at present. But by plucking finer, the customer would get better quality ; the quantity thrown on the market would diminish ; and prices would legitimately rise. It is the mad rush to invest in tea growing, which is responsible for the present depression. Organised combination in the tea, as in other trades, is the only way to keep the investing public informed of the limit up to which capital in the gross can hope to find profitable investment in any direction.

Now that we have a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, it is to be hoped that it will draw attention to desirable measures which would, in some degree, protect the public against its own follies, which it embarks on occasionally, in complete ignorance of the probable results.

T. F. DOWDEN.

THE HOUR OF DREAMS.

Saccharissa's grove and the Yprès tower,
The spray-swept downs where the seabird screams,
Does their memory cling with a magic power ?
Do you visit them still in the hour of dreams ?

Do you mark at noon how the opal haze
Lies, a shimmering veil, on the Kentish hills ?
Do you linger at dusk neath the leafy maze
Where Philomel sobs and trills ?

Do you still feel the throb of an unheal'd wound
When on picture and panel the fire-glow gleams ?
Do you think then of her who too late you found ?
Do I haunt you still in the hour of dreams ?

DOROTHY HARDING.

THE SHROUD OF NÁNAK.

ABOUT four centuries have sped since this happened. When he, who sounded a vigorous protest against the mere forms and husks of religious truth, and tried to show to men that the realisation of spiritual verities was possible mainly through righteous living, *i e.*, carrying out the commands of the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God, heard faintly at first, but culminating at last in a life of selfless deeds and finding its consummation in devotion and knowledge, was passing away from the sight of men, it is said that Hindus and Musalmans who had vaguely caught from his life the words which seemed to echo the essentials of their respective faiths, began to dispute as to their respective right to the possession of his body for the performance of his funeral obsequies. The Hindus thought he was a Hindu and his body should be cremated, while the Moslems thought he was a Musalman and it ought to be buried. Had Nának lived now, creeds like Christianity too might have claimed a share. And the legend goes on to tell us—and we can take it in the form of a parable—and a beautiful parable it is—that as the crowd gathered round his remains and the parties approached to assert each its right to his body, the coverings were removed and lo! the body had gone, and in its place the only thing left was the shroud of Nának ! All were struck with awe, and the parties peacefully decided to divide this garment, one half of which was buried by the Musalmans and the other half burned by the Hindus ; and, to this day the pious pilgrim or the curious traveller to the so-called resting place of the great teacher would have been shown the two mausoleums which enshrined his divided shroud and where the priests of two alien creeds would have gathered the pilgrim's pious offerings and dismissed him with sweets, withholding from him the peaceful influence which lingers around such places. But this was not to be : the

flood in a neighbouring river effaced them both, as if the very powers of Nature could not tolerate the semblance of division and discord in the *post mortem* story of the life of one who worked to bridge the gulf which divides man from man. And what is the lesson the parable has to teach us? Is it other than this, that, however steeped in ignorance and darkness men may be, the glimmer from the torch of the truth that righteousness and religion are one, kindled anew in the brightly burning soul of a sincere and earnest man, will be caught by them, though for a moment, revealing the unity within; and, though men will for the time being lose the body and the substance, and clutch at the shadow and the outer garments which divide humanity; nay, even though the direct inheritors of a resublimated teaching will daily repeat its words, like one in a dream, and make no attempt to bring into their lives the righteousness and justice and love which they inculcate, though these teachings be enveloped in darkness again and again, their spirit cannot die, and time after time it will rekindle in the hearts that begin to live, and will help to bring men nearer and nearer unto the Kingdom of God or Goodness where love will reign and hatred and injustice shall be no more.

Shall we wait for the birth of a great soul who will live and teach righteousness, or shall we let this spirit take birth in our hearts and thus prepare for his coming?

UMRAO SINGH.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is the prophet rather than the biologist **A Shadow Athwart** that sees visions of a richer and nobler future **Our New Prospect.** for mankind arising out of a fusion of widely different civilisations. A recent writer on Japan observes that many question whether such a result is possible, but Japan attempts the achievement. If it succeed, "China also and India will feel the impulse of the new life and will start upon a course full of promise"; if it fail, "the future shall be but a wearisome repetition, in more degrading forms, of the past." Why should all Asiatics fail where Japan fails, and why should India enter upon a career of promise if Japan succeeds? Although Japan has seriously shaken the theory of community of characteristics based on a geographical bisection of the world, the habit of investing the East with attributes different from those of the West still survives. The biologist, however, introduces a new element in the speculation. He takes each nation or race separately, and does not assume that the nations of the East shall all rise or fall together. He would compare and contrast the histories of the nations whose future forms the subject of speculation, and apply to each the principles which he is supposed to have established. We owe to Herbert Spencer the fashion of regarding society as an organism: one consequence of following up the analogy is that we feel bound to predict a decay for every nation as we are sure of the decay of every individual. As M. Ribot puts it: "Every family, every people, every race brings into the world at its birth a certain amount of vitality, and of physical and moral aptitudes, which in course of time will become manifest. This evolution has for its causes the continual action and reaction between the being and its surroundings. It goes on until the family, people or race, has fulfilled its destiny.

When this sum of vitality and of aptitudes begins to fail, decay commences." We are not sure if the biologist will concede a second life for a family, people or race, which he knows is denied to the individual organism. If, therefore, biological analogies may be legitimately applied to social evolution, it becomes relevant to inquire whether a nation, which does not at the period of observation exhibit the ordinary symptoms of growth, has exhausted its vitality, or whether it is affected by a passing phase of a curable distemper. Nothing is more common amongst us than to extol the civilisation of ancient India and to bemoan our modern degeneracy. If this degeneracy is comparable to the decay of a plant or an animal, and attributable to analogous causes, the biological sociologist may seriously doubt whether there is any more reason why Japan's success should dangle before the Indian eye the prospect of a national rejuvenation than the sight of budding youth and joyous vigour should fill declining age with hopes of the sun going back upon his course. "When Japan was still barbarous, China was highly civilised," says Mr. George William Knox in his new volume on "Imperial Japan": so was India; and have we not been reminded times without number in what state the ancestors of Englishmen were roaming on the banks of the Rhine when the forefathers of the Hindus were discussing philosophy at Janaka's court? Why have China and India lagged behind in the race? Have they lost their original stock of vitality? This doubt casts a shadow upon that prospect of a new life which for some time has made the pulse of the East beat more quickly.

It is somewhat comforting to reflect at the very outset that the biologist is not quite sure of his ground. The trend of recent opinion seems to be different from the view which was popular thirty years ago. At any rate, a writer on the "Principles of Heredity," in a volume of which the ink is just dry, maintains that "Man has not evolved into a civilised being; he has merely developed into one. The change in him consists solely or principally in a change of mental acquirements, not in a germinal change. He transmits his civilised habits by tradition, not by inheritance." Tradition may reverse its course; it may be corrected by education and the impulse of a new life, while a physiological decay may be impossible to arrest. Indeed, according to Mr.

Knox, before the recent and almost sudden awakening, Japan itself was showing, at least to a superficial observer, symptoms of decay similar to those observable in China, India and Korea : " Not only had the development possible under the old ideals reached its limits, but also the men in control of affairs were no longer competent. The Shogun was imbecile, and his councillors without vigour or high intelligence ; the Daimyo, with few exceptions, were debauchees without grasp upon Government ; their higher officials too were like themselves, and the retainers of the Shogun were proved effeminate, fond of luxury, and without martial spirit. The people were oppressed and the officials were corrupt. Religion had long since lost its influence upon the higher classes, and now the priests were immoral and the people indifferent." It looked as if Japan was like any other country of the East, worn out, decrepit, a prey to hastening ills. The world is now agreeably disappointed, and we must learn that beneath apparent symptoms of deterioration there may be unsuspected stores of vitality, and that, apart from the truth or otherwise of the biological theory of social evolution, a considerable amount of caution is necessary in applying the theory. Contact with new ideals may wake into a vigorous outburst of life an apparently decayed constitution. This possibility chases away the shadow. Yet it is only a possibility : how does it strike us in the light of Indian history ? In interpreting history we are apt to read into it the conclusions at which we wish to arrive. Yet is it not possible to take such a view of the vicissitudes of Indian civilisation that we may reasonably or fondly suspect stores of moral and physical vitality beneath the overlying symptoms of degeneracy ? An answer to this question will involve the writing of the history of India and of Indian institutions from a new standpoint. The causes of the vicissitudes will have to be carefully investigated, and the area of their active operation determined and localised. Would the biologist regard the whole of Indian society as one organism, and the history of Indian institutions as the history of a single organic entity ? If recent history has been a record of deterioration, is the entire population of India included within its purview, or may we hope that there may be unspent stores of vitality in communities and races which have not yet figured prominently on the stage of Indian history ? The politician dislikes the suggestion that India is

a museum of nations rather than a single nation, and vehemently maintains that there is a unity of aspiration which actuates the millions who happen to talk different languages, who are differently coloured, and whose beliefs and ideals have been differently moulded. To him differences spell weakness; they hamper his immediate ambition and he would fain ignore them. The philosopher, who wishes to speculate about the future of the country, might regard it as a piece of good fortune that the population is not homogeneously made up of races and communities which have played their part in history and are bound to withdraw from the stage. All races do not leave a brilliant record behind them, and it may be that the less distinguished races in India have, biologically, as much degenerated as the more powerful communities, the makers of history. Yet the optimist may appropriate to himself the benefit of the doubt. A still more important consideration in the interpretation of history would be whether there really has been a deterioration, as is so generally assumed, and if so, whether the retrogression is of a nature to raise a strong presumption of organic decay. It would obviously be impossible within the limits of a note to discuss at length the character of the vicissitudes of all the important phases of national life. We shall confine our attention to literature and philosophy, and inquire whether these may be said to have so uniformly declined in recent times as to point to only one possible conclusion regarding the future of the historic representatives of Indian civilisation.

The reason why modern India is compared unfavourably with ancient India by the historian of philosophy is that in later times the Hindu thinkers could only comment on the older philosophical treatises, and, however learnedly and voluminously they might have written their commentaries, they could not originate any new systems of metaphysical thought which might vie with the philosophy of the Upanishads. The history of philosophy in all civilised countries, however, shows that metaphysical speculation, based on *a priori* methods, does not admit of indefinite development, and the limits of philosophic investigation and invention along certain lines may be reached without the mind of the race having exhausted its stock of vitality. We live so close to the popular superstitions of our own day, and are removed

by the distance of so many centuries from the popular beliefs and practices of the Upanishadic times, that we are apt to imagine the people to have drifted by slow degrees and by a process of deterioration from a purer and more rationalistic mental atmosphere into one charged with puerile inventions and the promptings of ignorance and fear. We have no elaborate records of the popular religion of ancient times; but such as have been handed down to us by those walking encyclopædias, the Brahmans, are enough to show that human nature was much the same when the Atharva Veda was composed as when the more elaborate Tantras came into existence. We must leave it to others to discuss the relative merits of a religious philosophy which credits the gods with interference in human affairs, but sets its face against the representation of such gods by visible objects, and the practice of setting up a material symbol for worship and adoration. We should certainly hesitate to infer that a generation which elaborated temple worship was mentally inferior to another which elaborated sacrificial worship. Religious and philosophic systems have flourished and declined in India, but not, so far as we can make out, in such a way as to indicate a corresponding fluctuation in the mental power of the race. Brahmanism declined, and Buddhism entered upon a glorious and vigorous career: it was in its turn stricken with what M. Barth calls "premature decrepitude," and what was the result? A fresh outburst of religious zeal and a new crop of sects. The form changed, but not the life. As the author of "A Literary History of India" remarks with rhetorical vividness: "In the midst of the changing scene Aryanism and Brahmanism remained unmoved, watching all and noting all from their own safe retreat, heedless of kings and warriors, battles and contests, greed for Empire and the coming storm, the tramp of passing bands of fighting men, the flames of burning towns, the wreck of principalities, the aggrandisement of new conquerors, and the submission of the people, all of which were but the crude factors wherewith poets and dreamers might fashion their drama of the world's history."

Literature was in full blossom when Brahmanism revived. The nine gems of Vikramaditya's court will for ever illumine the pages of Indian history. A short period of darkness supervened in Northern India after the brilliant age of Bhavabhuti and Sankara-

charya. "No great name," writes Mr. R. C. Dutt, "belonging to science or literature has been handed down : a thick and impenetrable darkness hangs over these centuries in Northern India." But the light was not extinguished for ever : Magha, Somadeva, Jayadeva and other luminaries appeared in the firmament. It is generally stated that with their setting, synchronously with the Muhammadan conquest, Indian literature became a thing of the past. This statement, however, ignores the vernacular literatures. These may bear no comparison with the productions of the master minds that enriched the literature of the "divine tongue." It is unfair to compare the growth of yesterday with the old banyan which has been sending its roots into the ground and been growing since the days of the Vedas. We should not claim for the vernacular literatures equality of rank with Sanskrit. But the courageous and successful endeavour to convert into the current language of the people the wealth hoarded up in ancient and inaccessible vaults can hardly be regarded as a symptom of intellectual decay : it was rather a sign of unabated vitality. Tulsidas, Jnanadev and Sridhar, Nanak, Chaitanya and Basava could not be products of an age overtaken by intellectual sterility.

As in literature and philosophy, so in art and the industries, it will be interesting to investigate the causes of the decline. The conclusion would probably be that the hand that carved the caves and built the temples, the fingers that wove the delicate fabrics, and the eyes that designed the style and the pattern, have not lost their cunning and their inspiration, and that the causes of the decay are adventitious, rather than organic. How about physical degeneracy ? The theory that has occupied the field up till now is, that every race, which has invaded India and settled in our fertile and enervating plains, has deteriorated, and yielded place to a more vigorous invader. If this be so, we can no more change our destiny than we can shift the latitude of our peninsula or alter the snowfall on the Himalayas. Has no one the ingenuity to project a ray of light into such a gloomy interpretation of history ? Have we only to look forward to the day when the earth will stand differently inclined towards the sun, and Bombay will be above the tropic of Cancer ?

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Baltic fleet has gone the way of the Pacific fleet, and Admiral Rozhdestvensky contemplates to-day in a hospital the fruits of overweening self-confidence, which goeth before a fall in the case of a nation as in the case of an individual. "Where is that speck of a country called Japan?" asked M. Pavloff before the war, in the presence of the Korean Emperor; and scanning a map through a pocket magnifier he pretended to have discovered it in a corner of the Pacific Ocean. "If she opposes Russia, she will be treated thus," said he, and blew a few matches from off the palm of his hand. It has been given to Admiral Togo and Marshal Oyama to blow off the matches, which strew the Korean Strait and the hill-sides of Manchuria. Russia was never strong on the waters, and it was universally believed outside Russia that Rozhdestvensky was to be sacrificed to keep the impatient critics at home quiet for a time, until the land forces had time to gird up their loins once more and smite the enemy back. Kuropatkin the unlucky retired and an untried General stepped into his place. The fleet lies buried at the bottom of the sea, and Linievitch is not yet ready. As a naval Power Russia is extinct; as a military Power she is under suspended animation. It was so usual to associate the name of Russia with an inexhaustible supply of fighting men that one would have expected Japan to be overrun within a few months by

A multitude like which the populous North
 Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.

The multitude is busy passing resolutions and throwing bombs.



With teeth set and powder dry, Japan is not so absorbed by the excitement and the anxieties of the present as to be oblivious of the ultimate issues on which her future hangs. One hears more of her diplomatic endeavours than of the activity in her arsenals. She says little of her power and her achievements, as if they were a surprise to herself: her representatives, on the other hand, put forward various suggestions for the creation of new

friendly ties and the perpetual maintenance of peace in the East. Germany has begun to be suspicious—the work of a bad conscience; and a Japanese Prince was sent to attend the royal wedding at Berlin. France recognises the position as too delicate even to speak of the Mongol as a scourge like Attila and—Bismarck; for a scheme said to have been conceived by a Japanese statesman for the invasion of Indo-China, to pay off old scores, has seen the light of day. Japan understands the expediency of silence, and even when Admiral Rozhdestvensky was abusing the hospitality of neutral French ports, she did not lodge a formal protest. All the tact that an Oriental Government can command is required in dealing with these two Powers, who are not quite inclined to believe that the young and ambitious Mongol will let bygones be bygones and forget the affair in Laiyang. President Roosevelt will sit on the fence. So the proposal is that the relations between Great Britain and Japan must be placed on such a firm and perpetual footing that the peace of the East may for ever be assured. Lord Lansdowne seems to think this possible. Will an alliance between Great Britain and Japan be sufficient to ensure the peace of the East?



Every watchful Government may be assumed to be constantly discussing with its military advisers the state of the defences of the country and the methods of improving them, as improvements become necessary. The British Parliamentary system of government gives a publicity to the discussion which must inevitably create false alarms and exaggerate the dangers of a situation. From the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons on the 11th of May one would imagine that Great Britain was on the brink of a war with some great European Power, or perhaps a combination of Powers, and that the next event of importance for which we must be prepared after the Russo-Japanese war is an attempted invasion of India by Russia, and of England itself by some naval Power—France, as was hypothetically assumed, lest the mention of the more dreaded name of Germany should set a spark to the not over-cordial feelings towards England entertained among the Teutons. We are concerned more with the situation on our north-western frontier than with a contingency which no one has seriously contemplated since the days of the Armada, with the reputed and possible exception of Napoleon. Mr. Balfour's speech, in so far as it related to India, could be interpreted, as is so often the case with his utterances, in two exactly opposite ways. He dwelt so vividly upon the difficulties of transport which the invader would have to encounter when traversing the mountain fastnesses of Afghanistan that he was understood by some to apprehend no danger to India from the north-west. Yet he protested that he did not consider the

problem of the defence of India as otherwise than grave. The explanation of the enigma lay in the Prime Minister's opinion that the whole question of the danger to our frontier hinges upon the construction of railways in Afghanistan. It is evident, that if railways were built in that State with Russian capital, the optimist would quickly have to reconsider the foundations of his faith. When, therefore, the Prime Minister said that any attempt on the part of Russia to extend her strategic railways within the borders of Afghanistan must be regarded as an act of aggression, there was apparently a unanimous disposition in the House to agree with him. So far as Russia is concerned, the "threat" is clear in its meaning. Did Mr. Balfour consider there was a probability of Russia putting pressure upon Afghanistan to obtain a concession for railway construction? Some understood him in one way, and others in another. It is tolerably clear, however, that the Prime Minister believed in the probability of Afghanistan being either absorbed in Asiatic Russia, unless Great Britain resisted the attempt, or being compelled to assume such a favourable attitude towards Russia that it would cease to serve as a "buffer." How would the Amir act? It is hoped that the doubt which at one time surrounded that question has been dispelled by the new treaty.

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The British Government had an understanding with the late Amir that His Highness was to have no "political relations" with any other foreign Power. The present Amir has confirmed that agreement "in the principles and in the matters of subsidiary importance regarding internal and external affairs," and has agreed that he will not contravene the engagement "in any dealing or in any promise." The wording of the treaty would thus appear to be sufficiently comprehensive to include concessions to foreign Powers to build railways within the State. One wishes the terms of the treaty had been more explicit, in view of the importance attached to the extension of strategic railways within the territories of the high contracting party. The full instructions given to Mr. Louis Dane must remain an inviolable secret: he has only told the public that they were not as comprehensive as had been wished in many quarters. Extension of commerce, and of railways to be built with British capital, the training of the local army under British officers, and some satisfactory arrangement regarding the frontier tribes, were among the suggestions which in England, and to a certain extent in India, had been pressed upon the attention of the Government. The Amir, evidently, does not wish to be caught in the tangles of various kinds of engagements which are likely to encroach upon his independence. On the other hand, he has taken particular care to emphasise his position as an "independent king" in the treaty to which he was asked to affix his seal. His

Majesty the Amir Habibullah Khan, as we should hereafter call him, has not been quite as demonstrative in his appreciation of British friendship as was his father. Even in his father's lifetime there were nobles in his State who did not share the Amir's admiration for British valour and his confidence in British honesty. He had to explain to his nobles, at the time of the Penjdeh affair, that Mr. Gladstone was a weak man and that the Conservatives, when in power, would always act in a manly spirit. It struck the suspicious Afghans, however, that party Government in England was only a cunning device to shirk responsibility. The statesmen of Afghanistan appear to be as suspicious of the British as of the Russians. They wish to keep both at arm's length and do what is absolutely necessary to respect the old treaty engagements. Who will break the peace of the East after the Russo-Japanese war, is a matter of varied conjecture. It has been said that the menace of the East is Germany. The Kaiser is believed to be in a bad temper, and France is anxious to propitiate him. The Tsar must be in a still worse temper. We cannot propitiate him. Mr. Balfour evidently thinks that we must be prepared for the worst.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POLITICS, LOCAL AND IMPERIAL.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

DEAR SIR,—Surely, the East is beginning to know herself, if not the West also, after so many able articles published by you. Is there not a danger lest the bearing of the various writings should be lost in their variety? Take the two in the April number. Dr. Keane endeavours to tell what elements have gone to make up the varied populations combined in that great empire; really, an able analysis of a long past process, only to be seen in progress in a new country like the United States of America where the elements are not yet fully fused, but are in process of fusion. Mr. J. D. Anderson, I.C.S., on the other hand, deals with present problems of Government. It seems to me that, whilst he fully understands the great diversity in peoples and languages, he fails to realise the distances which make these peoples and languages, not one nation, but many nations in one empire. The diversity in race and language is not greater than in Europe. But there we see not unity, but plurality and variety in Government. India is ruled by the village Panch, the Municipality, and the British. Yet each of these rules in a very different sphere, and the simple villagers are far apart even from the men conversant with municipal matters. How much more are they both separate from their imperial rulers? It seems to me that Congress men can better forward the weal of India by seeking to increase the light they themselves rejoice in amongst the simple people of their own localities, than by aiming at control of imperial affairs. For should the central Government be weakened, the units forming the empire would fall apart in fatal helplessness. Whereas, if each unit is gradually brought forward, all may, in time come into line as separate sovereign states. And if not as separate states like those of Europe, yet at any rate, not less self-ruled than the separate and individual states of the American Union. But this cannot be until each Congress-man is great in his local influence and works to form a band of such ability in his own unit as shall be able to accept such power as devolution may offer to the fit. The need for this has been fully shown in the smaller spheres of Municipal life where, at first, there were very few fit to take responsibility.

Let the aim be, therefore, local efficiency, and let Congress meet for mutual encouragement and exchange of ideas. For, let it never be

forgotten, though Britain rules the whole of India and uses English largely, that she succeeds in each unit of empire by using the local languages. Now the Congress fails in not having its work localised; nor can its works be localised whilst it is wholly concerned with imperial matters. It must get down to help the lowliest before it can qualify for higher spheres.

Truly yours,

G. W. JACKSON

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THE POLITICAL POSITION IN ENGLAND.

DISTANT parts of the Empire may possibly remain under the impression that people in England are still harrowing their souls with speculations about the fiscal question, and wondering what verdict the constituencies will pronounce upon Mr. Chamberlain's agitation. But such considerations are very far indeed from our thoughts. Who that looks back two years and remembers the triumphal march with which he began his progress, and the fervent acclaim which heralded the resurrection of Protection, can help being struck by the complete acceptance, throughout the country, of the principles of Free Trade as the one commercial system which is absolutely essential to the prosperity of England? This result, achieved entirely by careful study and free discussion, is a notable instance of the supremacy of opinion. It might be possible to assign the victory of Free Trade to the efforts of particular individuals, but I prefer to say that it is a remarkable testimony to the high level of general intelligence in England. Sophistry may mislead for a time, but in the long run its failure is conspicuous. As the French say, "there is some one wiser than anybody else, and that is, all the world." In making this assumption that England has repudiated Protection, I am not speaking as a partisan. One election after another has brought home this conviction to all our minds. Mr. Chamberlain himself confesses that he is beaten, though he talks vaguely of taking a striking revenge in the days to come. But, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman quietly remarked, it is idle for him to prophesy what will happen in 1918. It is the affairs of to-day with which we are concerned, and the painful spectacle presented by Mr. Chamberlain, at his last public appearance in Birmingham, proves that he no longer possesses the physical energy required for the conduct of

another campaign. The fact is, too much is expected in these days from political leaders, and I am surprised that more of them do not break down. They are expected to speak with authority on all subjects, human and divine, and they fly from one meeting or one dinner to another, always speaking at high pressure, till they are obliged to treat many subjects imperfectly, and flesh and blood give way under the strain. The familiar examples of John Bright and Robert Lowe might have prepared us for Mr. Chamberlain's breakdown. Of the political forces leagued together to compass the defeat of the member for West Birmingham, I should be inclined to rate as the most important the influence of the Trade Unions. The Unions control a solid phalanx of two millions of people, and their influence has been cast as that of one man against Mr. Chamberlain. Anyone acquainted with the north of England will admit the solidarity of the Trade Union vote, and even in the south the working man has taken up his parable against fiscal reform. Mr. Balfour, too, has no doubt done much to shelve Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. I have always contended that it was a mistake to regard the Prime Minister as one who was working quietly in the interest of Birmingham. Mr. Balfour has always had a policy of his own, and he has not hesitated to scoff at the earnest men who preached the gospel of fiscal reform, and to say that he was bored to death by their importunity. He has found a way of escape from the amazing mess in which the tariff reformers had plunged him by propounding an obscure policy which he calls retaliation. Nobody knows what this policy means, but, like that "blessed word, Mesopotamia," it has served its purpose. The conservative party were only too grateful to a leader who could get them out of their difficulties by declaring that he was opposed to Protection, but that Retaliation was a good thing for the British Empire. As Mercutio said of his wound, "it is not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, but it will serve." Such well-known Ministers as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Brodrick hastened to say that, while they regarded as foolish proposals to tax the food of the people, Retaliation was a thing they considered eminently satisfactory. This "hit 'em back" policy has rallied the party, which is now practically reunited under the leadership of Mr. Balfour. We are not told if the policy of Retaliation was fully explained to Mr. Choate before the American Ambassador left England. The oppressive tariffs of

the United States make that country the most conspicuous offender against the principle of fair treatment for English goods, and the Colony of Newfoundland has just invited the Imperial Government to retaliate on the States, which excludes Newfoundland fish from the American market, by refusing to grant bait to American fishermen. But it may be taken for granted that we are much too prudent to quarrel with the United States. The policy of Retaliation may be useful as an election cry, but it will never be carried any further.

One result of Mr. Balfour's successful tactics is that he has diverted English sentiment from economic controversies to the much more interesting question of the state of foreign affairs. What chiefly occupies our thoughts now is the question whether the renewal of the treaty of alliance with Japan will be for the benefit of the British Empire. Some fervent spirits have no doubt on the matter. Mr. Chamberlain recommends the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, but Mr. Chamberlain speaks with less authority now, and it is doubtful if any considerable body of English opinion will follow his lead. The influence of the English newspapers is a much more serious matter. The *Times*, which seems to have wholly cast aside the spirit of careful self-restraint which once distinguished that great paper, has been deliberately unfair to Russia since the commencement of the war in the Far East. Day after day it publishes whole pages of reports concerning the collapse of every Russian institution and operation, and it is never weary of talking about England's obligations to "our allies," or sometimes "our gallant allies," meaning the Japanese, who are not our allies, but only our potential allies, whom we are bound to help if we are convinced that they are in danger of being crushed by a combination of European Powers. On the strength of an American telegram sent from Hongkong to Washington and re-transmitted to London, the *Times* assumed that this combination had actually taken place, and on Monday, May 8th, it published an article which convulsed the Stock Exchanges of the world and caused a ruinous fall in the prices of all public securities, by alleging that France had violated the obligations of international law by harbouring and helping to refit and reprovision Admiral Rodjestvensky's fleet, and that Japan would be justified in requiring England, under the

provisions of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, to declare war against France. The amazing recklessness of these charges was speedily exposed by the French Government, which offered the sufficient defence that France has insisted on the observance of her own laws of neutrality, and showed that the French officials in Indo-China had fairly hustled the Russian admiral out of one port after another, and had finally compelled him to take to sea. It may be contended by England and Japan that the French law of neutrality is deplorably lax, but this is a matter which should have been arranged before the war broke out. There the law is, and M. Delcassé has no difficulty in proving that it has been enforced. Russia, in fact, may fairly claim that she has not received from France the civility she had a right to expect. Speaking dispassionately, I should say that the inferior maritime nations would be very foolish in consenting to accept a law which suits England and Japan very well, but which leaves to the Governments of other countries no place on the sea coasts of the earth on which it is possible for them to find a place of rest. The good faith of the French Government was made so plain that nothing further could be said in the English Parliament, and the clever little move of the Tokio and London newspapers to take advantage of the Anglo-Japanese treaty for the purpose of provoking a general war proved futile. The *Times* of May 10th had the assurance to say that the collapse of prices on the 8th might be regarded as "salutary," but the thousands of investors on whom it fell as a calamity of the first magnitude may naturally be of a different opinion.

The incident is important as illustrating the wide ramifications of the treaty with Japan, and the great dangers in which that treaty may involve England. Clearly, the Japanese press, which is not wanting in ability and skill, has found in the treaty a handle of which it may avail itself to push the most ambitious designs. English opinion has hitherto regarded the treaty lightly, as if it were merely a pledge on the part of England not to look on idly and see Japan overborne by a strong coalition, and much may be said in favour of the doctrine that it is England's interest to maintain the independence of Japan. But we now see that the treaty may be stretched much further, and that Japan may invoke it to

drive Russia out of the Pacific altogether, and to make of that ocean a Japanese preserve. The press of Tokio not only wants its Government to go to war with France, relying on the assistance of England, but offers many arguments with the object of detaching France from Russia. These ambitious Japanese want, in fact, to dominate the politics of all Europe. This is a good deal more than we bargained for. One would like to know what effect the recent action of the *Times* has had upon the maintenance of the Anglo-French *entente*. Whatever may be the fate of Japan, a war with France is an unspeakable calamity which few Englishmen could contemplate with calmness. Why should England, by concluding an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, place herself at the mercy of an Asiatic power, whose far-reaching aims she is quite unable to understand? We have no interests in the East which we cannot protect without allies, and there can be no justification for shifting the centre of the British Empire from London to Simla.

The agitation in favour of an extension of the alliance is promoted by a set of politicians who believe that the present war supplies England with a favourable opportunity for crushing Russia, and who emphatically declare that the opportunity should be taken advantage of. The military element has obtained of late years a predominance in English society, which is a national misfortune. A craze to make war, either with Russia, Germany, or France, seems to have taken possession of people who are strongly represented in the English newspapers. Mr. (now Sir Louis) Dane, at any rate, assures us that there is no suspicion of Russian aggression in Kabul, and we may, therefore, make our minds easy as to what will happen in this quarter. It might, after all, be well for us to remember that Russia is still a great Power, and that we might with advantage make a friendly arrangement with her in Central Asia. It is now six years since I began to make efforts in favour of linking up the Indian and Russian railway systems, and establishing a real overland railway to Calcutta across Asia. A new idea is never accepted at once, but it filters down slowly through the public mind, and now a writer in *Blackwood*, who is one of the strongest supporters of the present Government, asks why this obvious contribution to the great cause of international peace and goodwill should not at once be made. Certainly, if

Lord Curzon could accomplish such a work, he would do more to benefit England and India than he could ever expect to achieve by an extension of the treaty with Japan.

It must be admitted, however, that such hopes as these are dashed to the ground by the timid conclusion of what I may describe as, in the main, Mr. Balfour's eminently moderate and sane speech on Imperial Defence. The country will breathe more freely now that the head of the Government has announced, on the highest expert authority, the conviction that the invasion by a sudden surprise of the British Islands is a practical impossibility. War's alarms should be soothed, and a great reduction of military expenditure rendered possible. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Balfour's views regarding the defence of India are not conceived in the same spirit. The Prime Minister seems to have fallen a prey to the military critics with whom distrust of Russian designs has become a sort of gospel. He exaggerates the dangers caused by the construction of railways which he insists on regarding as purely strategical, and accepts without qualification Lord Kitchener's opinion, that India ought to be able to place eight divisions of infantry on the frontier in addition to drafts from England. This formidable force may be essential, but why should India be called upon to maintain it? It is required for the purposes of Imperial defence, and the Empire at large ought to pay the cost. Then, Russia is warned off Afghanistan, and Mr. Balfour speaks as if the perpetual conservation of that country as a country without railways is a main bulwark of our strength. Such a conclusion strikes me as remarkably weak. Railways through Afghanistan under international control would be as useful to England as to Russia, and, above all, they would open a way of communication for India with all the rest of the world by other roads than by the sea. But Afghanistan is to be given for ever, it seems, to its "horses, camels, asses, cows," and the whistle of the iron horse is never to be heard in Kabul. Is it possible to imagine a more deplorable collapse of civilisation?

THE SOUL'S PROGRESS.

In Childhood's pride I said to Thee :

“O Thou, who mad'st me of Thy breath,
Speak, Master, and reveal to me
Thine inmost laws of life and death.

“Give me to drink each joy and pain
Which Thine eternal hand can mete,
For my insatiate soul would drain
Of earth's most bitter draught and sweet.

“Spare me no bliss, no pang of strife,
Withhold no gift or grief I crave,
Th' intricate lore of love and life,
And subtle knowledge of the grave.”

Lord, Those didst answer, clear and low :

“Child, I will hearken to thy prayer,
And thy unconquered soul shall know
Each poignant rapture and despair.

“Thou shalt drink deep of joy and fame,
And love shall burn thee like a fire,
And pain shall cleanse thee like a flame
And purge the dross from thy desire.

“Then shall thy chastened spirit yearn
From its blind prayer to find release,
And, spent and pardoned, sue to learn
The simple secret of My peace.

“I, bending from My sevenfold height,
Shall teach thee of My quickening grace
Life is a prism of My light,
And Death the shadow of My face”

"WHERE EAST MEETS WEST."

TO the readers of a periodical entitled *East & West* it may seem superfluous to explain what ideas these terms—East and West—stand for in this article. At any rate, elaborate definitions are uncalled for. As popularly understood, Asia is the East, Europe is the West—an inaccurate definition, perhaps, in that the dividing line of East and West, in their ethnographical signification, may not follow exactly the continental boundary of geography. But so far as seas and oceans are concerned, there is one well-defined barrier at which the West ceases and the East begins, and that is the Isthmus of Suez—a barrier of separation no longer, now that the Suez Canal has been dug to form a junction between the Red Sea waters of the East and the Mediterranean waters of the West.

The Suez Canal—henceforward the hyphen of connection between East and West—lies wholly within the boundaries of Egypt. During their transit through the Canal, steamers, laden with the produce of the East bound for European ports, cross the reverse stream of vessels carrying Western manufactures for the markets of the East.

If, then, there is one country that has a right to be considered *par excellence* the meeting place of the East and the West, that country is Egypt. Here, history tells us, Antony met Cleopatra. Here, to-day, in the Palace of Abdeen, the commingling of four continents in full dress constitutes the most interesting feature of the Khedive's annual ball : and, in front of the balcony of 'Shepherd's,' the same diversity of nationalities in their every-day attire forms the living panorama that is, to many, the Hotel's chief attraction.

As the traveller, fresh from his Western home, alights at his hotel, the East meets him on the entrance steps in the person of a fortune-teller from India who proposes to do business at once.

On the edge of the desert where stand the Pyramids, the modern hotel of Mena has been built. At the gate of its enclosure the Bedouins of the desert await the going forth of the dwellers in towns of East and West, and, persistent as Egyptian flies, hover about the tourists with irrepressible attentions until they get back to the shelter of their hotel again.

Some fifteen miles north of Cairo is the celebrated irrigation work known as the Delta Barrage. Over this work His Highness the Khedive personally conducts His Majesty the King of Siam, both conversing in English, while behind them on the trolley stands an English Irrigation Officer in the service of the Khedive. On another occasion the Gaekwar of Baroda, as the guest of the same Englishman, visits the Barrage, and mounts ladders as unto the manner born, like any Western to whom ladders are familiar from boyhood.

To some "the East" stands for the past and old-world customs, and "the West" for the present and advanced civilisation. Even so, Egypt remains no less the meeting-place. For past and present meet here on common ground as nowhere else. See first what strange meetings there are between the representatives of the old world and of the new. On the macadamised roads of Cairo the camel shies at the motor-car, its rival in ugliness, uncertain temper and liability to skid. The fair girl of the West on her bicycle runs foul of the wrinkled Shèkh on his donkey. In the Government offices the type-writer taps off in clearly written characters the French and English correspondence of the Ministry; and, within a stone's throw at the gates outside, the old-world scribe laboriously pieces together an Arabic petition at the dictation of some illiterate fellah. The Pyramids and Sphinx are now the terminus of an electric tram worked by a Belgian Company.

The most northerly province of the Sudan is Dongola. It lies on a bend of the Nile which the Sudan railway leaves on one side when it takes a short cut across the desert from Wadi Halfa to Abu Hamed. Between Abu Hamed and the Province of Dongola is an inhospitable tract of roadless country, 130 miles long, which has to be traversed on camels. Thus, to one bound for Dongola, Abu Hamed becomes the junction, so to speak, where one changes from the train-de-luxe of Western civilisation, with its electric light and

fans and comfortable beds, to the far-from-luxurious camel-back of Eastern conservatism, with a burning sun to scorch by day, to be exchanged at the nightly bivouac for the open firmament of stars above one's bed upon the desert sand. At Abu Hamed one passes suddenly from an orderly system of travel which is based on the accurate timing of clocks and known distances, referred to some accepted standard of measurement, to another quite different system which knows neither hours nor kilometres nor any such thing, but only sunrise, mid-day and sunset as points in time, and a long or short day's journey as measures of distance.

And now, again, see how the present and the past come together, though great the interval in time. The Pharaohs of the Bible, after infinite precautions taken to secure their bodies from discovery in tombs hewn in the solid rock some thousands of years ago, have been dragged from their resting places in the hills of the desert and deposited in rows in the Museum of Antiquities of Cairo. Here their bodies, deserted for ever by the "Ka," rest in glass cases exposed to the gaze of all the world in a building of the twentieth century. And their rifled tombs in Upper Egypt are made bright with electric light, to the dismay of the bats, but for the convenience of the civilisation of to-day whose pleasure it is to promenade in kings' tombs and wonder at the writings on the wall which few can read or interpret.

Let us look still further back in time. Before these outraged Pharaohs lived and died, and when, as yet, Joseph of Bible story was unknown to Egypt, there was in operation a famous reservoir known as Lake Moeris, which received the overflow of the Nile during the flood and gave back the stored water during the summer months of low river discharge, thus acting as a moderator of the excess of floods and of the deficiency of the summer flow. This lake was, in all probability, a free gift of nature to Egypt at the hands of the Creator, which the Pharaohs of the 12th Dynasty, the Amenemhats and Userthesius, brought under effective control by means of artificial works of regulation. When Herodotus visited Egypt in B.C. 450, the reservoir was still in working order; but somehow, during the succeeding 2000 years after his visit, the lake disappeared and its position became a question on which opinions differed, while not a few looked upon Lake Moeris as a myth, and

on Herodotus as the Father of Lies instead of the Father of History. But more exact knowledge of the topography of Egypt has convinced those who are in a position to appreciate the evidence, that Herodotus was maligned, and that the modern Province of the Fayum was once the bed of the ancient Lake Moeris, which filled the depression, in the desert alongside the Nile valley, that has now become a fertile province. All that to-day remains of Lake Moeris is its shrunken rudiment known as Lake Kurun, which occupies the lowest part of the Fayum. The modern lake's water-surface is more than 140 feet below sea level, or 220 feet below the level to which it is calculated that Lake Moeris rose when replenished by the flood. Anyhow, for a thousand years or more, Lake Moeris, as a reservoir of the Nile, has been dead and well-nigh forgotten. But, in these latter days, Egypt has been endowed with another reservoir in the trough of the Nile itself above the Assuan cataract, a worthy successor to the lake of ancient fame. The intelligent Pharaoh of the 12th Dynasty made Egypt great by controlling the Nile. So must it always be in Egypt. The Nile is the country's life and its mother's milk. There is nothing more important in Egypt than the control of the waters of its river. So, more than 20 years ago, when Lord Dufferin diagnosed the Egyptian patient and recognised what was vital to the nation's health, he prescribed, before all else, reform in the Irrigation Department; and, for reformers, resort to India. Here were to be found Englishmen highly trained in the schools of the West with their theoretical knowledge matured into practice by work in the splendid irrigation training grounds of the East that India alone provides. Western culture, made efficient by Eastern practice and experience, was called to Egypt to take its regeneration in hand. And what a change in twenty years! The steady work of those years has transformed Egypt from a pauper State on the verge of bankruptcy to a country whose credit stands high and whose people are contented. The Assuan Dam is a great work and worthy to be praised: but it is not greater than the steady, unobtrusive work that was carried on from day to day, for the twenty years before the Assuan Dam was built, by the Anglo-Indian irrigation officers who gave of their best energies to the land which had summoned them to work out its regeneration.

Strange indeed are the medleys for which the meetings of the East and West with North and South are responsible. A striking example was to be seen some years ago on a large work that was under construction not far from Cairo. One of the operations consisted in mixing cement with water. The most skilful men at this mixing were a gang of Sudanese, among whom was one remarkable for the strangeness of his attire, which he wore without any consciousness of there being anything remarkable about it. To begin with the foundation :—his black feet were enclosed in a pair of yellow elastic-side boots of the genus "Jeunni." Above the boots came a bare interval of black skin : then a pair of corduroy riding-breeches, over and outside the body of which rippled the folds of a grimy night-shirt or some garment of that similitude. Next in order, upwards and outwards, followed a somewhat ancient jacket of the Seaforth Highlanders ; the whole being surmounted by a Christy Minstrel face of inky blackness, finished off with a billycock hat which had lost its brim. The West had unmistakably clothed something which was not of the West, and which the East also may not accept as of their side of the barrier. Let us call him of the South. This blackamoor, at work on Egyptian soil in white man's clothing, personified the Sudan and its subjection to the combined rule of the Governments of Great Britain and Egypt. Whenever and wherever the Government of the Sudan has occasion to display the official symbol of its rule, the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag wave side by side. Thus, this strange thing has come to pass—that the standards of the Crescent and the Cross flutter in unison over the gateway of the Palace of Khartoum above the spot where 'Chinese' Gordon died, who served both East and West with the service of a lifetime. Henceforward, the souls of the Crusaders and of the warriors of Saladin may rest in peace, for the Crescent and the Cross are no longer at war, but are united in the common task of raising a persecuted race and nation of slaves to the dignity of free and independent manhood, and to the happiness of a well-governed people.

HANBURY BROWN.

GHAZIPUR—THE LAND OF ROSES.

GHAZIPUR in the United Provinces is not now a place of any commercial importance. To English readers it is best known as the headquarters of an Opium Agency and the place where Lord Cornwallis, the author of the Permanent Settlement of Bengal, was buried. It was once a great place for trade in sugar, cotton and grain, but has now much declined. Its only important industry is the manufacture of rosewater and *ullar*, large quantities of which are sent out to all parts of India. I shall, therefore, describe them briefly for the information of such of your readers as may be interested in them.

A few miles outside the town are large plots of land devoted to the cultivation of roses and jasmine. The area under rose cultivation is about 500 or 600 bighas of land, and some two hundred cultivators own it. They are mostly Brahmans and often comparatively well-to-do people. The trees are small, and are planted about two feet apart. Each field comprises about a bigha of land and has about a thousand trees. The cultivation is much after the usual Indian methods, with little attempt towards improving the quality of the flowers grown. The flowers are red and small, but the scent is strong and sweet. With a little care they may perhaps be made larger and the outturn greater. Each tree yields from 250 to 500 flowers in the season, and if the outturn of a bigha is a lakh of flowers, it is considered to be good. The season is from the middle of March to about the middle of April. The cultivators are generally under engagement to manufacturers of rosewater to supply them with all the produce of the season, in consideration of their having received advances of money from them. The flowers are collected by labourers early in the morning in baskets and carried to the factory where they are counted and picked.

The price paid is settled in a *punchayet* of growers and con-

sumers, and the rate varies from 75 to 100 rupees per lakh (hundred thousand). It never exceeds a hundred rupees and sometimes comes down to even 40 or 50 rupees when the supply is in excess of the demand. The flowers are now in the factory, ready for distillation of rose-water and extraction of attar. There are several here, but the principal one is that of Dhonda Ram. This is an old factory of repute and was awarded a silver medal and a certificate of merit for excellence of its manufactures at the Calcutta Exhibition of 1883-1884. The original proprietor died lately, and the present owner, his son, is a lad of some 15 years of age. The business is carried on in a house with two enclosures. One of the sheds is used for crushing oil seeds charged with various kinds of scents. The principal ones are rose, jasmine and *bela*. The seeds are placed over layers of flowers which are renewed periodically and then dried. After the seeds have been fully impregnated with the required scent, they are stored up in bags, each of which is marked with the quality of the oil it is expected to yield. The best quality of rose or jasmine oil sells about 8 rupees a seer, and judging both from the smell of the dry seeds as well as from the oil, which was being extracted from them, it will, with a little more care, be equal to any imported scent in purity and sweetness of smell. It is now a little too strong for European nostrils, but is very popular with the Indians. Other inferior qualities sell from four to one rupee a seer, and as large quantities of the latter are in demand, they are more largely manufactured than the dearer stuff. The oil is pressed in ordinary Indian mills (kolus) drawn by one bullock after the good old method, and no attempt is made towards employing any of the improved methods of recent times to increase either its quantity or quality. A large portion of the material which would otherwise be utilised is thus wasted. But the manufacturer puts up with the wastage rather than spend money on imported appliances. The cake left after extraction of the oil is either used by the poor for washing their hair or is given to cattle to eat. About six of such mills are daily at work in the firm, and the outturn from 1,000 maunds of seeds is from 400 to 500 maunds of oil during the year. Only one other firm in Ghazipur manufactures scented oil, but it does not produce more than 100 maunds in the year.

The distillery for the manufacture of rosewater is in the yard. The retorts are built up with furnaces underneath. Four, five, or six of such vessels, each capable of containing about 30 seers of water, are placed in line with as many fireplaces underneath. Close to them are small vats for receivers to be placed in. These receivers are placed in vats filled with cold water, and as the latter gets heated it is drained off through stopcocks placed at the bottom. The waste water flows into larger vats below and is drained off after the process is over. The quality of the rosewater manufactured depends upon the number of flowers employed in the process. The highest quality is that which sells at 8 rupees a quart bottle. Each of such bottles represents the extract of some 4,000 flowers, and each measure, technically known as a *bhapka*, contains about 23 or 24 of such bottles, valued at about Rs. 200. About 75 lakhs of flowers, yielding about 5,000 bottles, are used in Ghazipur for distillation of rosewater alone. The superior kinds cannot, however, be judged from the bottle. The water is then bitter in taste and the smell is not at all so strong as one would expect. But it is said that if you mix a spoonful of it with a pint of water, it at once becomes rosewater of good quality. The process is started with about 5,000 flowers for the first distillation. As many seers of water as are required to be distilled are put in together with one seer for each 1,000 of flowers, to allow for evaporation. The water thus distilled is again put up in the still with double the quantity of flowers and as much more water for evaporation. In each subsequent distillation, the number of flowers is raised by ten thousand or even twenty thousand, and the process is repeated till the requisite number of flowers has been used. In this way large quantities of water are manufactured, but more of the cheaper than of the dearer kinds. The lowest quality sells at about 8 annas a bottle and is said to represent the extracts of about 250 flowers. Better ones selling at 1 and 2 rupees, represent proportionately greater numbers. But even the cheaper qualities will be found to compare well with imported waters of much higher price. The qualities rise according to the number of flowers employed and the number of distillations. But the generally approved ones are of the third and the second distillations. The most noticeable feature about the process is its simplicity, inexpensiveness and in some respects its crudeness. The wastage of material is not inconsiderable and could easily be saved with a little

more care in the employment of better methods of distillation. That the industry is a lucrative one is proved from the fact that Dhonda Ram's firm alone uses from 50 to 60 lakhs of flowers and manufactures about 10,000 bottles of rose-water of all kinds during the season. There are also other firms of the same kind in Ghazipur and altogether 150 lakhs of flowers are used during the season, of which two-thirds go towards the distillation of water and the rest towards that of attar.

The process for the manufacture of attar is even more crude than that of distillation of water. This article is manufactured by quite an Indian method. A quantity of sandalwood oil is put in a receiver in which rose-water is allowed to distil from a retort. The sandalwood oil absorbs the volatile oil from the rosewater and the latter is then drained off through a stopcock placed in the bottom of the receiver. The first distillation is from 5,000 flowers for each 24 bottles of water or each bhapka, as it is technically called. During the next distillation the quantity of flowers is increased to 10,000 and the water is, therefore, comparatively stronger and has more oil in it. The process is repeated till a lakh of flowers has been used, and the fluid becomes fully charged with the oil of the rose. It is now a thick mixture of oil and water, the former floating on the surface. The oil is then collected by the hand in cups and the water is left in the receiver. When brought out the oil is very thick and impure. It is then allowed to settle down and the clear liquid drained off. The quantity yielded is one tola for each 10,000 flowers used. For purposes of commerce it is further diluted with more sandalwood oil. The pure article sells about Rs. 20 per tola or Rs. 50 per ounce, and has a very strong smell of the rose and is in great demand in native society. The way in which the oil is collected and purified is very crude. During both these processes a large quantity is necessarily wasted and could be saved by better methods of collection and filtration. The latter should not be very expensive, but the manufacturer seldom cares to go beyond his beaten track for fear of incurring loss. The last process is that of extracting the *ruh* (essence) of roses. This is done from the distilled water. At each distillation the number of flowers added to the liquid is increased from 5,000 to 10,000 and upwards in arithmetical progression, till the liquid is found to contain the full

quantity of oil it is expected to yield. No sandalwood oil is here used and the essence or *ruh* is, therefore, of rose *par excellence*. The oil which floats on the water is, however, not capable of being taken out till it has jellied, and for this purpose the receivers are placed at night in open air with a layer of saltpetre underneath. The cold turns the oil into jelly which is removed by spoons. Each lakh of flowers is said to yield 5 seers of attar of the best quality, distilled with sandalwood oil, but only $1\frac{1}{4}$ tola of *ruh*. The latter is purified by allowing to settle, and the liquid is then as clear as the one made with the oil of sandalwood. Its smell is very powerful and exquisite, and will, I think, be found to be equal, if not superior, in strength to even the best *otto de rose* of Europe. The water that is left in the receiver has still a large quantity of the oil in it and sells dear. The method of cooling and filtration admits of much improvement through the employment of ether and other cooling appliances of modern times, and the outturn will be greater. Those of us who are fond of using imported scents of little value, paying fanciful prices for small bottles put up in showy cases with showy labels, might well patronise their own Indian perfumes. If they do so, the quality will soon be improved. The Indian manufacturer does not yet know the art of advertising his wares.

If, however, he finds a market for perfumes as volatile as those of Europe and as elegantly furnished, he will soon increase the business. What seems to be wanted is a judicious combination of the old and the new methods and employment of the modern art of making these articles look more attractive. If our manufacturers do so, they are sure to find a good market with but a small capital. Dhonda Ram alone manufactures and sells about 25 seers of attar during the year, besides about ten tolas of *ruh*. Putting the average price of the former at Rs. 5 per tola, we find his sales to be about Rs. 20,000 worth of attar, besides rose-water and oil. And yet he makes no pretensions to the employment of skilled methods in his manufactures. The same is the case with the other firms in Ghazipur. The other kinds of attar made are those from *Khus Khus*, jasmine, *hena* (myrtle), *motia* (also a kind of jasmine) and other flowers. But the process is the same as that employed for the manufacture of attar of roses. It is cheap and inexpensive and the profit inconsiderable.

The matter deserves the attention of those of our people who are seeking to improve the indigenous arts and industries of India, and from what I have seen of the perfumery business in Ghazipur, I think it ought to pay well any man of brains even with a small capital.

BAIJ NATH.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

"I would be more to you," you say. Could you
And I be closer, darling, each to each ?--
O, more than life and joy you are, than speech
Can utter, more than longing can pursue !—
The arms that held your baby high to view
The pictured lessons sun and moonlight teach,—
Still lift me up to scan a wider reach
And loftier lights, and more celestial blue.

You would be more, you murmur, who are all,—
Yea, more than all : your loving arms embrace
My self, my world, in rings of Paradise.
I would be more, though yours beyond recall,
Who am too much, by bounty of your grace.
Beloved, let the all in all suffice.

ETHEL WHEELER.

A FORMER CAPITAL OF INDIA.

(Continued from our last number.)

AFTER the subdivision Malik Hasan Nizam-ul-Mulk was transferred from the Government of Telingana to that of Daulatabad, and Yusuf Adil Khan from that of Daulatabad to the new province of Bijapur, which had formed part of the old *taraf* of Gulbarga.

Early in the reign of Mahammad Shah, the son and successor of Muhammad, Hasan Nizam-ul-Mulk, profiting by the absence of Yusuf Adil Khan in Bijapur, acquired a predominance of influence in the capital, and sent his son, Malik Ahmad, to carry on the Government of Daulatabad as his deputy. Shortly afterwards, Malik Hasan, who was also known as Malik Naib, died, and his son Ahmad inherited his dignities.

The dynasty founded by Malik Ahmad was connected, as long as it lasted, with Daulatabad. Malik Hasan, or Naib, the father of Ahmad, is said to have been by birth a Brahman, of a family which had its home in Pathri, in southern Berar, a village which afterwards became, on this account, a bone of contention between the Sultans of Berar and the Sultans of Ahmadnagar; but the family migrated to Vijayanagar, and Malik Hasan, whose original name was Tima Bhat, was captured as a child in Ahmad Shah Vali's expedition against the Carnatic empire, and was brought up as a Musalman. After his death, when the complete ascendancy of Malik Barid at Bidar compelled the provincial Governors to assert their independence, Malik Ahmad proclaimed himself king in 1490. At this time Daulatabad was held by two brothers, Malik Vajih-uddin and Malik Sharaf-ud-din, of whom one was *faujdar* and the other *qal'adar*. They had been brought up by Ahmad's father, but remained, for a time, faithful to the Bahmani king, and ignored Ahmad's pretensions to royalty. But the elder brother, Vajah-ud-

din, had married Bibi Zainab, the sister of Ahmad Nizam Shah, and had a son by her. The favour shown by Ahmad Nizam Shah to his brother-in-law and nephew excited the jealousy of Sharaf-ud-din, who, fearing that the boy would ultimately oust him from his appointment, began to plot against the life of Vajih-ud-din and his son. At length, with the help of his followers, he put Vajih-ud-din to death and poisoned his son, and, having thus offended Ahmad Nizam Shah beyond hope of forgiveness, was forced to look for support. He entered into correspondence with Fathullah Imad-ul-Mulk of Berar and Adil Khan Faruqi and Daud Khan Faruqi of Khandesh, and also tendered his homage to Muhammad Shah of Gujarat. Bibi Zainab fled to her brother, then in Junnar, and demanded vengeance on her husband's murderer. Ahmad Nizam Shah set out in 1494 to punish Sharaf-ud-din, but was met on his way by messengers from Qasim Barid, now the *mair-du-palais* of the Bahmani king, who reported that their master was besieged in Bidar by Yusuf Adil Shah of Bijapur, and implored Ahmad to march to his assistance, promising that Qasim Barid would capture Daulatabad for Ahmad as soon as he was relieved. Ahmad Nizam Shah relieved Qasim Barid and returned by way of Daulatabad. He laid siege to the fort for two months, and then, finding that he had no prospect of success, returned towards Junnar. On his way thither he was attracted by the situation now occupied by Ahmadnagar and conceived that with his headquarters in this place he would be able to carry off the crops of the Daulatabad country twice every year, as harvest seasons approached, and starve out the garrison of the fortress. He therefore founded, in 1495, the city of Ahmadnagar, and, when it was completed, began his depredations in the neighbourhood of Daulatabad, carrying off as much of the harvest as he could, and burning the rest. He then formed an alliance with Fathullah Imad-ul-Mulk of Berar and Adil Khan Faruqi of Khandesh, and obtained a promise of 2,000 horse from the latter, to assist in the reduction of Daulatabad. Adil Khan Faruqi, trusting to the power of his new ally, now withheld the tribute which he had been accustomed to send to his powerful neighbour, Mahmud Shah of Gujarat. Mahmud Shah, annoyed by the defection of his vassal, marched towards the Deccan under pretence of making a tour in the southern district of his kingdom, and Sharaf-ud-din contrived to communicate with him from

Daulatabad, and complained bitterly of the persecution to which he was subjected by Ahmad Nizam Shah. Mahmud continued his march southwards with the avowed object of bringing the Sultan of Khandesh to his senses, but with the secret intention of obtaining possession of Daulatabad. The Sultans of Berar, Khandesh, and Ahmadnagar combined to resist the invader, and Ahmad Nizam Shah, by bribing Mahmud Shah's *mahout* to let his master's elephant loose at night and by simultaneously attacking the camp of the Gujaratis, routed Mahmud's army and forced Mahmud himself to flee. Peace was then concluded and Ahmad returned to Daulatabad. He encamped in the hills above the town and in the neighbourhood of Ellora, leaving his troops in the plains below to invest the fort. Sharaf-ud-din, now seriously alarmed by Ahmad's persistence, contrived to send another message to Mahmud Shah, promising, if the fortress were relieved, to send tribute yearly to Gujarat and to have the *khutba* read in Mahmud's name in Daulatabad. Mahmud, anxious to retrieve the disgrace of his flight as well as to gain possession of Daulatabad, marched southwards through Khandesh, where he collected arrears of tribute, into Ahmadnagar territory. Ahmad Nizam Shah, hearing of Mahmud's approach, left Daulatabad and returned to Ahmadnagar, and Sharf-ud-din, relieved from his apprehensions, had the *khutba* read in Mahmud Shah's name in the mosque of Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah at Daulatabad, and then hastened to join the invader, taking with him valuable presents. Mahmud Shah accepted the presents and returned to his own country, leaving only 3,000 Gujarati horse with Sharaf-ud-din, who returned with his reinforcement to Daulatabad, whither he was immediately followed by Ahmad Nizam Shah. The reading of the *khutba* in the name of Mahmud Shah of Gujarat had greatly offended the Daulatabad garrison, which now secretly proffered its allegiance to Ahmad Nizam Shah. Ahmad received the message while he was halting on the Godavari and at once pressed on with two or three thousand light horse to Daulatabad. Sharf-ud-din at length realised that resistance was hopeless, and turned his face to the wall. According to one account he died of chagrin and vexation, and according to others he took poison.* Thus in 1500 Ahmad Nizam Shah

* Khafi Khan in the *Muntakhab-ul-Lubab* (Vol. III.) transposes the names of the brothers making Sharf-ud-din the elder and Vajih-ud-din the younger, and the fratricide.

took possession of the fortress, which formed part of the Ahmadnagar kingdom as long as the Nizam Shahi dynasty lasted. Ahmad then had the fort put into a state of thorough repair and returned in triumph to Ahmadnagar.

In 1540 Burhan Nizam Shah, the son and successor of Ahmad, taking advantage of the confusion prevailing in Bijapur, entered into an alliance with Amir Ali Barid of Bidar, with whom he invaded the territories of Bijapur. The invaders were at first successful, but Ibrahim Adil Shah sought help from Ala-ud-din Imad Shah of Berar who, following the almost invariable policy of the lesser Sultans of the Deccan, the object of which was the preservation of the balance of power, responded to the call. Ibrahim was at the same time joined by his nobles and ventured to take the offensive. Burhan and Amir Ali Barid were defeated and driven northwards through the Bidar dominions and as far as Ahmadnagar. Not venturing to halt even here, they fled to Daulatabad. Here Amir Ali Barid died in 1542, and Burhan, being reduced to extremities, was forced to make peace and to restore all the Bijapur territory which he had conquered in the early days of the war.

For some time after this the history of Daulatabad is uneventful. Murtaza Nizam Shah used the fortress as a prison for his son, Miran Husain, of whom he was jealous. The young prince had been for some time in prison when he was sent for by his father, who pretended that he could no longer endure separation from his son. Murtaza, having, as he thought, got his son into his power, made an attempt to murder him by setting fire to his bedclothes, but the prince escaped with a few bad burns and shortly afterwards retaliated by suffocating his father in the baths.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century the Nizam Shahi kingdom was hard pressed by the emperor Akbar. Berar was ceded to Delhi in 1595 and peace was concluded, but the imperial troops found a pretext for renewing the conflict in the following year. At length, in July 1599, Bahadur Nizam Shah, being then the nominal king, and Chand Bibi, the actual ruler of Ahmadnagar, Prince Daniyal, Akbar's youngest son, and the Khan-i-Khanan laid siege to Ahmadnagar, which fell about the middle of 1603 after an intermittent siege of four years. The "noble queen" Chand Bibi was put to death by

the *amirs* of Ahmadnagar, and after the fall of the capital Bahadur Nizam Shah was carried off to Gwalior, where, after a long captivity, he ended his days.

The dynasty, however, still remained. After the fall of Ahmadnagar those nobles who remained faithful to the Nizam Shahi house raised to the throne Murtaza, the son of Shah Ali, one of the sons of Burhan Nizam Shah I., the second king of the dynasty. Shah Ali, whose mother was Mariyam Bibi, a Bijapur princess, had retired to Bijapur, and his son was brought thence and enthroned at Purenda, which became for a short time the capital of the Nizam Shahi kingdom. The new king was accompanied from Bijapur by one of the most remarkable characters in Indian history, Malik Ambar the Abyssinian. Murtaza was a king in name only and Malik Ambar soon possessed himself of the southern and eastern districts of the Nizam Shahi kingdom, while Raju the Deccani held the northern districts, including Daulatabad. It is not necessary to recount the circumstances of the inevitable quarrel between Ambar and Raju, or their intrigues with the Khan-i-Khanan and the imperial troops. In 1607 Murtaza Nizam Shah marched against Raju, who held Daulatabad. Raju was defeated and captured and Daulatabad became the capital of the Nizam Shahi kingdom. Malik Ambar soon acquired the supreme power in the state. It is difficult to say how far he was a faithful servant to his master and how far he fought for his own hand. His position was, in fact, very similar to that of the Barids during the reigns of the later Bahmanids. Despite his intrigues with the Mughals, there is no doubt that the maintenance of the independence of the Muhammadan kingdoms of the Deccan was the object of his life.

Leaving Murtaza II. in barren state at Daulatabad, Malik Ambar established himself in his city of Khirki, afterwards named Aurangabad, about eight miles from the old fort. "Ambar the black-faced" is frequently mentioned in Jahangir's memoirs as a dangerous enemy. In 1612 confusion reigned in the imperial army of the Deccan. The Khan-i-A'zam, who held the chief command, was slothful and the principal officers were quarrelling among themselves. In this year an expedition was despatched against Daulatabad. Abdullah Khan was ordered to advance by way of Nasik with an army of 14,000 men from Gujarat, while Raja Man Singh, with another large army

was to march southwards through Berar. The two armies were directed to maintain constant intercommunication and to attack the enemy at Daulatabad from opposite sides on the same day. The plan was sound, but it failed owing to the jealousy and selfish ambition of Abdullah Khan, who, unwilling to divide with Man Singh the glory of a victory, deliberately neglected to maintain communications with the Berar army, and with his own 14,000 men fell upon Malik Ambar at Daulatabad. He was defeated with great slaughter and driven back to Gujarat, and Man Singh, who had halted to wait for news of his movements, did not know where Abdullah Khan was until he received news of his defeat, upon which he promptly retreated to the neighbourhood of Burhanpur, leaving the whole of Berar in the hands of Malik Ambar. The Deccanis were now in a position to offer terms of peace. Ibrahim Adil Shah II. guaranteed the restoration of some of the districts from which the imperial troops had been driven, and early in 1613 peace was concluded on these terms, Malik Ambar retaining Ahmadnagar.

Early in 1616 there was disaffection in Malik Ambar's camp. Some of his principal officers, including the leaders of the Maratha irregulars, betook themselves to Shahnavaz Khan, who was then commanding the imperial troops stationed at Balapur, in Berar, and offered their services to him. He welcomed them effusively and bestowed on each a horse, an elephant, a robe of honour, and a sum of money, and then, taking the deserters with him, marched against Malik Ambar. Shahnavaz Khan dispersed a small force which opposed him and advanced to within about a day's march of Khirki. Here Malik Ambar, whose troops had been reinforced by contingents from Bijapur and Golconda, made a stand, but was defeated, and on the following day the imperial troops entered Khirki, which they first laid waste and then renamed Fatehabad, "the town of victory." Shahnavaz Khan found it impossible to hold a position so advanced as Khirki, and after a short stay in the town retreated to Rohankhed in Berar.

In 1617 Sultan Khurram, afterwards the emperor Shahjahan, recovered Ahmadnagar and many other forts which had been recaptured by the Deccanis from the imperial troops, but Daulatabad remained the capital of the tottering Nizam Shahi dynasty. Later in this year Malik Ambar set himself to deal with those who had

deserted him and joined the imperial army. He succeeded in detaching Adam Khan, the Abyssinian, from his allegiance to the emperor, and imprisoned him in Daulatabad until he found it convenient to put him to death ; but his troops sustained a defeat while they were attempting to capture Uda Ram, another of the renegades.

In 1620, during Jahangir's absence in Kashmir, Malik Ambar once more embarked on a war against the imperial troops, and besieged Khanjar Khan in Ahmadnagar. Darab Khan inflicted a defeat on Ambar's troops, but the imperial army was so harassed by the Maratha horse, which cut off all supplies, that it retreated to Balapur, pursued by Malik Ambar. He was worsted in a skirmish in the neighbourhood of Balapur, but by this time the Deccanis had overrun so much of the imperial dominions that Shahjahan was once more appointed to the army of the Deccan. Although Malik Ambar had collected an army of 60,000 horse, the imperial army had advanced, before the arrival of Shahjahan, as far as Mehkar, which now became the prince's headquarters. The Deccanis were three times defeated in the open field, but the imperialists could not profit by their victories, for they were continually harassed by the Maratha horse and were again compelled to retreat to Balapur. Hither the Marathas followed them and reduced them to such a plight by cutting off their supplies that many were fain to desert to Malik Ambar and the rest were compelled to retreat to Burhanpur, leaving Berar and Khandesh once more in the hands of Malik Ambar. At the end of the year, Shahjahan was again despatched with large reinforcements to the Deccan, and, after defeating the Deccanis, who hemmed in the imperial army at Burhanpur, pursued them as far as Khirki. Malik Ambar had barely time to remove Murtaza Nizam Shah for safety to Daulatabad before Shahjahan arrived. Khirki was captured and so laid waste that "the city which had taken twenty years in the building would not be restored for twenty years to come." Shahjahan then raised the siege of Ahmadnagar, and, after receiving promises of submission from Malik Ambar, who agreed to restore all the country captured from the Mughals, together with other districts yielding a revenue of fourteen crores of rupees, and an indemnity of fifty lakhs of rupees, withdrew to Berar. Soon after this Shahjahan rebelled against his father, but was defeated and forced to flee to the Deccan, when he took refuge in the Qutb Shahi dominions. In

1624 Mahabat Khan, Jahangir's general, sent a force to the Balaghat to receive the envoy of Ibrahim Adil Shah II., and Malik Ambar, hearing of its approach, placed his family in Daulatabad and fled with Murtaza Nizam Shah to Qandahar in the Qutb Shahi dominions, leaving Khirki undefended. He then entered into correspondence with Muhammad Qutb Shah, and demanded from him two years' arrears of the annual contribution which he had formerly agreed to pay towards the expenses of the army maintained to oppose the imperial forces. The money was paid and the treaty was renewed, and Malik Ambar then turned his attention to Ibrahim Adil Shah, who had entered into a treaty with Jahangir and had in return been nominated by him Governor of the whole of the Deccan. Bidar, which had since the fall of the Barid Shahi dynasty been included in the Adil Shahi dominions, was plundered, and Malik Ambar then advanced and besieged Ibrahim in his capital of Bijapur. Ibrahim appealed to the imperial governor at Burhanpur for help, which was sent, and Malik Ambar had the effrontery to send a message deprecating interference and alleging that the quarrel between him and Ibrahim Adil Shah was a private matter which the parties should be left to settle between themselves. The reinforcements, however, continued to advance, and Malik Ambar withdrew from Bijapur. When the Bijapuris and their allies approached his position and demanded that he should retreat, he put them off with excuses, at the same time expressing contrition and humbling himself, thereby inducing his enemies to believe that he would not fight. Having thus misled them, he fell upon them and utterly defeated them, slaying their commander and capturing several imperial officers. He then laid siege to Ahmadnagar, but abandoned the siege almost immediately and invested Bijapur and Sholapur, at the same time ravaging the Bijapur territories. Sholapur fell and Malik Ambar despatched Yaqut Khan, his fellow-countryman, with a large army to besiege Burhanpur. Yaqut Khan received assistance from Shahjahan, who was still in rebellion, and captured the city of Burhanpur, but was unable to reduce the citadel, which held out until news of the approach of Sultan Parviz and the Khan-i-Khanan arrived, when the Deccanis retired.

In 1626 Malik Ambar died in the eightieth year of his age. Jahangir, who never mentioned him when living without undignified

abuse, did justice to his memory thus :—" Ambar, whether as a commander or as a strategist, was without an equal in the military art. He kept the bad characters of that country (*scil.* the Deccan) in perfect order, and to the end of his days lived in honour. There is no record elsewhere in history of an Abyssinian slave attaining to such a position as was held by him."

In the same year Yaqut Khan, who had been deputed by Malik Ambar to besiege Burhanpur, and Fath Khan, Malik Ambar's son, submitted in Jalna to the imperial governor, Sarbuland Rai. Their accession to the imperial cause was welcomed and they were well received. Yaqut soon rose to be a commander of 5,000, but after a time returned to his old allegiance. Fath Khan's submission was even shorter-lived than that of Yaqut, for in the same year he was despatched by Murtaza Nizam Shah, who still retained in Daulatabad the semblance of sovereignty, on an expedition towards Berar, and the Khan-i-Jahan had to be sent by the emperor to the defence of Burhanpur. Murtaza Nizam Shah now appointed as his minister Hamid Khan, another Abyssinian, and fell completely under his influence. Hamid Khan, well aware of the venality of the imperial officers, utilised to some purpose such revenue as could be collected. A present of twelve lakhs of rupees was sufficient to induce the Khan-i-Jahan not only to refrain from attacking Daulatabad, but also to surrender to Murtaza Ahmadnagar and the Balaghat of Berar. The treachery of "that faithless Afghan," as his master termed him, was partly neutralised by the refusal of the faithful commandant, Sipahdar Khan, to surrender Ahmadnagar without an imperial *farman*, and he held out successfully against the Deccanis, but the officers in the Balaghat surrendered their commands and retired to Burhanpur. The Khan-i-Jahan, henceforward known as Pira the Afghan, deserted to Murtaza Nizam Shah, and was soon afterwards captured and executed. Hamid Khan's wife, the daughter of a "foreigner," was a woman of great ability and unbounded energy. She obtained access to the harem of Murtaza Nizam Shah and soon became the recognised means of communication between the effeminate and luxurious king and his subjects. Ibrahim Adil Shah II., conceiving that he might now with impunity take vengeance for the past on the kingdom of Daulatabad, prepared to invade it. When the news of his approach reached Daulatabad, Hamid Khan's wife solicited for herself the

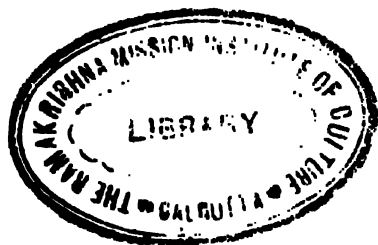
command of the Nizam Shahi army, supporting her strange request by an ingenious argument. If she were victorious, she said, the Bijapuris would henceforth hide their heads for shame, while if they were victorious they could only boast that they had triumphed over a woman. The lady's request was granted, and she justified the unusual appointment. She cajoled the officers and distributed largesse to the soldiers, and in the end she utterly defeated the Bijapuris, capturing all their elephants and artillery.

In 1627 Jahangir died, and the sick man at Daulatabad had rest for a while, but all the garrisons in the Balaghat were surrendered to the imperial troops. In 1629 Shahjahan resolved to put an end to the Nizam Shahi dynasty, and at the end of that year, by which time many of the Nizam Shahi officers had deserted to the imperial army, set out for Burhanpur, and early in 1630 sent an army to invade the Nizam Shahi dominions. Fath Khan, the son of Malik Anbar, now murdered Murtaza Nizam Shah, and placed his son Husain on the throne. At the same time he sent a message to the imperial camp and assured Shahjahan that he had carried out this measure solely in his interests. The truth, however, seems to have been that Fath Khan was not satisfied with the extent of his influence over Murtaza, and caused him to be murdered with the object of governing Daulatabad in the name of Husain. At all events the imperial army was not withdrawn, and ultimately drove Husain Nizam Shah and his followers into Daulatabad. Once again, however, the Mughals were compelled by scarcity of supplies to retreat. In February 1632 Vazir Khan, commander of five thousand, was sent from Court to reduce the fortress of Daulatabad, but immediately after his departure Sayyid Abu-l-Fath, the agent of Fath Khan, arrived at Court and reported that Abd-ur-Rasul, Fath Khan's eldest son, was following him with a large quantity of jewels and elephants. Vazir Khan was accordingly recalled, and Abd-ur-Rasul arrived at Court and presented thirty elephants, nine horses, and jewels to the value of eight lakhs of rupees. Meanwhile, the Mughal army of the Deccan was engaged in operations against Bijapur, which ended in the conclusion of a treaty of peace. Shahjahan, in return for the offering which Fath Khan had sent by his son, transferred to him some Jagirs which had formerly been included in the Nizam Shahi dominions but had since been assigned by the Mughals to Shahji, the father of Shivaji.

Shahji, as soon as he heard of the transfer of his *jagirs*, entered the service of Ibrahim Adil Shah II. of Bijapur, and late in 1632 persuaded that ruler to let him lead the army of Bijapur against Fath Khan in order that he might recover his lost lands and capture Daulatabad. Fath Khan, on hearing of the approach of the Bijapuris, sent a message to Mahabat Khan, the Khan-i-Khanan, who was then in Burhanpur, imploring him to assist him and promising that if the fort were saved by the imperial troops, he would surrender it to the Khan-i-Khanan and personally make his submission at the Imperial Court. The Khan-i-Khanan was not the man to miss the opportunity of obliterating the last traces of Nizam Shahi independence, and at once sent Sayyid Khan-i-Jahan, who had succeeded Pira Lodi in that title, to Daulatabad, and followed him in January, 1633. The Khan-i-Jahan found the army of Bijapur in the neighbourhood of Khirki, fell upon it and utterly defeated it, pursuing the fugitives for ten or twelve miles and then returned to his camp near Khirki.

(To be concluded.)

WOLSELEY HAIG.



LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A HINDU DEVOTEE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

MANY are the trials of our faith and many are His aspects. He wishes to be chosen freely—to be loved for Himself—and His negative is here to test our love and free choice. His own royal gift of freedom was given to His mind-born sons, and the wheel of Karma could only be set a-rolling after such a gift was made. That gift has never been withdrawn—even from the worst sinner. We make brutes of ourselves and yet we have only to seek Him in order to find Him. To every one an estate has been given to manage as best he can—or rather to every one an estate was given to manage as he best liked ; and as he sowed, so he reaped. Why believe in a spiritual descent from inorganic matter—and not in a descent from the mind-born sons of God, who had to choose between Him and His negative ?

* * * *

Why should we cry out against Him because, having given freedom, He does not choose to take it away even though atheists scoff at Him and, proving their own freedom by such scoffs, deny the gift. We grieve Him by our cruelties, by our inanities, by our vanities, by our follies, and our thousand crimes and sins—for He, as Love, is human as well as Divine. But He sends His compensations and turns our evil into good. His law of love falters not—His mercy abideth for ever.

* * * *

There has really been a Fall. The old traditions of so many ancient races on that point are not untrue, and for us to complain is like the prisoners in a jail, who have merited punishment, to conspire against their jailor. Our own Karma is our judge as well as

jailor, and we can free ourselves from it at any time by repentance and amendment ; and repentance and amendment are not difficult if we only turn to Him Whom we have been hourly crucifying. It is as untruthful for us to say that there is no better world than for a convict world to say that there are no men better than themselves.

* * * *

We see wickedness triumphant, but triumphant during a mere span of time on account of a complex Karma : for it is absurd to suppose that every particle of blood, every iota of pollen dust, is governed by law, but happiness and misery are not. A scientific man says : " Those uniformities of nature which present phenomena of irreversible actions—such as friction and ether resistances, the conduction of heat and the phenomena of the second law of thermodynamics in general, chemical reactions, the growth or development of organisms &c., cannot . . . result from the laws of force alone, but are to be accounted as statistical uniformities due to vast numbers of *fortuitously moving molecules*." Fortuitously moving molecules ! ! If " fortuitously moving particles " can be so easily believed in, where is the difficulty in believing in something better than they ? Is it so easy to believe in Chance and so difficult to believe in Intelligence ?

* * * *

Umar Khayyam says the dust of a buried emperor may have formed the clay which the potter moulds into a poet's water-vessel, and Shakespeare tells us,

Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away !

* * * *

Each one of us ought " for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish and to obey " that unborn essence the residence of which in our bodies gives us our life. Let it but leave us—and Cæsar and Napoleon, Alexander and Wellington, are but clods of earth. But, it may be, not mere clods. Savitri talked sweetly to Yama of the benefits of good society, and the so-called dead molecules of matter may be benefited by contact with others more alive than themselves.

It has been said : " God sleeps in the stone, slumbers in plants, dreams in animals, and wakes in man." I would rather say the Timeless One sleeps in the so-called inorganic kingdom, slumbers in plants, dreams in animals and ordinary men, and wakes only in saints and holy sages. The inner world is a " world of thought-relations," as T. H. Green used to say, and in that world of thought-relations there are numerous gradations. The dust and ashes of the body of a Christ may be better than the dust and ashes of a Judas—and even in our ashes may burn our wonted fires.

* * * *

How many cruel acts we do ! " Sailors often tie a fish to a plank and set it adrift " near the kingfisher, the osprey or the gannet ; " suddenly there is a wild plunge, the fish is struck, and the bird—is slain. The force with which it strikes the wood breaks its neck." The Dyaks scale trees for female hornbills, break their nests during incubation, and when " the frightened bird flies from her nest up the hollow trunk of the tree," she is " ignominiously brought down by means of a thorny stick (the thorns point downwards), which is thrust after her and twisted about until a firm grip in her plumage and flesh is obtained." The Peruvians seek for hatched oil-birds at night, and " by the aid of torches and long poles many thousands of the young birds are slaughtered, while the parents in alarm and rage hover over the destroyers' heads, uttering harsh and deafening cries." In some places in Scotland, the dipper is " foolishly destroyed by every possible device under the mistaken idea that it haunts the spawning-beds to feed on the ova and trout, while examination of its gizzard proves it to be one of the best guardians of the fishery !" The dodo, which was of about the size of a swan, is extinct ; the great bustard—the largest of the British fauna—is no more ; so is the ruff of the Fenlands. But man's inhumanity to man is even worse than man's inhumanity to bird and beast. Are we to believe that either kind of inhumanity produces no change in the world of thought-relations, in the metethereal sphere, external and internal ? If the breath of a plague patient can taint the air, why may not the cruel thoughts of man taint the metether ?

* * * *

Protoplasm, according to science, has assumed protean forms in plants and animals, and yet both plants and animals go on reproduc-

ing the type of their species. What mysterious forces lie hid in a common seed ! No one has yet unfolded the secret mechanism of Fertilisation or Reproduction—of Heredity or of Variation. And yet because we cannot understand the mechanism of Karma we proceed to deny the existence of Karma. We may as well deny Fertilisation or Reproduction—Heredity or Variation.

* * * *

If science finds it so easy to give credence to the protean forms of protoplasm, why does it withhold its belief from God Himself assuming various aspects? Is it anthropomorphism to call Him father or mother or husband—and not a far worse kind of morphism to ascribe all the changes in the so-called organic world to bits of protoplasm and their environment ? Science does not deny that these changes are governed by law—but it apparently believes that there is either no lawgiver or that the law is also evolved by the protoplasm and its environment. Is it not building on sand ?

* * * *

I look up at the stars and find beautiful uniformities. Every body in the universe attracts every other body. “The law according to which the attraction of gravitation decreases with the increase of the distance is precisely the same as the law according to which the brilliancy of a light decreases as its distance increases.” Similarly, the further we are from the psychical sun the greater is the darkness of our souls. Let us commence as little children and obey and revere Him if we wish to understand Him.

* * * *

The first law of motion is that “a body once projected freely in space and acted upon by no external resistance will continue to move for ever in a straight line, and will preserve unabated, to the end of time, the velocity with which it originally started.” Had our souls been acted upon by nothing, they would have moved in a straight line. They were free to take the path of light which was also the path of self-sacrifice ending in bliss, or the path of darkness, pleasant at first but ending in misery. Some chose the one—some the other. But the followers of darkness have it still in their power to choose the path of light, as the followers of light have it in their power still to go back to darkness. But for the existence of that power, all missionary and all educational effort will be an utter absurdity

and the lovers of God will be lovers by compulsion—not lovers of free choice.

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“Don’t play with the knife—mother will be angry,” said one tiny mite to another. Yes, mother will be angry—but when she is angry her anger arises from her love for her children. Is it not foolish to suppose that He who implanted such love in a mother—or if you please evolved it—has no love at all? But, says the agnostic—if he has a mother’s love—whence came nature “red in tooth and claw”—whence came the *auto-da-fés* and the bloody wars—and the hatred we bear one another? From our freedom—from God’s desire to be loved by free men and women and not by slaves. Why does he not exercise His omnipotence to put an end to crime and sin? Because he never takes back his gifts, and having once given freedom and autonomy—he lets his donees do what they like. At the same time, He is ever ready to receive His erring children into His fold. Every baby learns to stand by falling, and God knows best.

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All this may be arrant anthropomorphism. But to become an Advait one should first be a Vishishtadwait, and to become a Vishishtadwait one should be first a Dwait. “First servant, then friend, then equal,” says Vedanta itself. Let us understand relative truth before attempting to understand absolute truth. The fear of the Lord is not only the beginning of wisdom, but the condition precedent of the love of the Lord. We must serve Him first in order to learn to love Him, and we must love Him first in order to learn the higher unity of life and experience.

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The marvellous power of Maya—says the Vedantist—exhibits in apparent solidity, substance and relief, what is really evanescent. We take two dissimilar plane photographs of one and the same thing by a particular method, and “the two images optically coalesce, superimpose, combine at the optical middle position,” and the thing is before us in apparently natural size, solidity and relief. The Vedantist contends that we have really two dissimilar images of God in nature, and that there is a method by which those images coalesce and give us the reality—and not merely an apparent reality.

Each of us has had his wanderings. Surely, our life did not commence merely when we were born, and it will not end when we leave this body. Astronomers tell us that rotation makes the polar diameter shorter than the equatorial, and causes departure from the true spherical shape. Similarly, our rotations have caused our departure from our pristine form.

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The tides, by abating the speed of rotation, have increased the length of our day. So the soul's day increases in length when spiritual tides abate the speed of secular rotation.

* * * *

"In the beginning," says Ball, "a certain total quantity of moment of momentum was communicated to our system, and not one particle of the total can the solar system as a whole squander or alienate." Is that the result of fortuitously moving molecules? Our earth is not a millionth part of the sun. It is over 92 millions of miles from the glorious orb of light round which it revolves, and it grasps less than a 200 millionth part of the heat of that orb. Its rotation is admittedly the cause of variations of perspective and foreshortening. The displacement of Mars by the attraction of the earth has, in the lapse of two centuries, grown to about five minutes of arc only. Such is our planet! Who are we then to sit in judgment on the Most High? Is it not easier to give Him credit for knowing what is best for us than to irreverently suspect that He is a fourth-rate actor if not an impostor?

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"By the mutual adaptation of their orbits to a nearly circular form, to a nearly coincident plane, and to a uniformity of direction, a permanent truce has been effected among the great planets." Who has effected that truce? Is it the work of Chance? Is it the work of blind atoms?

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From Sirius, it is said, the sun would appear like a halfpenny on our planet sixteen miles away from a human observer. The velocity of Sirius is one thousand miles a minute. Its mass is twenty times that of the sun. The star 61 Cygni is said to be forty billions of miles from the sun, and it takes forty thousand years to accomplish a journey equal to its distance from the sun. And yet

we puny mortals presume to laugh at the Author of the universe, and then cackle that we are not free !

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"The sun and his system must travel at the present rate for more than a million years before the abyss between our present position and the frontiers of Lyra can be crossed." Our solar system is travelling at the rate of about 2 million miles every three days ! "No matter how vast may be the depth which our instruments have sounded, there is yet a beyond of infinite extent. Imagine a mighty globe described in space, a globe of such stupendous dimensions that it shall include the sun and his system, all the stars and nebulae, and even all the objects which our finite capacities can imagine. Yet what ratio must the volume of this great globe bear to the whole extent of infinite space ? The ratio is infinitely less than that which the water in a single drop of dew bears to the water in the whole Atlantic Ocean !" The Vedantist is, after all, not wrong in likening the visible universe to the foam and bubbles of the Divine Ocean of Beautiful and Blessed Immortality.

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Bearing these facts of astronomy in mind, should not the new Biology, which really knows so little, be somewhat more modest in its assertions as to the laws of Being and Doing ? "Can you tell me all about the origin of our common lizard ?" No, says Biology, the lizard has a mysterious origin. Can you say how a bird was evolved from a lizard ? That is another mystery. Can you solve the puzzle of the hoatgin ? No. Can you say what even powder-down is ? No. Can you say how hundreds of little straight branches are held together along the central shaft of a quill ? No. Can you say how the branches combine to form a web ? No. Do you even know the full meaning of "the gorgeous plumes of the bird of paradise, the splendid train of the peacock, the brilliant hues of the humming bird, the garish colours of the toucan or the macaw" ? No. Can you explain the apparent irregularities of migration ? No. Can you say what leads the megapodes in Celebes to scratch out a hole in hot black sand rather than in white, for the deposit of their eggs ? No. Can you say how the young cuckoos find their way to the habitat of their parents ? No. Can you even tell us the exact meaning of the colorations of eggs or the exact laws of

heredity ? No. It is needless to multiply similar confessions of ignorance on the part of science. The wonder is that, in the face of such confessions, science should be so cocksure about the worthlessness of all experimental knowledge in the region of the spirit.

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Sir Leslie Stephen says, in his "An Agnostic's Apology" : "Overpowered, as every honest and serious thinker is at times overpowered, by the sight of pain, folly, and helplessness, by the jarring discords which run through the vast harmony of the universe, we are yet enabled to hear at times a whisper that all is well, to trust to it as coming from the most authentic source, and to know that only the temporary bars of sense prevent us from recognising with certainty that the harmony beneath the discords is a reality and not a dream. This knowledge is embodied in the central dogma of theology. God is the name of the harmony and God is knowable. Who would not be happy in accepting this belief if he could accept it honestly ? Who would not be glad if he could say with confidence : 'The evil is transitory, the good eternal : our doubts are due to limitations destined to be abolished, and the world is really an embodiment of love and wisdom, however dark it may appear to our faculties' ?" Sir Leslie Stephen thinks that such a belief is an *ignis fatuus*—but he does not stop to consider what part of himself would be glad to be convinced that it is not, nor does he ask himself how, if the so-called knowledge of God is *illusory*, the "sacred obligation" to recognise that fact upon which he lays so much stress can be *sacred*, or whence the sacredness arises, or whence the obligation. He tells us "*we wish for spiritual food*, and are to be put off with these ancient mummeries of forgotten dogma." But whence comes this wish for spiritual food ? "You say, as we say, that the natural man can know nothing of the Divine nature. That is Agnosticism." It may be Agnosticism—if by the natural man is meant the spiritual man. But no divine has ever said that the spiritual self cannot realise God. "The very basis of orthodox theology" in the west may be "the actual separation of the creation from the Creator," but that is certainly not its basis in the East. Newman was right when he said that we "can only glean from the surface of the world some faint and fragmentary views" of God. He was right when he said : "I see only a choice of alternatives

in view of so critical a fact ; either there is no Creator or He has disowned His creatures." But the surface of the world is not the depth of the world. A superficial observer of white light is sure to consider it colourless. But is it colourless ? Does it not contain "all the colours blended in certain proportions." There is a good deal of solar light in the dark sodium lines. There are potentialities of a solar system in each nebula, and yet to us it appears merely a nebulous speck. We see the *nebulæ* not as they are now, but as they were centuries ago. Truly "errors like straws on the surface flow," for if the sun has not only a chromosphere but a photosphere, why may we not believe that man has not merely a gross (*sthu*) body, but a subtle (*suksh*) body. Those who have functioned in the latter have been able to develop the appropriate organ for sensing the unseen, and a thousand Agnostics cannot shake a single truth of experiential meditation.

"Theology," say Sir Leslie Stephen, "if logical, leads straight to pantheism. The infinite God is everything." Say that the atom is everything or protoplasm is everything and—the belief incurs no odium. But say that God is everything and that by gradual functioning in the conscious, subconscious and superconscious fields this truth can be realised, and you are set down for a booby. Nevertheless, Yoga says emphatically that we can reach a stage where the cause is effect and the effect is cause—where there is identity and yet difference. The proof of Vedanta is furnished by Yoga.

* * * *

"An uncaused phenomenon is unthinkable ; yet consciousness testifies that our actions, so far as they are voluntary, are uncaused. In face of such a contradiction, the only rational state of mind is scepticism." Scepticism as to the power of a photographer, by secret manipulations to catch a reflex or to develop a negative, never taught that noble art to any one ! We must make the fullest allowance for the conditions under which an experiment can be made, and if an Agnostic insists on a Yogi turning himself inside out and exhibiting externally all the mental processes which can be only worked mentally—he can be easily convicted of absurdity.

"We know that there is a great First Cause ; but we add that there are at this moment in the world some twelve hundred million little first causes which may damn or save themselves as they please." Yes—if you do know that—and knowing it, you are free to say so, what more convincing testimony to the original gift of freedom can you desire ? If one can damn himself or save himself as he pleases—why should we talk of faults due to causes as much beyond our power as the shape of our limbs or as the orbits of the planets ? Why should we believe that He whose heavens display His love of order is fond of chaos on this earth ? "By looking at a beam of light through a prism we can weigh the star from which the light has come"—and by looking at the Cosmos through the many-sided prism of Yoga we can ponder the source of the Cosmos. It is only when we look at one facet only that we fall into error.

* * * *

"For all that appears, it is the height of injustice to reward equally equal attainments under entirely different conditions." Yes, for all that appears to a man who looks merely at the surface and is indignant if he is told that "the red of the rose is not in the rose itself"—that violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, like red, are from the sun-beams, and that there are colours beyond the violet and the red which our eyes cannot see ! It may be chaotic, if "infinite rewards and penalties are required to square the account and redress the injustice here accumulated." But the doctrine of Karma at least makes no such demand. Why should we believe that God is unjust ? Why should we not, on the contrary, believe that if He is omnipotent, He has power to impress no tendencies and to give us free will to mould ourselves. Moreover, where is Then and When in His eternal Now—if we approach the whole question from the highest standpoint of Vedanta ?

(To be continued.)

ZERO.

AN ADMIRER OF OUR EMPIRE.

AMONG the foreign enthusiasts for the British Empire, who are more numerous than home-keeping Englishmen imagine, none is keener or better informed than the young Vicomte Robert d'Humières, Kipling's friend and translator. He has put in ten years of travel and of pre-occupation before publishing his book upon the subject. Constant moving up and down Great Britain, two winters in Egypt, fifteen months of exhaustive travel in India and in Central Asia, represent the material part of his equipment. The result is at last published by the Société du Mercure de France, under the ambitious title: "L'Ile et l'Empire de Grande-Bretagne: Angleterre—Égypte—Inde." Must we say that it is a little disappointing? The volume has even great merits, but of a somewhat amateur sort. There are brilliant pages, and even chapters, while other chapters are dull or trivial. We are made to regret that M. d'Humières ever studied architecture, or the French Symbolists. He has been able to present only a selection from his impressions, which thus lack unity, even of date. We must take the liberty of passing rapidly over the half of the book which is not about India. There is a long, enthusiastic introduction which, though the fact is not mentioned, appeared in *La Revue*, June 1904, with the title of "The Anglo-French Alliance." M. d'Humières, who is a disciple of Taine, well depicts the contrasted virtues and faults of the two peoples, which ideally fit them to complement each other, in the interests of the highest civilisation. But it is specially the Anglo-Saxon energy and practical good sense that he admires, and expounds to his countrymen. Then follow four chapters of unequal length: "In England," "Egypt," "India," and "Across the Deccan."

Any exile who, not having seen his country for long years, should look to M. d'Humières for something like a vivid or complete

presentment of the most modern England, would be greatly disappointed. The chapter on England is, in truth, *très peu de chose*. But instead of grumbling, we will extract some of the plums. For instance, the scene at a luncheon at a great house, just before the Coronation in June, 1902 : admirable Gobelin's tapestries ; the lady of the house with a Grand Duke on her right, an empty place on her left ; at the other table the host, with the Duchess of Connaught beside him, then the Princesses, and others. There is an oppression in the atmosphere. Suddenly, a butler bends over to the host, who rises, and in a moment returns, escorting the Duke of Connaught (that "model brother"), "pale, in General's uniform, bringing the news ! The Coronation is postponed !" Or, at the opposite grade of life, a visit to Aldershot suggests some good sociological observations. "That constant regard for individuality, which distinguishes British civilisation, is found in their military organisation. The *self* of each one is safeguarded." "Habeas corpus" remains "the fundamental principle, despite the contradictions of a retrograde legislation. All the greatness of England lies therein." This is in strange contrast with the way in which individuality is ground down in the most unpopular French army. Tommy Atkins may have his photographs, his bit of a "home" about his cot : otherwise, he would not enlist. Thus, "the army in this island is at once the sacred guardian of public liberties, and the dumping-ground for social inutilities." A specially French criticism is to the effect that England has never yet produced a great *cocotte* : sometimes the phenomenon seems to be coming off, but it generally ends by the marriage with a baronet ! We regret not to be able to dwell upon the interesting account of a visit to Rudyard Kipling at Rottingdean.

M. d'Humières hardly makes "England in Egypt" live for us, though he has some good impressionistic pages on the native Egypt, connecting both with a fabulous past, and with the barbarities of Constantinople. It is evident that Lord Cromer has had to "gang easy" in his great task, shutting his eyes to many things until the right time came to amend them. Reforming Princesses in Egypt have to beware of visiting Constantinople, lest they be invited to take the air upon the Bosphorus in the Sultan's pretty yacht with a removable plug, reserved for too honest councillors. It is fun to watch an official's stiff wife, a prop of Exeter Hall, exchanging

enforced courtesies with a former slave girl "who has become a Princess thanks to some talents for pleasing," or with an old *hanoum* "notoriously known as having had some twenty lovers strangled and thrown into the Nile when they had ceased to please (the window is still shown)." It seems that the Nile, in its lower reaches, was once one of the greatest rivers of love in the world, as the uppermost Jhelum now is. That was in the days of the Roman Empire, when, to complete the resemblance, visitors also lived upon houseboats. M. d'Humieres, who visited Lower Egypt, now much neglected by travellers, received an impression of overflowing life and incredible richness.

After a year spent in "doing" all India, northward from Bombay, M. d'Humières returned to the First City, apparently at the end of 1899, to gather up his impressions before attacking the scented south. A few only of the recollections, marshalled in a page-long sentence, will show how he had worked. "Opulent and chattering Bengal, between its deltas of living mud, and its mountains 28,000 feet high ; . . . the seldom visited temples of that Bundelkand where thirty-three native principalities still claim their regal rights, and the history of which is rather largely said to offer more epic-catastrophes than our Salamis or Lepanto. . . . then the north, Kashmir, the land of flowers, of forests, and of living waters, the plateau of Baltistan, all naked in the silence of its altitudes, and where the crows eat out the eyes of abandoned ponies ; the Indus with illustrious memories and frozen waters ; then, higher, where no Frenchman had been before, the two greatest glaciers of the planet, the Baltoro and the Biafo, overlooked by the mysterious summit of Mount Kitchinjunga, the second height of the Himalayas, the Eastern Gable of the Roof of the World, gazing over the plains of China to the distant Pacific." That thought of the change of watershed much impressed him : elsewhere, describing a Ladaki devil-dance, he mentions the blowing of "shells come from the Chinese gulfs across all Asia." So, too, M. Grenard, in his recent book on Tibet, mentions his murdered chief being flung into a little stream which seems to be the ultimate source of the Yang-tse, and thus being borne to the Pacific. After yet other evocations, M. d'Humières asks if that is the end. "No, there is never an end in this land of India, of which, in order to give a just impression, one

must renounce trying to give an exact impression." Do what the strongest traveller may, his judgment abdicates, his reason is shipwrecked, his attention succumbs: he becomes but a "derelict of human curiosity, haggard and tossed about, a vague notion of the immensity of the world and of the complication of things, jolted in his railway carriage, on camels, on elephants, on rafts of skins, on bullock carts." An even better writer, M. Jules Bois, the author of the "*Visions de l'Inde*," nearly died, in 1901, from trying to see India too much and too eagerly.

At Bombay, which he found a world in itself, M. d' Humières was distracted between the promises of the east and of the south: Ellora, Ajunta, Karli! He asks the reader to climb with him the formidable, perpendicular step of the Ghauts, and survey the wonders of the Deccan. Among these he finds something like genius at Bijapur—positively the biggest vault of masonry in the world, and "an unsuspected art, born, ripened, then dead, at the mercy of the glories and the catastrophes of a forgotten dynasty"—but the daily train thither is one of the slowest in Asia! At the top of the Nilgiris, he was surprised to find revealed "an unexpected Scotland, heather, and *glens*, and the flowers of the north!" And as he goes down the Peninsula, the spicy breeze among the palm trees tells him wonderful tales of long lagoons, and of crumbling Portuguese cities amid tropical foliage, with their old-world architecture, and their suggestion of the Inquisition fires!

Turning back to the body of "*L'Ile et l'Empire*," and omitting the accounts of the show places, particularly when Moslem, we really must give two sentences from the account of a dinner with the Viceroy. "He, with an energetic, shaven face, full of intelligence and of self-confidence, as befits a theorist to whom one has done the honour and the joy of flinging him amid his theories, with the order to carry them out. And that before the age of forty, in full force and in full ambition, a remarkable example of that English organisation where society knows how to draw the maximum of effort and of advantage from each individual." M. d'Humieres was charmed with Kashmir, which, he says, the Persian poets have extolled as the most delicious spot in the world, as the Arabs used to praise Damascus. "With the circle of sparkling mountains that

encloses the rich valley, revolving about itself like a wheel," and with the many other attractions enumerated, "it is sweet to live in that country between the springtime favourable to the iris, and the autumn happy in lilies A life of languor and of idleness, fettered by nothing and retained by all things. Sensuality of moving water, of perfumes without number, of air so pure that the outlines of things seem to be transfigured in it." But M. d'Humières did not, strange to say, like the missionaries, whether English or German. In Kashmir they have made some half-dozen converts, in Ladak, he says, none at all. He speaks of their taking their flight from Exeter Hall, in swarms that "darken the skies of Africa and of Asia, installing themselves in the best places," etc. We wish the book were better, though it is very good.

H. BRUCE.

PSEUDOMENUS OF PERITANAIS.

IT is a common accusation against this age that it is too materialistic. A good handbook on hydraulics as applied to sanitation commands a ready market. The dreams of the poet have little saleable value. The path of the mystic leads, in this world at any rate, to destruction. This accusation is true enough. But its truth need not make us seriously anxious.

The men of this age tread not the way of the metaphysician and the theosophist, not because they are indifferent to the goal, but because they have arrived there. That they have at length, starting from so many and so far starting places, traversing so many and such difficult roads, guided by so many and such infallible guides, arrived at the desired city is plain enough. For, first, there is an apparent and remarkable unanimity among us all, on all points of faith and morals. Secondly, it is not to be believed that the race of man (which is not exclusively composed of imbecile individuals) would, in spite of the ages for which it has been travelling, and of the infallible guides that lead it, have not by this time arrived at the long-sought resting place. This being so, what does it import to us who have done with the journey that new roads are opened? We have no need to traverse them.

Such, I think, is the origin of the present indifference to unmaterialistic ideas. Some deplore this indifference. But we think that we are rather to be congratulated. Nevertheless, just as it is pleasant when we have arrived at our inn, and are sitting warm by a good fire after a satisfactory repast, to watch the bedraggled arrival of travellers who have been bogged in swamps from which we escaped unspashed, overturned in wild rivers which we found shallow, or cast into quarry-holes which were not pernicious to us,

so it is not distasteful for us to look from our city of security on the frantic efforts made by others, who had not our guide, and knew not our path, to attain to our tranquillity.

Let us, therefore, consider the teachings of Pseudomenus of Peritanais. Let us consider them without anger, for he did his best according to the light that was in him, and without contempt, as Raphael might indulgently look on the scrawlings of a child, or the architect of the Taj on the architect of St. Pancras.

Little or nothing is known of Pseudomenus of Peritanais. By his name he appears to have been a Cretan. Peritanais is possibly a district in what is now European Russia. He cannot have written his book earlier than 100 A. D., for he refers to the deification of Apollonius, or later than 391, for he refers to the Serapeum as an existing building.

Last year Mr. Kenolalus, of the Damascene Egyptian Exploration Society, dug up in the course of his researches at the site of Abu Kizb, a tattered manuscript from the ruins of a certain small room attached to the house of one of the priests of the temple of Momus. The manuscript contained certain medical and magical formulæ for relieving colics and similar diseases. On close inspection it appeared that the parchment on which this matter was written had contained earlier writing which had been erased. On treating the manuscript in manner usual in the case of palimpsests, the long desired Bacchides or Askos came to view.

The Askos is a treatise on the nature of God. It is couched in the form of a letter to one Bacchides, who appears to have been a disciple who stood in peculiarly intimate relationship to Pseudomenus. The Greek is clear and good, resembling that of the Atticising purists. The style is intelligible and is free from the rhetorical adornments common in works of this class.

Mr. Kenolalus hastened to prepare for publication a work so valuable for the philosophical history of the ancients. Personally, we are rather inclined to regret that the learned editor's zeal hurried him into so early a publication. More patience and deeper consideration would possibly have led him to re-consider some of his emendations and conjectural supplement of lacunæ. Many of these seem to us more daring than befits an editor. However, as he has carefully marked the variations between the text as edited by him,

and as actually extant in the palimpsest, we shall not be permanently damnified by this precipitation.

The work is not available in an English form. The well-known savant and theologian, the Marchese della Seccatura, has recently issued an Italian translation, but his evident desire to Christianise Pseudomenus renders his version of little value. Herr Langweiler has published the Greek text of Mr. Kenolalus with a Latin version of his own. The latter clearly demonstrates the surpassing genius of the learned translator. None but a very clever man could have written so unintelligibly. Herr Waldteufel of Tübingen has put forth a brief Prodrömus on Pseudomenus in eighteen volumes, and Herr Eulenspiegel of Göttingen is, we believe, meditating a crushing rejoinder to Herr Waldteufel in a work of equal compendiosity. M. Bapillon has been seen reading Della Seccatura's version on the sands at Trouville. We may, therefore, expect, at no distant date, a French translation and a critical essay written with the true Gallic limpidity and distinction.

But in the meanwhile the student, who desires to learn the views of Pseudomenus, must have recourse to the original. It is to help such a student, and not by any means to relieve him altogether from the necessity of study, that we publish this necessarily brief and imperfect resumé.

"God," says Pseudomenus, "is one."

This is common ground to all advanced religions and philosophies. But what meaning are we to attach to this saying? "God is one," says the Platonist. But he admits an existence apart from God, viz., matter. "God is one," says the Manichee. But he admits an intelligence apart from God, viz., the devil. "God is one," says the Pyrrhonist, but he admits an existence and a being apart from God, viz., the Ego and Illusion. "God is one," says the Agnostic, but his God has neither being nor intelligence. "God is THE ONE" says the Pantheist. And this is the view of Pseudomenus.

This saying is an axiom. That is to say, Pseudomenus assumes what is insusceptible of proof. Of course, he lays no claim to revelation. Here the weakness of his philosophy appears. To a person who does not accept this axiom, the whole fabric built upon it is a mere dream-palace. But there is no rational ground why one should not prefer the theory of the Platonist or Manichee. Pseu-

domenus is conscious of this weakness. He is reduced to point out the inconveniences which necessarily follow from the belief in a God, however so little finite, and to assert that the discerning soul (of which more hereafter) convinces us of the truth of his axiom. His second proposition is startling in the extreme.

"In order," he says, "that God might be, He must have been known."

The requisites for existence, he says, are that there should be the perceiver and the perceived. If either of these factors is absent there is no being, but at most a potentiality of being; by simile, a light unseen by any eye, a music unheard by any ear. A thing is the sum of its qualities, but its qualities are merely the modes of its appearance to consciousness. If there is no consciousness there are no qualities, if there are no qualities being is unthinkable.

This is a strange and repulsive doctrine, and might lead some minds to conclusions from which Pseudomenus would have shrunk with horror. It cannot, however, be disproved.

"Therefore," says Pseudomenus, "the creation was, that God might be known, and being known, be."

This implies the co-existence of the creation with God. "But God is not other than the creation, but the creation is God and God is the creation."

God, according to Pseudomenus, has three manifestations, the Worker, the Law, and the Material. Each of these is God, nor is God inferior or superior to any. God is each. At this point we are approaching Platonism. The difference, however, is important. In Platonism the three manifestations would be God, the Worker and the Law. The Material is, in the Platonic theories, altogether external to God. The Worker works on the Material by the Law, and the result is the Material Universe.

The Material Universe is not perfect. That it is not perfect, (which is not the same as imperfect) is no proof that it does not proceed from God. The power to make the perfect implies the power to make the not-perfect. Homer could write the *Iliad*, but he could also write the *Margails*. Phidias could make the Zeus, but he could also make a scarecrow. God could, if he willed, make a perfect universe, and therefore could make a not-perfect universe. Why he chose to make a not-perfect universe is cle Had he

made it perfect, the intelligences therein must also have been perfect. But if God was perceived only by perfect intelligences, those intelligences would, in the act of knowing Him, have merged in Him and lost their separate identity. Therefore they could not, for an instant even, have subsisted apart from the unity of God. Accordingly, the object of God, that He might be known, would have been lost. Briefly, the perceiver must be different from the perceived, and what is different from the perfect is the not-perfect.

"From God proceeds the consciousness through the manifestations."

The spirit emanates from God through the Worker, the Law and the Material. The spirit which passes through the Worker is the discerning soul, that which passes through the Law is the rational soul, that which passes through the Material is the animal soul. The combination of these three souls in any material organisation creates the personality. They exist in all organisations, in a bar of iron, in a worm, in a rose, in a star, in a man, in an archangel.

Here Pseudomenus goes into some rather grotesque calculations as to proportion of soul to be found in various organisations. The proportionate power of the discerning soul of an archangel, a man, and a beetle might be as 1,000,000 to 500 to 3. A Stoic philosopher he would put at about 50, a society lady at about 6.

We will confine ourselves to the soul of man.

The function of the animal soul is to perceive in the things which are the objects of the senses, the material universe, and thence to create the phenomenal universe. The function of the rational soul is to combine the sense impressions and generalise them, and thence to create the Ideal World. The function of the discerning soul is to perceive God. Let us take an example. A dog sees a man beating another dog. It forms a clear idea that a man is beating a dog. It does not go much further. It perhaps arrives at the idea that it is painful to be beaten. That is to say, the animal soul is developed, and the rational soul is rudimentary. Therefore the phenomenon is clearly apparent to the dog, but no deduction necessarily follows.

A man from the same phenomenon, or from the same pheno-

menon often repeated, would form the idea of cruelty, and that cruelty is detestable. His rational soul, though still rudimentary, is more advanced than the dog's.

An angel, or other being whose rational soul was to the man's as the man's is to the dog's, might form an idea as different from the man's as the man's idea is from the dog's.

It is owing to the union of these three souls in the personality that the universe appears a problem. If a man had no discerning soul, and no rational soul, he would find no problem at all in the universe. The universe would appear to him to be a bundle of irrelevant phenomena. He would be like a baby that contentedly plays with a bag of letters.

In this life, the rational soul cannot exist without the animal soul, because the Worker does not work on the Material without the Law.

If the rational soul existed with the animal soul, but without the discerning soul, the problem of the universe would become insoluble. It is impossible for even the highest intelligence to group, by means of the rational soul alone, the phenomena reported to it by the animal soul into harmonious and comprehensible shape and order. A man deprived of the discerning soul would face the universe with the same feelings with which a man just able to spell words of one syllable would face the task of combining a million letters into one perfect poem. Apathy would set in. Our pain and perplexity is, therefore, the proof of the residence in us of the high soul which discerns.

"The rational soul perishes and the animal soul perishes, but the discerning soul is immortal."

When the organisation is resolved there are no further phenomena to be seized by the animal soul, and arranged by the rational soul. Their reason for existence, therefore, perishes. Both souls are destroyed, in the sense that they lose their identity, as a marble statue is ground to powder.

The two souls merge in God passing, the animal soul through the Material, and the rational soul through the Law. On their course upwards they are detained for a period till they are freed from multiplicity. This is the period of heaven and hell. But both are temporary.

By the elimination of rational and animal souls the personality is destroyed. The discerning soul is disentangled. It perceives God with intelligence equal to His own and merges in Him, passing through the Worker.

"Do not ask from the hierophant knowledge of physics or knowledge of morals."

No theory, that is, of physics is absolutely true, because the phenomena with which physics deal have no real existence. Every man is at liberty to form his own theory as to the processes of the world of phenomena. No theory can be absolutely true. Each theory is true or false as it explains or fails to explain the phenomena apparent to the observer.

Similarly in morals. God himself is neither just nor unjust, good nor bad, merciful nor wrathful. These are abstract ideas formed by the rational soul from phenomena observed by the animal soul. Their proper place is the world of Ideas, and they cease to have a meaning when the immortal soul passes from the plane of relativity to the absolute.

This latter seems to us to be a dangerous and immoral doctrine. I must, however, say this for Pseudomenus, that the argument from inconvenience is a weak argument. Nor does the apprehended inconvenience really exist. The rational soul may still hate the bad and love the good, for evil and good have at any rate a relative existence in the World of Ideas, though no absolute existence. Take the kindred doctrine of the non-existence of matter. No one would thrust his hand into boiling oil, merely because he did not believe that boiling oil was a thing in itself. The resulting pain might be a mere illusion, but it is a very unpleasant illusion. Similarly, vice and crime may be illusions, and yet the rational soul of man abhors them.

"Bring no offerings to the temple."

Pseudomenus likens the persons who pray for bodily good to monkeys who in the rainy season crowd into the temple. To look at these animals one would think that they were extremely devout, but their real object in pressing and crowding is not to draw near God, but to keep dry. Man by worship should seek this only, to draw near to God.

"Adore the Angels."

Here Pseudomenus falls into the fatal slough where so many a religious philosophy lies wallowing. If he means that we are to adore finite beings revealed to us by the rational and animal souls, he, for all his fine words, throws us back into polytheism and even necromancy. Hence it is clear how dangerous too absolute and remote a conception of God becomes to the human race, who long for the assurance of something divine near them continually, sympathising with them, loving them and guarding them.

"Know God."

This is the duty, and—more than the duty—the reason of being of all creation.

There are two paths by which man can know God. One is the Path of Knowledge. On this path the rational soul and the animal soul labour under the direction of the discerning soul to pass from the phenomenal and ideal worlds to the Creator. The path of the animal soul is from the phenomenal world, through the material world, to the Material. The path of the rational soul is from the phenomenal world through the ideal world to the Law. This path can never lead higher than to the manifestations of the Law and the Material. Further than this the personality cannot go.

The second path is that of Love (Eros). In this path the discerning soul, temporarily disembarrassed from the personality, ascends from the phenomenal universe through the Worker to God, discerns Him, and is for an instant merged in Him. It thus anticipates the final merger which awaits it after its disentanglement by the resolution of the organism from the personality. The mystic is he who seeks after such merger.

How is the discerning soul to attain to this?

Not by magical rites or technical words. These may free the discerning soul from the personality, but can by no means guide it even to the sphere of the Worker. Far more probably, they send it into the sphere of the lying demons, where, deluded, it will betray the Love that is in it by loving the creature.

Still less by asceticism. Pseudomenus likens those who practise asceticism, in the hope of thereby escaping from the personality, to prisoners who should hope to escape from a dungeon by refusing the small amount of comfort that a dungeon affords. This is

obviously foolish, and, moreover, the phenomenal universe is not a dungeon, but a beautiful city of God.

No ! Be patient and await the grace of God. Not always is the door open, but not always is it barred. The mystic can wait and love. Better is it to love than to be loved.

Above all price is it to be loved and to love. But how wretched is the creature who is loved and loves not again !

B. C. KENNEDY.

JAPANESE POLITY.

IF the civilisation of a country is to be measured by the form of Government obtaining in it, England, France and the United States of America have, more than any other country, a claim to being considered as having reached a state of civilisation near almost to perfection. Abraham Lincoln's conception of the ideal form of Government, "of the people, by the people and for the people," was not what exercised the mighty mind of Plato or Aristotle. Commonwealth, in the sense we understand it, was never conceived either by Demosthenes or Cato. But those who are acquainted with the intricate machinery of the English constitution would fully grant that England has more than realised the ideal form of Government defined by the American President. But the development of the English constitution has been one of slow growth—one that has taken the English people centuries to perfect, and cost them much struggle between the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the country and many valuable lives. The intricate machinery of the English constitution is moving steadily and smoothly, though little of it is reduced to written law, and much of it can at best be called "political understanding." Understanding though it be, it has the force of law, respected alike by politicians of all shades of opinion and the courts. Such an account, however, would not be strictly accurate of the constitution which governs the political institutions of the two great countries of France and the United States of America. Ever since the memorable year 1789, France has alternately constructed and destroyed her constitution. It is republican now, followed soon after by a consular form of Government. It forthwith emerges from consular into imperial and autocratic rule, only to fall back again upon what was ghastly and execrable in the government of states. France changed her cry from *Vive le Roi* to *Vive la République* as easily as a man changes his coat. But whatever constitution France has hitherto had it can be found within the four corners of her Statute-book. Her present constitution is a work of art which was originally drawn by the skilful hands of Thiers

and Lamartine. The American constitution is a unique effort of human genius. It was drawn up and discussed by the representatives of the thirteen States, who set their seal solemnly and finally upon it as upon a legal document. It can hardly be denied that the constitutions both of France and of America are based upon no other than the constitution of England, which has not been made but has developed to suit the tone and temper of the race. Representative institutions in countries apart from England have had their misfortunes ; they have had their pitfalls and their difficulties to surmount. To the English people representative Government comes naturally. However it comes, the civilisation of a country, according to all accepted theories, is measured by the quantity of dominion its people exercise over its Government.

Within the past year Japan has literally staggered humanity. Whoever knew that the pigmy yellow race, relegated to a small island in the Far East, would go across far away from their own homes, and put to flight hordes of Cossacks who had all the advantages of fighting in territory of their own ? Whoever thought that the half-serious, semi-civilised followers of Lord Buddha in the East—for as such the Japanese have hitherto been known in Europe, England not excepted, though England, who knows her men, never missed an opportunity to make extravagant advances to the Eastern island Power—would bring the mightiest and most formidable Power in Europe down on her knees ? Whoever dreamt that Japan, of all countries, was destined to furnish to the history of the world some of the finest generals after Napoleon and admirals after Nelson ? The successes which Japan has achieved in the fierce tussle in which she is at present engaged have, once and for all, demolished the pet European theory that it is only the Christian or the Greek or the Roman civilisation that is to rule the world. The late Lord Acton once said that if the result of Waterloo had been otherwise the history of Europe would have been differently writ. The triumph of Eastern Japan over Western Russia marks a significant epoch in the history of Asia, and if a suggestion may be ventured, is the beginning of the awakening of the East. It is the polity of this country which is proposed to be briefly sketched in the following pages.

In order to give an accurate and clear idea of how the development of the institutions of Japan was brought about to help her rise in the East, it is necessary that we should have a peep into her earlier history. Like the Sublime Porte, the Emperor of Japan has a name by which he

is known and which he has enjoyed from times prehistoric. The Mikado claims to have a descent longer than most sovereigns of the last or of the present century. If in democratic Europe and socialistic Germany the Kaiser would be always at pains to make us believe that his right to rule is divine, it is little wonder that the Emperor of Japan, in common with his ancestors, firmly believes that the divine right of kings, and particularly of himself, is undisputed. It cannot, however, be said that the thinking, progressive and intelligent portion of his people believe him to rule by divine right, though ungrudging obedience is his meed. The government of the country has always been carried on in the name of the Mikado, and at times against his will, by the leaders of one or other of the great clans who gave so much trouble to the Japanese throne in the past, but have within the last half a century lent their powerful assistance to successive Mikados to make Modern Japan. These clans, aided by a class of nobles called the *Kuge*, mostly descendants and relatives of the Imperial family, got the ear and the confidence of the Emperor and made a monopoly of all privileges, administrative and military. Thus was brought about in Japan that feudal system which thrived and continued for centuries and came to be abolished within living memory. The feudal lords, known as the Daimios, did most useful service to the State in early times, and it may safely be said that the seed of Japanese unity is to be found sown in her history in the 9th century A.D., when Watamoro, one of their chiefs, was delegated commander of a small army, and to him was entrusted the task of crushing the Ainos in the north of the empire. The Ainos were a troublesome clan of barbarians who appear to have made it the aim of their existence to overthrow the reigning family and were ambitious of setting up a rule of their own. Watamoro completely subjugated the Ainos and for this national service received the title of *Sei-i-Tai-Shogun*, which means "Commander-in-chief who subdues the barbarians." In our own day we have known only the abbreviated form *Shogun*—Generalissimo—a term which has been made use of upon similar occasions at different periods of Japanese history. The race for power was not yet over. The barbarians no doubt were subdued, but Japan came to be divided in the eleventh and twelfth centuries into two distinct camps of the Tairos and the Minamotos. The Tairos and the Minamotos were feudal lords, and they developed a rivalry between them in their attempt to usurp all the power of the state, such as we are familiar with in the history of our own country when a sovereign was weak. Might gained the day, and upon a complete overthrow of the Tairos in a naval fight in

1185 A.D., the Minamotos found themselves undisputed masters of the situation. They divided all the land among their chiefs (chief Daimios) and their retainers. The internal feuds of Japan practically ended here, though occasional disturbances were not unknown in her later history. Yoritomo, the chief of the Minamotos, rose to supreme power, and the throne of the Mikado was almost within his grasp, but Yoritomo's ambition was no other than to see tranquillity and order established in the empire over which the Mikado might rule peacefully. The Mikado, however, was careful in keeping Yoritomo in good humour, for he conferred upon him the title of Shogun and declared that the Shogunate with which Yoritomo was honoured should bear a special meaning. The Shogunate rule began in 1190 A.D. and extended to 1867, when the present Emperor of Japan took the reins of government into his own hands. All honours due to divinity were paid to the Mikado and the privilege of access to him or of looking at his face was not extended beyond his wives, of whom he had more than one—sometimes as many as two dozen—and his chief ministers, who had all the real power in the state left to them. Not unnaturally did the Mikado refuse to have much to do with the temporal affairs of the state as unbecoming of his divine position, for he was hypnotised into the belief that he was a god. There were occasions when he gave audience to a selection of his subjects, those who had earned the favour of the court or could boast of a friend among the ministers, but it was not the real Mikado whom they could see. He would be seated behind a curtain and his dummy in front of it. Custom in Japan requires the Emperor to go out in procession on certain days in the year, but his holy feet must never come in contact with the earth,—an eloquent comment of the ancient Japanese on the theory of an ever-progressing world. The Mikado was happy in his zenana amongst his wives and female relations whose duty it was to see that he never wore the same dress a second time or ate his food off plates or dishes used once before. Such was the strict surveillance under which the Mikado was kept, for he was merely an instrument in the hands of a long and unbroken line of Shoguns who succeeded one another, beginning with Iyeyasu of the Tokugawa dynasty. They began their rule in Japan in 1603 and brought it down to 1867. When the Shoguns put themselves in possession of all the real power in the state, their principal aim was to put down the Daimios whom they succeeded, in spite of stubborn resistance, in compelling to live at Yedo, where the Shoguns had established themselves in large numbers. By this time, however, feudal vassalage had become so power-

ful an order of the day that the Daimios gave unquestioning obedience to the bidding of the Shoguns in that they left their homes at Yedo for six months in the year leaving their wives and children as hostages to return immediately upon the expiration of that period.

The early history of Japan does not disclose any jealousy on the part of the natives of the foreign devils. Japan received a European—a Portuguese—as early as 1542. Other Spanish and Dutch traders who followed him in quick succession were not objected to; and if in 1624 all "foreign devils," except the Dutch and the Chinese, were expelled from the country, and the advent of others was interdicted, the Europeans themselves were to blame. They gained a footing as traders, made common cause amongst themselves and surreptitiously attempted to overthrow the rule of the Mikado to make room for their own. The plan was discovered in a letter which the Spanish and Portuguese traders had written to the King of Portugal inviting him to send troops in the guise of merchants, and which the Dutch intercepted. The Dutch thus saved Japan from her fate, but even they were not spared the humiliation born of a suspicion against all foreigners. It might have been that the Dutch were not taken into the confidence of the conspirators or that they were promised no share in the spoils in the event of success. However, they were not called upon to accept the fate of the Portuguese and the Spaniards, but were confined to the Deshima, an islet in the Nagasaki harbour. They were not allowed to receive more than one ship a year from Batavia—a concession which was enlarged as they gained greater confidence. The Dutch enjoyed these privileges during pleasure only, which could be withdrawn at a moment's notice. Their Resident had to go to Yedo to make annual obeisance with rich presents from Europe. The Shoguns and the Daimios alike commanded respect from him and when making his way to the presence of the Shogun he had to creep "forward on his hands and feet, and falling on his knees, bow his head to the ground, and retire again in silence, crawling exactly like a crab." The Chinese were allowed greater privileges, for they were not banished beyond the port of Nagasaki, and were, moreover, required to assist, if such assistance was ever necessary, the strong Japanese guard who were on duty on a small bridge connecting the islet with the mainland.

Japan was not at all tired of this state of her splendid isolation, for during more than two centuries her ports, with the solitary exception of Nagasaki, had all been closed to the "barbarians." The United States of America had been carrying on considerable trade

with China and were anxious to extend it to the neighbouring island. Before commercial concessions or even permission to trade with her could be solicited, Japanese ports should be open to American vessels for the purpose of coaling or of securing shelter when in danger, if for nothing else. America decided to ask for this concession from the Mikado. In 1853 Commodore Perry of the American navy was deputed to carry a letter from the President to the Emperor, in which a request was made asking for certain concessions to American vessels visiting the Japanese coast. The letter was pregnant with future consequences to Japan and the concessions were calculated ultimately to open up the country to American trade. Perry was authorised to enter into negotiations with the Mikado in no hostile spirit. Friendly as his mission was, he sailed up to the Gulf of Yedo with four battleships, and did not even pretend to present a front when he was told that he must not proceed further, but if he chose to communicate with the authorities he should call at Nagasaki. Perry did not think it convenient for him to do so, when an imperial officer of high rank was deputed to go forward to receive the letter of which the great Commodore had been the bearer. The letter proposed a treaty between the two countries. Perry presented it and sailed away, leaving an intimation that he would call again the next year for the reply. The letter, as we see in the history of Japan, was replete with future consequences all for the good of the country, but it struck the Mikado and his counsellors with dismay, and they forthwith ordered all the priests in the principal temples to offer prayer to the gods and goddesses, chiefly to Ameterasu, the Japanese Sun-goddess, so that they might help the Government to keep off the foreign devils. Such, however, was not the wish of the whole country, for the more intelligent section of the Japanese people looked upon the intercourse with the Americans with no feeling of disfavour. They rightly aspired to learn many things from them and imitate their methods of trade. They saw as early as the middle of the last century that a stable and powerful Government can only be founded upon Japan's commercial prosperity—a condition precedent to her being assigned a place among the nations of the world. Before the year was out Perry returned with twice as many battleships as he had brought with him on the previous occasion. A treaty with him was speedily concluded, throwing open two other ports besides Nagasaki to the American trade. The natives were mightily surprised at Perry's determination to work up, by all civilised means, a considerable trade with his country, and for the better facility of trade inland he had brought materials for a small railway and a short telegraph line. He lost no time

in laying them down, to the great joy of the Japanese people. America opened up Japan for her trade, and other nations followed with claims of similar privileges. Opinion was divided in the country as to whether such privileges should be extended to other foreign nations. Better counsel prevailed. When Lord Elgin visited the country in 1858 it was arranged to throw open various other ports to foreign trade. It was also agreed to establish a consul at the capital to look after international trade with Japan. European merchants, towards whom the natives generally were friendly and well-disposed, came in flocks to reside at the open ports. Japan to all intents and purposes was now open to foreigners of all colours and creeds, but the attitude of the military tribe, the Samurai, was uncompromising. They would not allow the "land of the gods to be polluted by foreigners" and wished for a better state of things, which could be realised by following the singular course of expelling the "barbarians" from the land and shutting the gates of Japan against them over again. Such a step was, however, fraught with disastrous consequences to Japan if taken recourse to. The nations would not smile cheerfully under a rebuff so humiliating as that proposed by the Samurai. The combined influence of all the nations would be brought to bear upon the Mikado not to withdraw from the treaty, and failing it their resources to compel him to adhere to the arrangement. Foreigners were harassed and persecuted and cowardly attacks were made upon them. The American consul was murdered in a most dastardly manner in 1861. Some members of the English consulate met with similar fate in 1862, and the year after witnessed the blowing up of several buildings owned by foreigners, culminating in an attack upon them in broad daylight. Matters had grown serious, and but for the courteous Mikado and his obliging counsellors they would have come to a crisis. They were determined to put down the practices of the Samurai—an attempt the success of which was ensured by the offer of help by the foreigners themselves and the active assistance of the educated, intelligent and the better class of the Japanese people.

The treaties which threw open Japanese ports to foreign trade and which we have examined in the foregoing paragraph had been signed by the Shogun who had the real power of the State in his hands. It was alleged by those who looked upon the arrangement as a national calamity that the Shogun had signed the treaties without the sanction of the Mikado who only, according to the unwritten law of Japan, could conclude a treaty with a foreign nation. In this view the action of the Shogun was clearly *ultra vires*. They also alleged that the Shogun had sacrificed

national interests in order to aggrandise his own. But, as luck would have it, the Shogun who was responsible for these treaties died, leaving a twelve year old boy to succeed him. The boy Shogun was assisted by a Regent who set his approving seal upon the commercial facilities which the last Shogun had bestowed upon Japan. The Regent made himself unpopular by his bold advocacy of the policy and his resolution to maintain a continuity of it. He was hated and was cruelly murdered. The succeeding Regent was a more tactful man. With a view to establish himself firmly in the affections of the people he withdrew the order requiring the Daimios to reside for six months at Yedo. No sooner was this done than they dispersed in all hurry to enjoy their freedom and repaired to the Court of the Mikado at Kioto. The ancient edict which forbade the Japanese from leaving the country under any circumstances was revised and modified so as to make it almost a dead letter, and the Emperor was induced to accept the relations into which Japan had entered with foreign powers.

In the meantime a handful of well-educated young Japanese of noble blood and high family traditions had visited America and Europe. Some of them received a liberal education in the West and naturally enough were thoroughly impressed with occidental civilisation. They carried back with them an enthusiastic conviction that unless Western modes and methods were adopted by their countrymen, that unless they Europeanised themselves they must rest contented with the humble place assigned to Japan in the scale of nations. Young Japan pinned their faith to Europeanisation, in its essence, and they found in it their only salvation. They conceived the idea and soon set about realising it. In 1866 the boy Shogun died and Keiki succeeded him, but before he was many months old in the new Shogunate the old Mikado died in 1867, leaving the Imperial throne to his son Mutsuhito, the present Mikado. The dual authority continued for a little time, while the movement against the use of any administrative power by the Shogun was gaining ground. It did not take the Japanese people long to fully realise that the one thing necessary for their national regeneration was to place the Mikado at the supreme head of the State, and that the Government could be made stronger and more enlightened, so as to command the respect of natives and foreigners alike, only by making their sovereignty indivisible. A Daimio whose name is written in letters of gold upon what is admittedly the most remarkable chapter in the history of Japan, took the lead in this matter. At considerable sacrifice he resolved to bring about the end of the Shogunate and as a preliminary step wrote

to the Shogun a letter which has been rightly characterised by a young Japanese friend and fellow-student of the writer at Cambridge, Mr. Tanaka, as the "Morning light of Japanese progress." "Your Highness should give back the supreme power in the hands of the sovereign, and so lay the foundation upon which Japan can take its place upon equal terms with other countries, enjoying the same rights as they do." Keiki was not a man who was noted for his reason and judgment, but the dawn of Japanese progress had certainly appeared; else he would not have received the letter in good faith or looked at it in the light he did. He courteously replied to the letter and offered to renounce the powers which his ancestors had usurped, if such action on his part was for the benefit of his country. "Although I occupy the office of my ancestors, the Government and the criminal law have been in many ways badly administered, and the present state of things is the result. It appears to me that amidst the daily increase of foreign relations, the laws cannot be maintained unless the Government is conducted by a single head; for this reason I am ready to give back the supreme power into the hands of the imperial court." The Emperor who was eagerly looking forward to an opportunity when he could, without giving offence to anybody or provoking party strife, claim the supreme authority in the state which belonged to him alone as the sovereign of the empire, accepted the resignation of the Shogun with customary ceremonies, and forthwith took steps to bring to the notice of all the foreign princes that hereafter the administration of Japan would be conducted in his name, that he himself would exercise the sovereign power. The letter which he wrote to all the foreign princes on this occasion was signed by himself and is known in Japanese history to be the first document upon which the Mikado has put his sign manual for centuries. Mutsuhito was not nervous of publicity and still less would he fight shy if he were to come out before the public upon great occasions of state. He was indeed longing to come out of his seclusion, to which step he had been urged soon after his accession to the throne by a faithful counsellor of his. "Since the middle ages our Emperor has lived behind a screen, and never set foot upon the ground. Nothing that has happened outside has ever reached his sacred ears; the imperial residence has been completely shut off, and naturally unlike the outside world. No one except a few court nobles might approach the throne—a practice quite opposed to divine principles. Henceforth, however, let this pompous etiquette be forgotten, and simplicity be our first endeavour." So wrote O-Kuho in 1868, and the Mikado fell in with the idea in all sincerity and with the zeal and

enthusiasm peculiar to Japanese character. He made up his mind to abolish all inconvenient old customs and in their place to adopt new ones, such as would meet with the approval of his own people. By an imperial decree the seat of the Government was removed to Yedo with a new name, "Tokio." The Mikado was then only a youth of 18, and ever since then his capital has been Tokio, one of the most flourishing cities in the world, and one that bids fair to be the centre of commercial and intellectual activity in Asia.

In a moment of virtuous weakness the Shogun had retired from his position in the state and laid down the authority which he had exercised for seven centuries in continuity at the feet of the Imperial throne. Love of power, however, is one of the many glaring frailties of human nature. Keiki, though a timid and irresolute man, once more grew ambitious of winning back his authority, and, with that view, raised a considerable army principally from amongst those who were opposed to the introduction of foreign ideas and foreign institutions into the state and to the changes that had recently been effected by Mutsuhito. A civil war followed and the Shogun's band was utterly routed after a desperate fight of three days. With the fall of the Shogun the Mikado made himself the undisputed sovereign of the island empire, and the followers of the Shogun retired into the country to settle down as loyal and faithful subjects, no more to question the supremacy of the Emperor.

History cannot pair the example of noble self-sacrifice which the Daimios exhibited when they voluntarily came forward to deliver to the Emperor the lands of which they had been the possessors ever since the year 1185, A. D., the year in which the empire was divided between the chief followers of Minamoto. Human nature loves power and not to renounce it. We leave the psychology of this fact—the voluntary renunciation of power—to the philosopher. The Daimios surrendered all their rights and revenues in harmony with the predominant belief that a strong, powerful and solid empire could never be founded upon the unsound basis of a multiplicity of states, all independent of one another. They issued instructions to their retainers that henceforward all allegiance would be due *only* to the Mikado. The absorption of the clans in the nation was a work of slow growth, but in 1871 the Emperor abolished the feudal system which had lasted for nearly seven centuries by an Imperial decree. We are not aware of another instance in history where the feudal system was abolished without terrible bloodshed and by an Imperial decree. When the new Prime Minister read it in

the civic hall at Tokio, Princes, Nobles and Commons of Japan bowed their heads to do honour to the Emperor. The decree was received in every quarter with gratitude and hope that the empire was now on the fair way "to take its place side by side with the other countries of the world."

(To be continued.)

AKSHAYA K. GHOSE.

AT THE TWO ENDS OF THE EARTH.

I REMEMBER, as if it were yesterday, the particular evening which was the opening scene of the incident I am about to relate. I can almost feel again the languor of that hot still night in the mess-house of a native infantry regiment serving its term of banishment in Burmah. The steamy state of the atmosphere clung to one, and was not conducive to good temper, suave manners, or equanimity of temperament. As we settled in our respective places, I gathered instinctively from the varied expressions of the countenances assembled, that we were in for the usual complement of electric storms, which periodically disturbed the serenity of our social meetings.

Ripley, the adjutant and mess-secretary, glanced apprehensively round, fearful that at the very commencement of the festive meal, some item should rouse the ire of his *bête noir*, Bodman, the second in command, an epicure of the first water, who lived through the whole dreary length of a tropical day in anticipation of the gastronomical delights of the evening, and whose frown made every servant in the mess tremble in his shoes—or rather out of them.

Ripley himself was one of the most abstemious and frugal men living ; and at the present moment looked anything but fit to cope with acrimonious criticism, having only just recovered from a bout of country fever. Equable and serenely philosophical with regard to the varied phases of life as they came in the day's work, he always displayed great perception in dealing with the individual idiosyncrasies with which he was brought in contact, more especially with those that appeared to be nightly exhibited by the simple perusal of the menu card. Some men make gods of their stomachs and they are not pleasant to deal with. There was, moreover, nothing auspicious in Bodman's countenance that evening to allay Ripley's forebodings. His small black eyes gleamed with malignity, as if longing for some point to attack, and before all were well seated his sharp garrulous accents broke through the confused hum of voices.

"I say, Ripley, has that sherry arrived yet in place of the filth we condemned at the last mess committee meeting?"

Ripley mildly remarked that sufficient time had not yet elapsed for the exchange to be consummated.

"Not time! Not time!" growled Bodman, "then there ought to be time, that's all I can say. And in the meanwhile, we are to be poisoned with any refuse you may please to give us! Disgraceful mismanagement I call it!"

"Come, Colonel," I intervened, "don't give yourself away like that. The brand we're now drinking is the one you yourself sampled in Rangoon, and sent up to us."

"It's been my conviction for some time," returned Bodman with due solemnity, "that we have been grossly swindled about that sherry. I firmly believe that rascal sent us some inferior stuff."

As it was my last night at mess before starting for a year's furlough to England, my departure early next morning by steamer down the river became the topic of conversation and diverted attention from Bodman's lugubrious reflections on human nature in general, and Anglo-Indian firms in particular.

"I've a little parcel I want you to take charge of if you will," said Ripley in a low tone. "If you would come round to my bungalow after mess, I'll give it to you."

I expressed pleasure at being able to do this small service, for Ripley was my regimental chum—a quiet gentlemanly man, more of a student than a soldier, and always engrossed in examinations or theoretical tactics. I knew he was engaged to a pretty girl at home, and surmised that the parcel contained some gift to his lady-love.

A sauce-bowl was just then handed to Bodman. He screwed his eye-glass as usual into the socket and regarded the contents for a moment with an ominous silence, then let the glass fall, and leant back in his chair, transfixing the attendant with his eyes:

"What do you call this?"

"Sarce, Sahib," nervously replied the "boy."

• "What?"

"Sarce, Sahib, fish sarce, Master please."

"Sauce do you say? This fish sauce? Mess-waiter, here."

Trembling, that functionary appeared behind the autocrat's chair.

"Here, Sahib!"

"Do you call this filth sauce? Take it away! Ripley, fine the cook five rupees. The beast! Call that sauce, phew! confound it,

this is a pleasant beginning to the only meal of the day. I call it disgraceful !” And leaning back in his chair he glared at the unfortunate adjutant.

“Ripley, you must dismiss that cook. I’ll not run the risk of starvation. Get into a low state in this beastly country and where are you, I should like to know ? A touch of fever and out you go ! Keep up the system with good feeding and you are tolerably safe, but here one is positively starved, starved, I repeat, through utter mismanagement and gross neglect !”

“We are in a state of probation here below, as the padre says, and in this place in particular ; but the natural law of the survival of the fittest is amply proved by Bodman’s increasing bulk during a period of short commons,” remarked our wing officer, Sefton, with a sly glance at the Colonel’s ample proportions.

“I beg to differ with you in toto,” returned that worthy with some asperity ; “I’ve lost 6 lbs.—6 lbs. in weight during the last six months. Had myself weighed only yesterday, and turned the scale, sir, at 6 lbs. less than I have stood in my stockings for years. It’s slow starvation here, a most suicidal proceeding ; and mark my words, we shall all suffer from eating these execrable messes. You’d better call a committee meeting to-morrow, Ripley, and I for one condemn this sherry, and shall vote for the dismissal of the cook, the greatest blackguard unhung.”

“All right,” returned Ripley resignedly, “but you know Craddock of the 17th said he had never seen a dinner better served than the one he had here last week.”

“Craddock ! Great Scott ! do you think his opinion worth a straw ? Why I know that fellow doesn’t know one brand from another or a potato from a turnip. I have seen him positively myself mix his liquors with an ignorance bordering upon imbecility. As far as a matter of taste goes, I wouldn’t be seen dead in the same ditch with him. And as to yourself, Ripley, I’ve always told you, you don’t know good liquor from bad when you see it. It’s utterly thrown away upon you, particularly since you’ve developed this craze for the watercure.”

For Ripley had been for some months a strict teetotaler.

And thus the dinner dragged its weary length along the dreary routine of courses. Our commandant, being a married man, dined in the bosom of his family except on guest nights ; thus Bodman ruled supreme, and made matters generally uncomfortable all round, except with one or two young cubs, who, delighting in drawing him out, under

a pretence of agreement with his diatribes, earned the cheap and dubious encomium of being "discerning young dogs with some taste."

"Come and smoke in my verandah," whispered Ripley, when at last we shoved back our chairs, and were proceeding to disperse, some to billiards, the others to poker and smoke.

"Right you are ! I'll just say good-bye to the fellows I shan't meet again."

I found, however, that with the exception of the orderly officer, all intended to be down at the landing stage on the morrow to speed my departure with their friendly valedictions.

At last I found myself free to step out into the open with Ripley and wend our way to his bungalow, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from the mess-house.

It was a lovely tropical night. The moon, almost at the full, sailing in serene splendour across the deep blue vault of the sky, radiant with stars, while the soft sweet-scented air blowing over the river from the neighbouring hills, seemed almost cool in comparison with the hot breeze of the torrid sultry day. In front, beyond the parade ground, gleamed the broad silver expanse of the mighty river, our only means of communication with the outer world. Slowly, resistlessly, its swollen flood flowed ever on towards the sea, while from its shores rose tier above tier, range above range, impenetrable forests clothing the encircling hills from base to summit with a dense and rank vegetation.

Seated in Ripley's verandah, and gazing out upon the scene, as I slowly puffed at my cigar, I could not but feel an ever-recurring wonder at the vastness of Nature's prodigality ; the powers and forces, the substances and agencies in which man played so insignificant a part, and in which he himself seemed but the veriest atom. What wealth of every natural product was stored here, yet no step of human being had penetrated those jungles, no human brain had put to practical use one fraction of those inexhaustible gifts of the great Mother Earth. The river took a bend towards Ripley's compound and lay a white sheet of shimmering light in front of us, just where the moon's rays fell upon its rolling tide ; elsewhere, it flowed in haze and shadow, its presence only dimly felt, while the dense mass of foliage, rising dimly from its banks, and baffling the eye by its black inscrutability, overwhelmed one with its solemn impalpable mystery. And above all was the sky, the midnight sky of the tropics, that more than anything else compensates a man for exile in a far country, and drawing him out of himself, by virtue of its own serene

impassiveness, makes him feel in awed touch with the vastness and sublimity of the universe.

Perhaps it was subtle regret that this was my last night among these scenes ; perhaps it was the feeling that comes more or less to all when a wrench is being made with the old life, and a fresh step taken into the unknown ; perhaps it was Ripley's intuitive sympathy with my mood, that made us, two chums, sit for some time silently puffing at our cigars, and content with simply looking out into the night, each engrossed with his own thoughts ; only the varied sounds of nocturnal creatures now and again breaking the stillness as we gazed "above the hills, beyond the stars, into the great silence."

Ripley lay with his clear clean-cut face upturned to the moonlight, which gave an appearance of delicacy and etherealism to his slightly ascetic features, while his large dark eyes gleamed like two molten caverns of light. He was an eminently handsome man, more of a scholar, as I remarked before, than a soldier, studious, well-read, and given to theory rather than to practice in military matters, yet withal an efficient officer. His habitual reserve seldom broke down, but on occasions no one could prove himself a more interesting and charming companion. He made few friends, and those few held his friendship in high appreciation, as they knew his sterling worth and had felt his electric influence for good. He was a man of warm sympathies and delicate intuitions.

By-and-by his voice broke the eloquence of the silence ; "If you are anywhere near Malvern, old man, I'd rather you would present this little parcel yourself if it wouldn't bother you. It's for her, as you may guess ; and I know she and her father, old Forrest, would be delighted to see you ; but it isn't that. I want you to see her, and let me have a line how she's looking. I want you to know her too."

I expressed at once my acquiescence to his request. I would make a point of wending my steps to Malvern as soon as I conveniently could after my arrival in England. As a matter of fact, an old aunt of mine lived at Malvern Wells, and a visit was due to her some time or other during my year's leave. I might as well make it early as late.

"It's just this," continued Ripley, "I must put in another year's service before I have furlough again, and this makes our engagement longer than we at first anticipated, During her mother's lifetime it was impossible for Eva to leave her, as she was a confirmed invalid, and Eva was chief nurse and factotum, but now she's free, and could be married to-morrow if I could get home."

"Why not have her out here, and marry at Rangoon? She could come out with some one."

"Her father would never countenance such an arrangement. He's an old strait-laced parson of an ancient type. The best of fellows living, but extremely conservative in customs as well as in politics. Besides, I promised the mother upon what was virtually her death-bed that I would come home for Eva, and I must keep that promise."

"I'll tell you what, old man," I returned, "if you don't get rid of these recurring attacks of fever you'll have to chuck furlough, and come home sharp on sick leave."

"Impossible," answered Ripley with emphasis. "Ruin my prospects entirely. I shall get my wing in six months, and must put in six months' service before taking leave. Whatever happens I must stick on. I shall be all right; if the worst comes to the worst, I shall take a run down to Rangoon, and put myself under treatment there."

At the same time he gave a weary sigh, and passed his hand across his forehead. I thought his face looked thinner and more pallid than ever.

"It's the climate, Tait; I can't stand the heavy feeling of stagnation that lies like a pall upon everything; the continual drip, drip, of the everlasting rain; the clinging sensuous atmosphere, redolent with tropical perfumes, the fatal inertia that seems to clog every effort, and paralyse one's best thought. I feel to-night that I would give a year of my life to have the clear cold air of dear old England blowing in my face."

"Oh! come, old fellow! You're getting rather hipped. I only wish you were coming home with me, and could cut the whole show."

"That can't be; but I want you to see her and explain how it is I can't leave at present. I don't think she understands the rules. Whatever happens I must wait for my wing. It's hard upon us both, now that she's free. Here she is!" He stopped abruptly, and taking a locket from his vest, opened it to place in my hand.

It contained a miniature likeness of a most beautiful girl, fair as a lily, and with a remarkable air of spirituality in her countenance.

"If ever there was an angel upon earth there she is," said Ripley with conviction. Being accustomed to rhapsodies of lovers, I did not argue the point. I only remarked that report was in this case verified by fact. I had always heard that his fiancée was out of the common in the way of looks.

"But that's not the charm; it's her beautiful mind; that is where the real attraction lies. Her pure soul looking at you through her eyes, the very essence of truth and holiness and inward peace. I always say

women are nearer heaven than we are, even the best of us, and she always appears to me to be in touch with the unseen. God knows that I am not worthy of her, nor ever shall be."

He took the locket as I returned it, kissed the face reverently, and, still holding the trinket in his hand, got up: "I'll just bring the packet I want you to take charge of," and with these words disappeared into the inner room.

I lay back in my chair listening dreamily to his retreating footsteps. A night-hawk flying past gave its weird discordant call, while in a neighbouring swamp a bull-frog's sepulchral monotone sounded louder than usual. I gave a slight shiver, why I don't know, as the night was certainly not cold.

At the moment Ripley's voice called from within: "I say, Tait, just look at this, will you, by the light of the lamp?"

I got up lazily and sauntered into the room to the table where Ripley held in his hands a necklace of exquisite workmanship, wrought in silver, and inlaid with turquoise, and bracelet and earrings to match completed the set.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said he, with simple pride, as he held them up gleaming in the light and scintillating with every movement. "I had the stones set in silver, for Eva likes it best. Gold always seems to me so garish. What do you say?"

"That they are A 1," I responded heartily. "These beggars do this kind of thing to perfection, cut out all European jewelry in my opinion as far as design and skill go."

"You take them and give them yourself, mind, with my dear love. I want to know just what she says, and how she looks when she sees them. You must write and let me know. It will be next best to giving them myself."

"Right you are, old chap! I feel proud of being the bearer of such a commission, I can tell you."

"I'll do the package up again on the verandah, the moon's bright enough to see anything, and it's cooler there than here," said Ripley, gathering his treasures together in one hand, and taking up from the table a little box filled with cotton wool in the other.

We had been standing with our backs to the entrance into the verandah; we both turned simultaneously to return, when my eyes fell upon the moonlit space outside, in which stood our chairs so lately vacated. In one, Ripley's, sat a figure—the figure of a woman. She was in some

light diaphanous garment, her face was in profile, and looking towards the river. I clutched hold of my companion's arm.

"Look!" I gasped, "there's a lady in the verandah."

But Ripley had already seen.

"Eva!" he cried, and his face lighted up with a beatitude of ecstasy, while he strode towards the door, and as the strange visitant turned her head towards us, as if waiting our approach, I saw the face of the girl in the locket, Ripley's fiancée! As he came near, the figure rose and took a step forward to meet him, an ineffable smile of love and delight irradiating the beautiful countenance, while both her hands were stretched forth with a pretty girlish gesture, as if to take the jewels he held in his right hand.

And then, as he approached a step closer, he met a blank, not even the semblance of a shadow.

The figure had vanished.

Ripley turned round quietly, as I came up to him, and, as if in answer to the evident terror of interrogation depicted in my face, said assuringly: It's all right, old fellow! She has often come like that to see me. But we cannot speak together yet; that will be a more advanced stage. She can only materialise her astral body for a few moments. The great power of command over the grosser physics will develop more and more, until she will be able to come and go as she likes."

I must confess that I thought my worthy chum had suddenly gone off his head, and that I was listening to the initial ravings of a lunatic, when I providentially remembered, before resorting to extreme measures, that for years there had been rumours of Ripley's occult studies, his devotion to the Raja Philosophy and the cult of the Yogi. This manifestation was then the outcome!

I pulled myself together, and steadied my nerves. If Ripley took ghostly nocturnal visitors with such apparent nonchalance, I was not going to be behindhand in treating the subject with studied indifference and utter sang-froid, as if to the matter born.

"Oh!" I said, as Ripley sat down in his chair and began methodically to pack up the silver ornaments, "that's an astral body, is it? Well! all I can say is, if the material body is half as beautiful, Miss Forrest is indeed a lovely girl. But how does she manage it? And do you pay visits to her in the old country in a like manner?"

"I haven't attained to that phase yet," answered Ripley gravely, "it will come, though, in time, if I am worthy. Eva had no difficulty from the first. Her mind is as pure and guileless as a child's. She is

susceptible to every good influence, and her spirit can control the grosser forms of matter without the great effort and mortification of the flesh coarser natures must undergo. The Vedanta says, 'All the wisdom of the Vedanta was first in the soul of a woman.' That is true. Women have these psychic powers already. We men have to attain to them, and at great cost to ourselves. It's a fight for us, long continued. To women it's merely the development of a latent force. They have not to battle with fleshly lusts; women are akin to children, and, as you know, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' "

"And does she remember in her normal state that she's been here?" I asked irrelevantly, for my thoughts were more with the realisation of theory than with the exposition of the theory itself.

"No, that's the strange part of it. She has come to me now four times; but of the three appearances previous to this she wrote and told me she had no recollection, except that of going off into a deep and dreamless sleep, and of awaking with a feeling of great weariness and exhaustion, as if she had walked for miles and miles. That is a peculiarity of the early stage; the feeling of unwonted exertion will wear off, and will be followed by a state of exhilaration and freedom quite inexpressible. I fancy this last manifestation was of a higher character than the previous ones. You noticed she was substantially life-like, and was even about to speak. Possibly, she herself will write and tell me she recollected being here as it were in a dream, and will perhaps describe the surroundings. Did you notice she would have taken the jewels if I could have been quicker in coming up to her? She held out her hands for them, my darling!"

We sat and talked far into the small hours of the night. At last, with my brain fairly whirling between astral bodies, super-consciousness, cosmic energy, thousand-petalled lotuses, nerve currents, supernatural powers, realisation of the self, Yogi, Mahatmas and what not, besides never having felt more puzzled in my life, I at length bade Ripley a last good-night, and with the precious packet for his lady-love safe in my hand, strode home to snatch a few hours' sleep before starting for my journey in the morning.

A month later I landed in England, but it was in the leafy month of June I fulfilled my promise to Ripley. Unforeseen circumstances had arisen to prevent my projected visit to my aunt at Malvern Wells, owing first to that lady's absence on the continent for three months in the spring, and then to the serious illness of my dear old mother, necessitating, on her partial recovery, sojourn in the south of England, during

which period of convalescence she would barely let me out of her sight.

I had serious thoughts of sending the silver ornaments to Miss Forrest, but I felt bound by my promise to deliver them personally, and therefore held them back until I was free to fulfil my word. In the meanwhile, I had received a letter from Ripley, saying: "Eva had, after all, no recollection of appearing to me on the memorable occasion when you were present, so you'd better not say anything to her on the subject. I am curious to know if the sight of the jewels will revive a memory. I have not said a word to her about them."

It was a lovely day in the middle of June that found me a welcome guest at my worthy relative's pretty home overlooking the great Worcestershire plain. I soon broached the subject of the Forrests' vicinity.

"The Forrests! Why, of course I know them! She's a lovely girl, and as good as she's pretty, which is saying a good deal. And he's a dear old man. I liked, too, the young fellow, your brother officer, I believe, to whom Eva's engaged," replied my aunt; and on ascertaining the object for which I desired an interview with the daughter of the house, she at once wrote off to that young lady, asking at what hour it would be convenient for us to call. My aunt dearly loved anything approaching to a romance, for though single herself, she took a disinterested delight in doubling other people.

A charming little note arrived from the Vicarage the next morning asking us to dispense with ceremony and come to an informal dinner on the evening of the following day.

"Ah! that will do nicely," remarked my aunt; "the old vicar likes to have a chat, and a friendly gathering without any fuss, and he himself has been out nowhere since his wife's death last autumn. He is a capital host and Eva is a perfect hostess."

The slowly setting sun of the following day saw my relative and myself as charioteer in her little pony-carriage, wending our way through shady lanes, redolent with the scent of wild roses and mountain thyme, to the western slopes of the Malvern Hills, where nestling on one of the wooded spurs of their outlying flanks, was situated the point of our destination.

The pure fresh air, with the golden sunlit splendour of the scene, filled me with indescribable delight and satisfaction. I felt how good it was to live, and how exquisitely beautiful is this world of ours. At the same time I recognised life's little ironies, and

how hard and inscrutable were often the dealings of fate. Here was I, a careless, irresponsible beggar, by some mysterious turn of fickle fortune's wheel, usurping the place, to a certain degree, of a man at the other end of the world who would have given his heart's blood to be where I was, and to be bent on my errand, a bearer of his gift to the one he loved best on earth.

A four-mile drive brought us to the door of the vicarage, and as we were ushered into the long dimly-lighted drawing-room with its low ceiling and French windows opening out upon the lawn, the air fragrant with the flowers of June, I felt we had our lines cast in pleasant places, more particularly when a slender figure, robed in white muslin, "mystic, wonderful," came forward to greet us, and I recognised the dream-vision of my strange experience in the Far East. A bunch of pale pink roses at her breast gave the only touch of colour to the shimmering purity of her costume, and the exquisite fairness of her complexion. She welcomed us with a subtle high-bred charm of manner, and with her father, the old grey-haired vicar, I felt directly at perfect ease.

Dinner being immediately announced, we had not time for other than general conventionalities, but when, seated at my hostess's left hand at the well-appointed table, I remarked how delightful to me was a summer in England after a long sojourn in the tropics, Miss Forrest at once began on the subject that was evidently nearest her heart.

"Ah, yes," she returned, a slight rose-flush mounting to her cheeks, "you belong, Captain Tait, to the same regiment as Captain Ripley. I do so want to know what the station is like. Do you think it is very hot and unhealthy?"

I tried to paint matters in as fair colours as I could with a due regard to a dim consciousness of truth. The climate and place were not, in fact, so bad that they might not be worse.

"I'm afraid" she said, "that Robert—that Captain Ripley has not been at all well lately. He seems always to be having these attacks of fever. How did he look when you left?"

I replied with circumspection that he looked much as usual, for Ripley never gave the impression of being a robust man, and his pallor at the best of times was abnormal.

"I'm so looking forward to seeing all the wonders of the East. I want so much to study the people, and their ways, all their strange customs, their weird beliefs, their religion that is so old, and yet

so new; for you know, many of the tenets and doctrines of the ancient Vedas are exactly in accord with what modern science is tardily recognising as natural laws. The Western intellect seems to have been asleep for thousands of years, and it is only just awaking to the great truths discovered so long ago in that wonderful land of India."

And so we drifted into much the same talk as was the last I had had in Ripley's bungalow. I found Miss Forrest possessed a well-stored mind, a high intelligence, and a most spiritual view of some of the plainest facts in life. She enveloped them, so to speak, in an aerial mental perspective, distinctively her own, raising by a subtle touch of individual purity all that was vulgar, common or base.

When the conversation became general, there was the same high tone perceptible. The vicar, like his daughter, was well read, with all the scholarly finish of a man who might, if he had chosen, have made his mark in the literary world. A keen observer and a critic of discrimination, I gathered he possibly contributed to some of the leading reviews, and found afterwards I was not mistaken in my surmise.

Dessert finished, we strolled through the open window into the garden, for, as Miss Forrest explained, her father always smoked his solitary daily cigar after dinner, weather permitting, in the open air.

The evening was so warm and balmy that no objection could be raised by my aunt on the score of age for an infringement of the rule; in fact, she knew of it by experience, and like most country residents, she lived herself much in the open.

As we stepped out on the gravel path skirting the lawn, I was struck by the quiet beauty of the scene.

The summer moon was shining in all its splendour behind the house, the chain of the Malverns was clear cut against the dark blue of the sky, while in the west, far across the undulating plain beyond the black mountains of Wales, the glow of the sunset still lingered, the wondrous landscape melting away in every shade of violet and purple haze. Summer roses clambered up the house, festooned in wreaths from many a trellised arch, and every bush and tree seemed studded with bloom and heavy with fragrance.

We sat down in easy chairs placed on the gravel, facing a view that if, by the judicious clipping of branches, it had been perfected by art, the art was so cleverly concealed that nature appeared to have worked alone.

"I see to the cutting of every bough myself," said the vicar. "That vista is only produced by the most careful cutting and pruning, so that no tree loses its distinctive characteristics and the form of its natural growth."

We sat chatting on, sipped our coffee, and smoked. My cigar finished, Miss Forrest turned to me.

"If you are not tired, Captain Tait, before we go into the drawing-room for a little music, I will show you our Church; there is only one spot in the garden from which it can be seen."

I sprang up with alacrity. Now at last was my opportunity. I had been cogitating the whole evening how I could best present Ripley's gift to his lady-love. Obviously I could not undertake so delicate a task in the full gaze and presence of my aunt and the respected vicar. I hardly liked, upon so short an acquaintance, to ask for a few moment's quiet conversation, yet if no opportunity arose it appeared likely that I should leave without having carried out the main object of my visit. The jewels lay in a flat package in my coat pocket, and I followed my hostess, fully determined to relieve myself of them as soon as I conveniently could.

We walked across the lawn to a little copse, through which wound a moss-covered path; the moonbeams shining brightly ahead, cast the shadows of the trees, shimmering and tremulous, across the open space. The nightingales in a neighbouring wood were commencing their nightly concert: the white robe of my guide scintillated in and out of the lights and shadows; her silvery voice was wafted to me over her shoulder as she every now and then turned her head and laughingly warned me of a hidden tree-stump or a rocky boulder that, cropping up in the path, might have been detrimental to my dignity.

Suddenly, she stopped short at an old stone wall that seemed to bar all further progress.

"Here we are," she said. "Look down."

It was in truth a surprise. The path here had been widened out into a miniature terrace, skirted by the aforesaid wall, but it was not until one looked directly over it, that one realised it was built upon the edge of a steep ravine, sparsely wooded, and down whose rugged sides steps cut in the rocks led down into the churchyard, from which rose a picturesque, ivy-covered edifice of Gothic architecture. The well-preserved tower rose almost immediately below us, and the woods and hills seemed to enclose the light of the summer sky. Beyond, the landscape melted into mystery.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Just an exquisite dream-picture. I shall remember it all my life. Thank you, Miss Forrest, for bringing me to see it. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

"This is my surprise corner," she laughed, with all the careless gaiety of a child. "No one thinks that the level ground ends so abruptly in this precipice, if I may dignify it by such a name, but it's a pretty stiff climb up, I can tell you! And then look at the contrast between the black shade of the wood and the brilliant moonlight flooding this open terrace. Papa had this cleared for me, and see, there is a summer-house under that tree for rain or heat, and that old oak seat for any other time; but I like the wall best," and suiting the action to the word, she vaulted lightly on to the parapet and motioned to me to do the same.

Nothing loth, I did her bidding. For a moment or two there was silence between us, and then Eva's voice broke the stillness.

"You are not making a long stay, are you, Captain Tait? And perhaps this is my only chance of seeing you alone"—she paused hesitatingly, and again the rose-flush suffused her fair face. "You are Robert's—Captain Ripley's great friend, I know; he often mentions you in his letters, so you see," she continued with a charming ingenuousness, "you do not seem quite a stranger to me. I feel I have known you before in a way, so I think you will do something for me, will you not?"

Ah! who could resist those pleading blue eyes and the soft caressing tones of that musical voice?

Naturally I replied that I would do anything in my power for her.

She bowed her head gravely with a quaint old-fashioned courtesy as an acknowledgment of my complaisance.

"You will see Robert before I shall—before he can take his leave home. Will you tell him from me not to worry, not to be disheartened. Will you tell him that the Light comes at the last, that the Truth makes all things plain and brings peace. All the small things fall away, they disappear, they trouble one no more. He will know what I mean, but I want you to tell him, just from my lips. It will be better than writing. You will tell him that though I long and pray for his coming, I am content to wait. Tell him that there is very little—nor space, nor time—that separates him and me, only a thin veil that we can almost see through. He will understand and it will comfort him. You will remember, will you not?"

"I will not forget a word, Miss Forrest. But I have a message

for you. Ripley commissioned me to place in your hands something he wished, oh, so much, he could have given you himself."

I got up from the wall and stood before her as I drew the packet from my pocket. I opened it carefully, and uncovering the glittering necklace held it with the other ornaments in my hands towards her, as she too rose from her seat and came a step forward towards me.

She gazed at the jewels with expectant eyes, then with a startled air of surprise she drew slightly back.

"Oh!" she cried with a little gasp, "I—I don't know, it is so strange—but I feel as if I had seen them before—but it was Robert"—her face flushed and then paled, she stopped abruptly and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Yes! I know!" she continued in a quick low tone, "I know! he was going to give them to me when something—kept them back. What was it? I don't remember." And she looked at me with a pleading enquiry in her limpid eyes, innocent as a child.

"He could not give them then himself, Miss Forrest," I said gently, "but he asked me to give them to you with his dear love. Here they are." And I held the jewels out to her with the bright moonlight falling in all its summer brilliancy upon us both, as we stood opposite each other.

And then a strange thing happened.

Before my hand touched Eva's, another hand supervened and took the gems from me. A man's hand—virile, sinewy, capable. And with the hand a form grew, coming between the girl and myself, the palpable living form of my friend Ripley.

"Robert!" cried Eva, and with the same smile of ineffable love and gladness transfiguring her face that I had seen there once before in far-off Burmah, she stretched both her arms to receive her lover's gift, and he placed it in her keeping.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

But Ripley himself lay dead in the fever hospital at Rangoon.

FRANCES SWINEY

BOOKS TO READ.

A GROUP OF HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS.

"Early History of India," by Vincent A. Smith, M.A., M.R.A.S., F.R.N.S., Clarendon Press, Oxford. 14s. net; "Constantine the Great," by John B. Firth. Putnams, New York and London. 5s. net; "St. Louis," by Frederick Perry, Putnams. 5s. net; "The Coming of Parliament," by L. Cecil Jane, Fisher Unwin, London. 5s. net; "Thomas Cranmer," by Albert Frederick Pollard, Putnams. 5s. net.

THE truly remarkable progress made during the last half century by experts working simultaneously in many different directions has resulted in a flood of light being thrown upon the early history of India, so long supposed to be involved in hopeless obscurity. The way has, indeed, at last been paved for the piecing together of a consecutive narrative of the events preceding the Muhammadan conquest, and, most fortunately for the student, the task of evolving that narrative has been successfully achieved by Mr. Vincent A. Smith, the well-known historical expert, who has perhaps as close a grip of his complex subject as any other living European writer. He brings to bear on its many problems a highly trained intellect and a mind thoroughly in touch with the spirit of the Orient. He is no mere accumulator of facts, but a true sifter of their value; he knows instinctively, as it were, how to separate the true from the false, the certain from the uncertain, and with the critical faculty he combines the sympathetic imagination that enables him to realise the personalities of the makers of history. Alexander the Great, Chandragupta, Bindusara, and above all Asoka Maurya, the humanitarian emperor who anticipated the teaching of Christianity two centuries before the birth of Christ, live again in his eloquent pages, which appeal almost as forcibly to the lover of good literature as to the student of history.

After giving a very careful and detailed summary of the sources, old and new, of Indian History, Mr. Smith proceeds to deal exhaustively with the dynasties that preceded the time of Alexander, drawing the line between the dated and the undated, or the historic and

prehistoric eras through the middle of the 7th century, which he characterises as a period of progress marked by the development of maritime commerce and the diffusion of a knowledge of the art of writing, adding that up to that time "the inhabitants of India, even the most intellectual races, seem to have been generally ignorant of the latter, and to have been obliged to trust to highly trained memory for the transmission of knowledge." A very carefully drawn up chronology of the Saisunāga and Nanda dynasties forms an Appendix to a deeply interesting review of the years between B. C. 600 and 326, succeeded in its turn by an account of Alexander's Indian campaign with maps of his battlefields, a plan showing the position of the conquered tribes and a table of the chronology of the expedition. The interest of the book, the value of which it is impossible to over-estimate, may, perhaps, be said to culminate in the account of the rise and fall of the Maurya dynasty, the remarkable reforms brought about by Asoka—who assumed the beautiful name of Priyadarsin or Piyadasi, the Humane—being dwelt upon at considerable length, but the later chapters, dealing with rulers who succeeded him are also full of new and valuable information skilfully dovetailed into already well established history. The annals of the Mediæval Kingdoms of the North and of the Great Southern States are brought into line with those of the dominant powers to which the book is chiefly devoted. The decline of India from the proud position of splendid isolation which Alexander himself failed to jeopardise, to that of a country open on every side to outside influence, is well brought out, and the fascinating record that incidentally elucidates certain vexed literary and æsthetic questions ends just before the beginning of the invasion which was to have such far-reaching results not only for India but for the whole civilised world.

To deal with the chequered career of the first Christian Emperor, in whose life-story fact and fiction have long been inextricably woven, without stirring up anew the old heated controversies connected with his name, was indeed a difficult task, but that it has been successfully performed by Mr. Firth no one who reads his new work will deny. He has contented himself with recording facts as they presented themselves to him, and, to quote but one case in point, whilst carefully expounding the causes of the various quarrels that culminated in the Arian schism, he has, he explains, made no attempt to act as judge between the disputants. He begins his work with an eloquent description of the Empire under Diocletian and the fierce persecution of the Christians that took place in his reign, passes lightly over the legends concerning the birth and

early years of Constantine, who was, he considers, undoubtedly born in wedlock, tells anew the tragic tale of the fate of his colleagues, Maxentius and Maximian, and describes him as he was when at last he became sole Emperor through the great victory at the Milvian Bridge in 312. As is well known, it was on the eve of that decisive event that the remarkable incident occurred which is supposed to have been the initial step in the conversion of Constantine and to have brought about a complete change in his attitude towards the Christians, to whom, a year later, he granted, in the Edict of Milan, the civil rights so long denied to them. With characteristic reserve Mr. Firth refrains from any attempt to explain the vision of the Flaming Cross or to question the long accepted theory of the origin of the famous standard given to the army by the Emperor in 323. He merely suggests the significant question—When did Eusebius write the *Life of Constantine* from which the original description is taken?—and points out how easily the story may have been transformed in the course of the twenty-five years that elapsed before it was set down in black and white.

Perhaps one of the ablest chapters in a most scholarly work—which is a very valuable addition to the series of the “*Heroes of the Nations*” to which it belongs—is that in which the character of Constantine is discussed, and the arguments for and against the reality of his conversion are stated. Mr. Firth holds that he was, in spite even of the atrocious crimes with which he sullied his fair fame, a sincere and convinced Christian. He claims for him that he helped forward with true statesmanlike caution the conversion of the Empire, and proves that that conversion was an unspeakable boon to mankind.

It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than that presented by the personalities of the warlike statesman Constantine, who consolidated and ruled wisely over a vast empire, and the gentle ascetic St. Louis of France, who has been made the subject of a delightful study by Mr. Perry in a new volume of the “*Heroes of the Nations*” series. Louis IX. was a true hero of the Christian faith, worthy to rank with his great contemporaries Saints Antony of Padua and Bonaventura. His generous unselfishness and eager chivalry won him, from the first, the love of his subjects, although it cannot be denied that occasionally his mistaken idea of duty led him astray, his frequent absences in the Holy Land when his country needed a strong hand at the helm having weakened his influence. For all that Mr. Perry, in his fascinating monograph belonging to the same series as the *Constantine the Great*, makes good his claim that the Saintly

King, by force of his personal virtues, raised the reputation and power of his realm and crown higher than any of his ancestors and infused into both a lasting strength and vigour more valuable than any material gain. Other kings of France, he adds, "have made greater additions to their territories," but Louis was content to complete and consolidate previous acquisitions, and what was far more important—and here he touches the very root of the matter—during his reign a *national feeling* began to spring up. In other words, the seed of true patriotism was sown, which was later to bear fruit a thousandfold. "The chief and permanent gift of St. Louis to France" was, says Mr. Perry, "that he moralised the monarchy and gave to it that spiritual life without which any institution is incapable of growth or reparation"—a sentence that should be laid to heart by all who are called upon to govern. So long as that spiritual life was rightly nourished, no attacks from without could undermine the strength of the French monarchy or lessen its hold on the affections of the people, and it was not until its vigour was sapped by internal disease that the disintegration set in which was to lead to final destruction long centuries after the untimely death of the gifted young monarch whose name is still held sacred even by the most devoted adherents of the Republic.

As is pointed out by Mr. Pollard in the preface to his able study of the life of the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, the chief difficulty of the historian is the reconstruction of the atmosphere in which lived the characters with whom he has to deal. For this he says there are no materials, for the people who live it need no explanation of it and it is therefore not recorded in documents. He does not add that what is needed is sympathetic imagination, but imagination disciplined by the study and observation of the modern phenomena in which history repeats itself—a gift he himself possesses in an eminent degree. He seems, indeed, to be able by breathing lightly upon the masses of dry material at his disposal, to evolve from them actual emanations from the past out of which emerge the shadowy but life-like forms of Thomas Cranmer and the contemporaries who aided in moulding his character and influencing his career. All through the long and chequered life-story of the vacillating reformer, who, faithless to many, was true to the end to his king, the sympathies of the reader are kept in touch with every passing mood, the interest growing in intensity as the final scenes are approached when Cranmer was put to the supreme and final test in the hour of death. Whatever may be the difference of opinion on minor points, none will

deny a tribute of admiration to the heroism with which the Archbishop met his terrible fate or fail to endorse Mr. Pollard's claim that the fact of his work still enduring is evidence of the fidelity with which he reflected the deepest feelings of the English people. Unless, he remarks, "he had struck real chords in English hearts, his prayer-book would not be in the mouths of millions to-day."

It was a happy thought on the part of the publisher to include in the *Story of the Nations* series Mr. Cecil Jane's "*Coming of Parliament*" embracing as it does a period so vital to the life of the English people as that between 1350 and 1660, during which took place the gradual evolution of the new out of the old, and the supremacy of Parliament was at last, after many a struggle, finally established. "A brief comparison," says Mr. Jane, "of the kingdom of Edward III. with that of Charles II. is sufficient to indicate the progress which was accomplished in those three hundred years. The first-named sovereign ruled a semi-continental state, owning many lands on both sides of the channel; the Government of England was still largely feudal: and the power of the monarch was still very great... In 1660 all this had been changed. The English possessions had been finally lost. Feudalism had passed away and the wealth of the country no longer lay in agriculture but in manufactures." Of the many results of the altered condition of things the most important were, in the opinion of Mr. Jane, the growth of liberty and that of insularity, two movements closely connected with each other, the outcome of which has been the promotion of the distinctive English character that has had so great an effect upon the destinies of the Empire.

THREE INTERESTING BOOKS ON ART SUBJECTS.

"Giotto," by Basil de Selincourt, Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net; "Velasquez," by Auguste Breal, Duckworth. 2s. net; "Modern French Masters," by Marie van Vorst, Paris, Brentanos, 6s. net.

In his delightful and copiously illustrated study of Giotto, Mr. de Selincourt shews a very just appreciation of the character of the master who, in spite of his undoubted genius, so instinctively and consistently shrank from publicity that it is almost impossible to piece together a consecutive story of his life or to determine the sequence of his work. Giotto's most marked characteristic is, says his new critic, "that piercing directness of mind which neither swerves nor flinches till it is in touch with the truth at its heart—a quality," he adds, "before which no sham or affectation, whether in himself or others, could maintain itself for an instant unde-

ted." The simple directness of purpose combined with rare singleness of vision is the dominating factor in the work of Giotto, for whom it has been justly claimed that he was the first Italian painter to free himself entirely from Byzantine traditions, and the founder of the true ideal style of Christian art. "He was," says Mr. Selincourt, "governed by a totally different conception of art and human life than his contemporaries of Siena . . . a true son of Florence, he was worthy in the power and scope of his genius to be the fellow citizen, as he was the friend, of Dante, with whom indeed he undoubtedly had much in common."

Although, unfortunately, the reduction of the reproductions in Mr. Breal's "Velasquez" detracts greatly from their value, the unpretending little volume will be gladly welcomed by those who are unable to indulge in the more ambitious monographs on the great Spaniard. The author is very thoroughly familiar with the pictures he describes, and in his brief Preface with its undercurrent of humour, he shows how well he understands what should be the true attitude of the critic. He declares that painters paint because they want to do so, and he is persuaded that "no really great artists—Velasquez perhaps less than any other—have ever desired to prove or to refute anything by their work." No distinctive, analytical or constructive criticism need, therefore, be expected here, but a simple, yet for all that a judicious review of results woven into a record of the life during which those results were achieved. Velasquez, says Mr. Breal, is perhaps of all artists the one who has the most marked individuality. Placed in the midst of a society more formal, rigid and artificial than any that has ever existed, this placid Spaniard felt the secret of the living beauty of nature. "He was a wonderful eye, open in a country of light," and he might well have added that his wonderful eye could reproduce what it saw in a manner never surpassed.

It cannot, of course, be claimed for the authoress of the collection of Essays reprinted from the *Pull Mall Magazine* under the ambitious title of "Modern French Masters," that she has added any new criticism to the mass already in circulation, but for all that, she has given a series of life-like descriptions of the work of five representative men of totally different types. Moreover, she has achieved the difficult task of dealing with still living personalities with a tact which is unfortunately too often wanting. Her account of Steinlen, who is not yet as widely known outside of France as he deserves to be, is especially interesting, and she shows a very real appreciation of the peculiar excellencies of Cazin and of Puvis de Chavannes, the final verdict on whose work has perhaps not yet been pronounced.

SOME TYPICAL WORKS OF FICTION.

"The Apprentice," by Maud Stepney Rawson, Hutchinson, 6s. net ;
 "Tales of Rye Town," by Maud Stepney Rawson, Constable, 6s. net ;
 "Crittenden," by John Fox, Constable, 6s. net ; "A Rough Reformer," by Ernest Glanville, Constable, 6s. net ; "The Hill," by Horace C. Vachell, Murray, 6s. net.

Amongst the writers of fiction who have of late years come to the fore, Mrs. Stepney Rawson takes high rank on account of her vivid imagination, virile force of style and truth of local colouring. She wisely builds up to begin the environment in which her characters are to move, so that they appear in their natural setting from the first, and the reader is not harassed by constant explanations breaking the continuity of the narrative. Moreover, the actors in her dramas are individual personalities whose idiosyncracies reveal themselves incidentally. They are consistent even in apparent inconsistency, and no time is wasted in descriptions either of their personal or mental peculiarities. In the "Apprentice" published last year, Mrs. Rawson touched a very high point of excellence, surpassing the earlier "Lady of the Regency," which first established her reputation as a novelist, and in her last work, the "Tales of Rye Town," she has proved that in addition to the power of working out a complicated plot, she has the rare gift of writing effective short stories, for each one of her Tales is an impressionist picture realising forcibly the very essence of its theme. "My Lady Clemency at Rye," and "The Weaving of Gysele Espinette" are especially interesting with their revelations of the sufferings of the Huguenot emigrants. The "Table Plot" is a drama in miniature that would readily lend itself to adoption for the stage. "Easter Joy" and "Spring Calls to Lawyer Thursby," are full of pathos, and "Dionysia goes to Market" teems with humour.

For some unexplained reason, her own associations being with scenery of a very different character, the desolate salt marshes of Sussex exercise a peculiar fascination over Mrs. Rawson, and she appears to be as thoroughly in touch with the sister towns of Winchelsea and Rye as the heroes and heroines of her romances who lived within their walls. "The world to-day," she says, "may forget the greatness of these two golden gates of the Realm," but it has evidently been to her a labour of love to recall them as they were in the days of their supremacy and of their decline, to enter fully into their joys and sorrows and to bring the present once more into intimate communion with the past. In the "Apprentice," a true masterpiece of imagination, the tragic story of the love of the half-brothers for the fair daughter of the shipmaster

of Rye is most skilfully woven into that of the struggle between the two parties in the town, one eager to restore her to her old position as an important port, the other to make her the centre of a reclaimed agricultural district. Each incident, however apparently trivial, aids in the working out of the denouement, the fate of Foye Malines being throughout bound up with that of her birthplace, and not the least of the many charms of the book is the happy way in which the writer has avoided an anti-climax, the final healing of the wounds inflicted on Rye and on the heroine being left to the imagination of the reader.

In "Crittenden" Mr. Fox gives a very vivid picture of the brief but glorious Cuban campaign, bringing out forcibly an aspect of it not generally taken into sufficient account, namely, its effect in welding into one the patriotism of the North and South, the healing of old wounds and the revival of the ancient American feeling of brotherhood in blood. The war was indeed the beginning of a new era for the United States, in which the sons of men who had fought against each other went forth shoulder to shoulder to prove their loyalty to a common cause, that of winning freedom for a down-trodden people. The hero of the tale is a man such as Mr. Fox loves to portray, who is ready to do and dare all for the sake of a high ideal of duty, but who is so radically unselfish, so dexterous in self-effacement, that the reward due to him is generally given to another. He belongs to the famous Kentucky Legion, which had been split in two in the Civil War and was one of the first bodies of volunteers to come forward at the new crisis. He resigns a much coveted commission to a younger brother, goes through many terrible experiences as a common soldier, but in the end poetic justice is done and he marries the love of his youth. The interest of the romance is, however, throughout the book, secondary to that of its historic setting, and probably this is the reason why it lacks the enthralling charm of its predecessors, the "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "Christmas Eve on Lonesome."

"A Rough Reformer" is a novel with a purpose, but for all that it may justly be called a work of art, so well evolved is the plot and so clearly do the characters reveal themselves. Westmacott Vane, the financier who carries all before him with brutal directness, yet has in his rough nature a touch of poetry, cannot be called a lovable man, and the sympathies of the reader are alienated at the very outset by his want of tact in dealing with his simple-hearted old parents, who feel for him much as would a pair of tits who had hatched a cuckoo in their nest. Yet as

the tale goes on, angry contempt for the hero is changed into admiration for the skilful pilot who knows so well how to steer his bark amongst the shoals and breakers of a corrupt society, and combines with his purely selfish scheming a real desire to do good to his fellow-creatures. The love of the successful man of business for his old chum Pete, the delicate intuition shown in his details with the crippled boy Tom, and the final winning of her son's heart by the old mother who has bided her time so long, charm away the repulsion aroused by the earlier scenes. Mary Lee's infatuation, if not shared, is at least understood; the book is a thoroughly wholesome one, bringing into lurid relief the evils of gambling, yet at the same time proving how great a power for good has the very smallest level of righteousness.

It would be impossible to overestimate the good influence likely to be exercised by Mr. Vachell's latest romance, "The Hill," which is evidently a very faithful picture of life at the famous public school of Harrow at the present day. The author was himself educated there, he knows the significance of every detail he describes; he retains his sympathy with the boy's point of view and is evidently still as keenly interested in all that concerns the Harrovians as were any of the characters he describes so well. Not only does his own "heart thrill at the thought of the hill," but he is able to make those of his readers throb in sympathy as the visions he evokes float before them, and echoes from the busy hive of boys seem to reach the ear. The beautiful friendship between Verney and Desmond, in which hero-worship plays so great a part, the eyes of John being blinded to the faults of Harry, is very finely described, whilst the characters of the long-suffering, unselfish master Warde, the brilliant but shiftily Scarfe whose tendencies are evidently hereditary, and of the minor actors in the drama on the hill, are one and all touched off with a masterly pen. Very beautiful, moreover, is the subtle way in which the growth in moral strength of the hero is suggested. When he had bidden farewell to his beloved Harry, he ceased, says his biographer, to be a boy, but after the first anguish of the parting had subsided a little he became whole through the touch of some kindly spirit as he prayed alone upon the Tower hallowed by memories of the friend he was never to see again. Hope, courage and earnest endeavour are the qualities Mr. Vachell would fain have the Harrovians take with them when they go forth to fight the battle of the world for which no better preparation could in his opinion be found than life at a public school such as Harrow.

NANCY BELL.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

India in the House of Commons. Mr. Brodrick has signalised his tenure of office as Secretary of State for India by introducing the practice—for we hope the precedent will be followed in future years—of discussing the Indian Budget in the middle, instead of the very end, of the Parliamentary session. Lord Curzon's eloquent speeches in England, the importance attached by the Defence Committee and the Prime Minister to the position of India in the Empire from a military point of view, and the persistent remonstrances of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Samuel Smith and other friends of India in Parliament against the scant attention paid in the House to Indian affairs—all these have contributed to the happy, and we hope enduring, result that the debate on the Indian Budget is not to be relegated to the fag-end of the session. Mr. Haldane thought that the effect of the change could be perceived in the "tone and temper" of the speeches. Each speech had its own interest and importance; by no means the least remarkable of the speeches was that of Mr. Haldane himself, and it was of special weight and significance because he spoke on behalf of his party on a subject of the keenest interest to Indian politicians. For a considerable time past we have been asked to believe that the days of Mr. Balfour's ministry are numbered, and that directly the Liberals come into power Lord Curzon will be re-called. The last National Congress was persuaded to pass a resolution recommending the despatch of a deputation to England for the purpose of placing before the British public and British statesmen the Indian view of the "claims of India." The delegates have been chosen, and one has already left India; but some hitch has occurred in Mr. Balfour's overthrow, and the other soldiers who have to take part in the campaign have not yet embarked. Though the Congress

resolution did not recommend a crusade against Lord Curzon, it may be assumed that the delegates were generally expected to point their advocacy of our claims by references to the "reactionary policy of recent years." It is this policy that Mr. Haldane, speaking in the name of his party, has warmly and categorically approved. His speech was brief, and necessarily so ; for he was not replying to any strictures on Lord Curzon's administration passed in the course of the debate. He wished to make it clear that his party would not identify itself with the agitation outside the House, and he spoke enough for that purpose. He picked out what must have occurred to him as charges worth answering, and expressed his agreement with Lord Curzon's policy. Mr. Haldane's conduct, if not unusual, was at any rate significant and was evidently intended to convey to the people of India an admonition against unfounded expectations that they were learning to cherish of his party. Lord Curzon's administration, as he acknowledged, was not guided by party principles, and how could any Liberal statesman guarantee that a Liberal Viceroy would not happen to adopt the very same lines of policy as did Lord Salisbury's nominee ? It was not only fair to the Viceroy, but it was expedient in order to prevent future disappointment that the spokesman of the Liberal party should have dissociated himself from the crusade against Lord Curzon and expressed his concurrence in his policy. It is not an article of the Liberal creed that the Universities should not exercise any control over affiliated institutions and try to raise their standard, nor are Liberals more fond than their opponents of litigation as a means of setting at rest doubts which arise in the interpretation of statutory provisions for the management of public institutions. The partition of Bengal, on which some of the Bengalis say they are determined to carry on an agitation unsurpassed in the annals of their province, did not strike Mr. Haldane as an objectionable measure : on the other hand, he thought that the necessity for the change had become more and more apparent in recent years, and he would "stand closely to the policy." Perhaps a Liberal was bound to be even more surprised than a Conservative at the passionate solicitude of the opponents of the measure to preserve the "Bengali nation" intact, while the world is asked to believe that every educated Indian yearns to build up an "Indian nation." Suppose all India became one nation

and spoke a common language—say, the Bengali—would the whole of India have to be governed as a single province? It might have struck Mr. Haldane as strange—perhaps even more so than it appeared to Mr. Brodrick—that eagerness to maintain a fractional nationality should overcome considerations of administrative convenience. Lastly, in Lord Curzon's Convocation speech, the immediate and proximate cause of the general agitation against the Viceroy, Mr. Haldane saw nothing more than a laudable desire to raise the tone of morality in India! This was a warmer plea on behalf of Lord Curzon than was Mr. Brodrick's somewhat negative defence that the Viceroy had been the victim of a misinterpretation. Mr. Haldane seems destined to be Lord Chancellor under a Liberal Government, but if he should ever find himself at the head of the India Office, he may rely on Lord Curzon, from his seat on the Front Benches, saying a kind and chivalrous word of the Secretary, when attacked, as he is sure to be, by the Indian press. Lord Curzon's champion did not refer to the Official Secrets Act, possibly because he did not think that the opposition to that piece of legislation deserved serious notice. His general denial that Lord Curzon had Russianised the Indian administration might be taken as involving an approval of the Official Secrets Act, for it was during the course of the discussion of that measure that we were taught to compare India with Russia. Mr. Brodrick repeatedly emphasised the necessity of removing India from the sphere of party politics, and there was not only no demur from any section of the House, but Mr. Haldane commended Lord Curzon's administration because it was not conducted on party lines. It may, therefore, be taken to be an established proposition that India is not to be dragged into party politics. Yet Mr. Haldane's very commendation of the neutral character of Lord Curzon's administration raises the question whether, in the opinion of the leaders of either party, the traditional principles of the one are better than those of the other, either from the Imperial or from the Indian standpoint. In the very breath in which he sought to dissociate himself from the attacks on the Viceroy, which he said had gone beyond what was legitimate and right, Mr. Haldane indulged in the reflection that "it was perhaps the outcome of the absence of representative Government in India that there should be these meetings and denunciations." Was this reflection redolent of dis-

tinctly Liberal principles? Would Mr. Haldane be more ready to develop representative Government in India than Mr. Brodrick? If he would, he at any rate did not choose to make it clear. He drew a "moral" from the attacks on the Viceroy, and it was not that representative Government should be extended in India. One would have expected him to prescribe that remedy in view of his diagnosis of the discontent and of the strong speeches. That he did not ascribe these to misdirected education, or to any of the causes which are frequently on the lips of the cynical critics of the Bengalis, is itself an indication of his "Liberal" frame of mind—whether in the technical or in the ordinary sense of the word, we know not. Mr. Haldane was too cautious to further avail himself of the opportunity to put in a plea for an extension of representative Government in India. The moral drawn by him was that "the Government should be extremely careful of their opportunities of dealing with the people." What did the remark mean? Was it a mere platitude, or a gentle reminder to Lord Curzon that although his policy was intrinsically right and justifiable, and the attacks on him were improper and extravagant, yet he would have been wise not to have stirred up so much of popular feeling in a country where representative Government was in its infancy? Or was it a precept to future Governments that they must duly weigh the experience of the past, and remember that what is right and good in itself may yet be inexpedient and unsafe, more so in India than elsewhere?

If Mr. Haldane had not spoken before Mr. Wason's amendment, we should have known his views not only on Lord Curzon's administration, but on the subject of periodical Parliamentary inquiries and on those various interesting questions on which Mr. Samuel Smith expressed his weighty sentiments. Whatever we may think of the condition of the peasantry, of the representation of the Native element in the Government of the country, or of the expediency of encouraging the introduction of foreign capital, the case for periodical inquiries must have seemed at least as strong as the case against it. Mr. Wason's amendment included three different demands—that periodical Parliamentary inquiries into the administration of India be revived, that the salary of the Secretary of State be placed upon the British estimates, and that greater opportunities be given for the Parliamentary discussion of Indian affairs. Only

those who have Parliamentary experience can say whether the combination of these three demands in a single motion was necessary and expedient. They had a common object, yet one wishes that the opinion of the House on each of the suggestions had been separately taken. The last of the three demands was so colourless and so innocent that perhaps its indefiniteness would have been the only objection against it, and it might have been accepted by the House if any one had thought it worth pressing. The other two parts of the amendment contained more specific and more contentious recommendations, and it is just possible that members in favour of the one were not in favour of the other. The least happy argument against the revival of periodical Parliamentary inquiries was, we are bound to say, Sir M. M. Bhownaggee's: he thought that the periodical "trial or impeachment of the rulers of India" would hurt the prestige of the Indian administration. He indeed added that it would do no good to the people of India; and if he had refused to vote for the amendment on this latter ground only, we might have differed from him, but should have said nothing more. The argument of prestige in danger was not put forward even by Mr. Brodrick, and it is painful to contemplate that an Indian member should have advanced it. No prestige suffers which is based on Right, and no prestige endures which is in alliance with Wrong. We have heard Lord Curzon acknowledging that the British rule should be based on righteousness: we have not of recent years heard any leading statesman putting prestige before higher considerations. We thought that the days when Governments relied on prestige in dealing with their own subjects had gone by. We read about the prestige of Russia in the Far East, and we might have spoken about the danger to the prestige of the British Government in India fifty years ago. But to apprehend danger to the prestige of the Indian administration, when it is subjected to attack year after year in the Legislative Councils, and day after day in the press in India itself, not to mention Parliament and the British press, argues a misappreciation of the force of public opinion and a diffidence in the stability of the good name of the British Government which we had no reasons to expect from Sir M. M. Bhownaggee, of all the friends of the Indian administration. And how wide of the mark was the notion that a Parliamentary inquiry into the

administration would amount to an impeachment of the rulers ! No one has impeached the past rulers of India more frequently within so short a period than Lord Curzon, the author of so many Commissions of inquiry. Mr. Brodrick opposed the amendment with more show of reason. He thought that the demand for periodical inquiries was really an invitation to go back to what, in the case of India, were the dark ages, that it was not desirable for Parliament to interfere in the details of Indian administration, and that there was no lack of opportunity for discussing questions of principle. This is at least plausible, if not convincing. The need for periodical inquiries is not as urgent now as it was in the days of the Company's rule. The administration is carried on nowadays under so many checks and under such a fierce light of public criticism beating upon it that, although we have no Parliament as England has one, we do not stand now politically where we did a century ago. Mr. Samuel Smith's picture of India was not a bright one ; yet it was not, perhaps, sufficiently dark to impress the House with the necessity of periodical inquiries, as distinguished from occasional inquiries whenever the House thought them necessary. While we do not wish to exaggerate the urgency for Parliamentary inquiries, we yet do not understand what we should have lost by going back to the dark ages ; on the other hand, we should have gained something. The dark ages were so, not because of the inquiries, but because of the administration which necessitated the inquiries. Mr. Wason did not invite the House to revive the old abuses, but only the old practice of inquiring into abuses, for whatever progress we may have made, we have not yet reached the millennium. Parliament may appoint a Commission of inquiry on special cause shown even now. But such is the indifference of Parliament towards Indian affairs that it is not easy to persuade it to appoint special Commissions of inquiry. An inquiry in the ordinary course would not be attended with similar drawbacks. That sixty-five voted in favour of the amendment is a good sign, and it is permissible to ask whether the voting might not have been still more favourable if the discussion had been focussed on the one demand, of periodical Parliamentary inquiries. Perhaps our friends had felt the pulse of the House and had reasons to arrive at a different conclusion. In any case, the decision was unhappy.

The strongest argument for periodical inquiries was supplied by the nature of the debate in the House of Commons itself. The Honourable Members could discuss trade returns, foreign policy and army administration—everything which did not require a first-hand knowledge of the ryot and his condition. Mr. Samuel Smith was the only member who dwelt upon the ryot's poverty, his indebtedness and the means of saving him. Leave out the agriculturist, and what is there in India to govern? It is easy enough to calculate interest on railway capital and to balance imports against exports. Only periodical inquiries can enlighten Parliament on the real condition of things, the actual state of the foundations of national prosperity and contentment, the true inwardness of the Indian administration. There are other sources of information available, but these are not tested and sifted, nor will the Honourable Members take the trouble to study them. Mr. Brodrick's dictum that it is not desirable for the House of Commons to interiere in details with the Government of India may easily be misapplied. It is seldom safe to lay down general principles in absolute ignorance of details.



CURRENT EVENTS.

AN event which is associated in people's apprehensions with the possible resignation of office by the highest authorities in the land cannot but be pronounced to be of great moment. When papers in England first gave out that Lord Kitchener had offered to resign in case some of his proposals were not accepted, it was not known that he was engaged in a tournament with his military colleague in the Viceroy's Council, nor was the exact nature of the controversy clear to the public. Subsequently, the papers began to discuss the dual control in the army administration of India. When Reuter wired the purport of Mr. Brodrick's announcement in the House of Commons, and the papers relating to the controversy were published at Simla, the sensation reached an acute stage. The question raised by Lord Kitchener was not a new one. It had frequently been discussed and as frequently been given up as hopeless of a satisfactory solution. Three circumstances coincided to bring matters to a head. The Commander-in-Chief was as full of zeal for reform as he had confidence in his own organising power. The enemy who had to be feared happened to be in a bad temper and creeping closer and closer to the gate. The Secretary of State, who had unenviable experience of the confusion into which things drift in a time of war, could draw the most vivid pictures of the consequences of dual control if war broke out with a European Power. Mr. Brodrick asked the Government of India to report how the existing system worked and how it could be modified. The only two competent advisers—the Commander-in-Chief and the Military Member—could not agree, and the Commander-in-Chief, the only person who had both the courage and the competency to suggest a reform, was much too radical for civilian instincts. The Viceroy evidently felt the desirability of a reform and a readjustment, but had no willing and moderate adviser. The question was once more given up, and as no satisfactory reform could be recommended, the existing system was defended in the usual manner in which systems which have stood the test of time, though not the stress of trial, are always defended. The Secretary of State seems to have had other advisers about him and he was determined to make a beginning in the new direction. He has hit upon a compromise, possibly

knowing full well that it cannot be a final solution. He has met the Commander-in-Chief half-way by constituting him the sole expert adviser of the Governor-General in Council on purely military matters. He has given an opportunity to Sir Edmond Elles to stay, by placing him at the head of the Military Supply Department and constituting him special adviser on questions of general policy. It must necessarily be difficult to draw a line between purely military questions and questions of general policy, and the compromise seems bound to be further modified. Most of the speakers at the Budget debate were apparently glad that the Secretary of State had at last mustered the necessary courage but none seemed to be entirely satisfied with the compromise. Sir Edmond Elles is believed to have positively refused to accept it. Neither the Viceroy nor the Commander-in-Chief is quite pleased with it—indeed, it is one of the essential characteristics of a good compromise that it does not entirely satisfy any party ; but it is believed that Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener have not been so deeply hurt as to leave India incontinently and that they have agreed upon certain modifications of the proposed *via media*.



The Russo-Japanese war broke out all of a sudden, and com-founded the prophets who, after an elaborate discussion of the resources of the two countries, the advantages that the successful party might hope to secure, and the risks that each had to run, came to the conclusion that the war would never take place. It looks improbable that the plenipotentiaries of the two Governments, who will meet in Washington next month, will be unable to arrive at any understanding, and the war-drum will be sounded more furiously than ever. If the hope to the contrary is not frustrated, and the world is not once more taken by surprise, the Russo-Japanese war may be said to have come to an end. The humiliation suffered by the Tsar at the hands of an Asiatic nation—and not a nation of giants—must be so galling that, but for the internal condition of Russia, it would have been premature, even after the destruction of the Baltic fleet, to predict that he would consent to an ignominious peace. The Japanese must now be preparing for some big feat, but so far as visible effects go, they have long been inactive in Manchuria, and the Russians might well have flattered themselves that even the Japanese must stop somewhere and give time to the enemy to come up to their level. The internal condition of Russia must be even more distressing to a ruler than the probable future of the war. Russia is passing through a revolution : it may be arrested so that the historian may give a different name to it. The law is practically in abeyance in at least the more active centres of civilised life in the State. The extraordinary adventures of the Potemkin, not to speak of the strikes and the assassinations, can

mean nothing but that Russia is thoroughly saturated with revolutionary principles. The conduct of the Zemstvos was, for a country governed as Russia has been in the past, bold in the extreme. Eight or nine months ago, some of our friends in England thought that India must have its Zemstvos. We do have our Zemstvos: it is autocracy that is fortunately absent here. If our troops should be engaged in a conflict with the Cossacks—which God forbid!—our Zemstvos will yet pursue the even tenour of their course, discussing the usual innocent topics.



Short of being frightened into a total abandonment of the proposal to partition Bengal, Lord Curzon has shown in this case, as in others, how alive he is to public opinion, though it may be expressed in a manner calculated to forfeit rather than to invite sympathy. The objection to the proposal, as formulated in the resolution of the Congress at Bombay, was that "the division of the Bengali nation into separate units will seriously interfere with its social, intellectual and material progress, involving the loss of various constitutional and other rights and privileges which the Province has so long enjoyed." Apart from the constitutional and other rights and privileges, neither the Government nor any one else could concede that the alleged injury to the "Bengali nation" could outweigh considerations of administrative convenience. Lord Curzon has given the simplest answer to the objection: he has retained the rights and privileges. He has placed Eastern Bengal and Assam under a Lieutenant-Governor with a Legislative Council, and has given it a Revenue Board. Thus the inhabitants of the new province can complain of no injury: on the other hand, they have distinctly gained something. In the first place, Dacca will hereafter be the capital of a province, and has thus been elevated in the rank of cities. Schoolboys in Eastern Bengal exhibited on placards frantic appeals to the Viceroy not to convert them into Assamese. They will be spared the national annihilation and rebirth in a degraded species. On the other hand, Assam will be absorbed into Bengal, though the name will be retained in the designation of the composite province. In fact all reasonable objections have been respected, leaving all that is unreasonable to sink to its own level.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RACE AND SPEECH—A SEQUEL.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I gather from Mr. Chanda's letter in the May number of *East & West* that we are in substantial accord on the racial question in India. This, no doubt, is made clear enough by his communication to the *Englishman* which I have not seen, but could scarcely be inferred from his article in *East & West*. I have to thank him for the reference to Dr. Grierson's paper in the *Asiatic Quarterly* (April 1904), where the theory of the common origin of the Munda and Dravidian tongues is given up by that eminent philologist, and I suppose little more need be said on that subject.

But Mr. Chanda's statement that I approach the racial problem "mainly from the standpoint of philology" calls for a few remarks. If he will look up my paper again, he will see that my views on the ethnical relations in India are based almost exclusively on physical grounds—especially the persistence of Negroid Somalic characters throughout the peninsula—and that the linguistic argument comes in only in the short second part of the paper in reply to Mr. Risley's views, as I then supposed, but really to those of Dr. Grierson, as I am now better informed. But Mr. Chanda's misconception is a good illustration of the confusion that has hitherto almost everywhere prevailed regarding the true relations of language to race. For years it has been one of my chief aims to put those relations on a proper footing, and if I now return to the subject I do so with a misgiving that mine has mainly been a *vox clamantis in deserto*.

My contention always has been that in racial questions speech is not the dominant factor—is not, except perhaps in a few extreme cases, what the Germans call *massgebend*—decisive, authoritative. But if it is second in importance to physical data, speech, when judiciously used, may prove an invaluable, at times even an indispensable, aid to ethnology in the solution of obscure or tangled anthropological problems. Its great importance lies in the fact, hitherto strangely neglected even by specialists, that, broadly speaking, *languages do not mix or blend together so as to result in a new type of speech, while all races are subject to miscegenation resulting in new or modified ethnical types*. The consequences of this law, which I have established and tested in every possible way, are far-reaching, all the more so since the double process of linguistic and racial contact has been in operation from the remotest times, with one invariable result—linguistic purity, racial hybridism.

Hence the common remark that all present peoples are half-breeds, to which should be added that all languages are and ever have been, so to say, full-blooded. That is, in their inner structure, half-breeds only in their vocabulary, and not always that. Then the clash comes, the two races merge in one, but of their two languages one kills the other right out, one alone survives.

That this is no paradoxical statement, but sober fact, will be made evident by a few examples taken from all parts of the habitable world. The Hazaras and Aimaks of the north Afghan uplands, between Kabul and Herat, are historically known to be of Mongolo-Tatar descent; but their type is now an Irano-Mongol blend, while their speech is no blend, but pure Persian. On the other hand, their distant kinsmen, the Hungarian Magyars, are now assimilated in features to the average European; but their language is assimilated to nothing; it remains, despite almost overwhelming Aryan influences, a non-Aryan, a typical Finno-Ugrian tongue. The Finns themselves and their Osmanli kindred present the same remarkable phenomena—pure Finno-Turki speech, European type, with here and there a slight Mongol strain, but nowhere any trace of a "Finno-Aryan" or a "Turki-Aryan" tongue. Rollo's Norsemen became Gallo-Romans (modern Frenchmen) in Normandy; but their Norse tongue simply perished in the conflict. So the Gallo-Romans before they became Romanised in speech, and their neo-Latin *langue d'oïl* betrays not a vestige of their old Gaulish language, though this survives *intact* in the neighbouring province of Brittany. In the same way the Anglo-Saxon Teutons planted their Germanic dialects, also intact, in the midst of the Romano-British populations, and the Germanic dialects everywhere killed off both Latin and British, without anywhere developing an "Anglo-Latin," or an "Anglo-British" tongue. And after the Norman conquest these dialects, though flooded with Latin and French neologisms, have remained to this day purely Germanic in their inner mechanism. Eight or nine hundred years of the closest social and literary contact have failed to graft a single Latin or French grammatical form on our English speech, which compels all foreign intruders to conform to its standard. Not even a particle, a preposition or a conjunction, has crept in, and the now again obsolete *sans* stands out as the solitary exception that confirms the rule.

Madagascar is, if possible, a still more crucial case in point. Here the substratum of the population is distinctly negro, with a strain of lighter blood varying in intensity from province to province. We have, therefore, physical mixed groups everywhere—Hovas, Betsimisarakas, Sakalavas, Antankaranas, Betsilcos, Antaivondros and so on—but nowhere a single mixed language. Absolute linguistic uniformity is not merely the dominant but the exclusive note, and all these strangely diversified populations are of one tongue spoken with but slight dialectic differences. Now this is not an African tongue, some Bantu idiom from the neighbouring continent, as might be expected, but a typical Malayo-Polynesian form of speech, whose affinities are to be sought in Malaysia, in the Philippines, in Melanesia, and all over the Pacific Ocean. We,

therefore, now know that the lighter strain permeating and leavening the black element in Madagascar is of Oceanic origin, and this interesting ethnological lesson has been taught us by a judicious use of facts drawn from the philologist's special province. We thus see that linguistic ethnical data need not be conflicting but friendly associates, mutual helps, in the study of intricate ethnical questions.

Coming now to the Indian field, whence we started, the value of the doctrine here inculcated becomes at once obvious. Taking, as now proved, the radical difference between the Dravidian and Munda (Kolarian) linguistic families, we can first of all infer the presence in the peninsula proper, that is, excluding the Himalayan scarp, of four primary ethnical groups: 1, *Negrito* as attested by the wide range of the negroid physical characters, as described in my first article (May 1905), 2, 3, and 4. *Kolarian*, *Dravidian*, and *Aryan*, as attested by the presence of the three corresponding stock languages. Here we have four stock races, but only three stock languages, one (the Negrito) having disappeared without fusion with the others or without leaving any trace of its former presence, all in accordance with the teachings above set forth. Then, there is documentary evidence that as they gradually ranged east and south from the Panjab, the intruding Aryas encountered numerous Anaryas with whom they amalgamated or on whom they imposed their Sanskritic speech. Thus Aryavarta, the holy land, the proper land of the Aryas, is limited in the Brahmanical code at first to the district between the Kala-kavana (black woods) and the Saraswati river, and later to the tract between the rivers Yamuna and Ganges (the Doab); but in the more recent Code of Manu, it already absorbs the whole region between the Himalayas and the Vindhya. Here were met and Aryanised multitudes of Mlecchas (barbarian or non-Aryans), a term applied generally to the aborigines, whether of Dravidian or Kolarian stock. That many of these were really assimilated, and not merely extirpated or driven to the uplands, is shown by the statement in the first book of the Mahābhārata, that the Mlecchas were sprung from Anu, one of King Yayati's four recalcitrant sons, that is, had a noble Aryan pedigree. Others are represented as forming alliances with the Vedic Aryas during their long internecine wars, and two of the five original Vedic nations—the Purus (Kurus) and Anus—are supposed by Ragozin and others to have been of Kolarian or Dravidian blood. It is also stated that the Bhāratas, undoubted aborigines, were later so thoroughly Aryanised that "Bharataland" became a synonym for Aryavarta.

These few data, gleaned from the early Hindu records and traditions, will suffice to show that Aryavarta, taken in its widest sense, has throughout the historic period, been inhabited by mixed Aryo-Dravido-Kolarian populations, Aryanised in speech and general culture. But in the whole of this vast domain, roughly comprising the Indus and Ganges catchment basins, scarcely a trace is left of the primitive Dravidian and Kolarian languages, except perhaps on the Baluchi and certainly on the Vindhyan confines. Moreover, and this is for us the essential point, no trace at all is anywhere left of any mixed Aryo-

Dravidian or Aryo-Kolarian, or Dravido-Kolarian tongues. No such linguistic blends ever sprang up, and during the spread of the Hindu conquerors and civilisers the speech of the aborigines everywhere died out and left "not a rack behind." Hence it is that pure neo-Sanskritic forms of speech—Kashmiri, Panjabi, Gujrati, Hindi, Bengali, &c—have always been in exclusive possession of this wide domain stretching between the Indus and Ganges deltas from the Hindu-Kush to the Vindhyan range. Can anyone ask for a more convincing proof of the law above formulated that *languages do not mix, while all races are subject to miscegenation*? And can any clearer explanation be given of the now demonstrated fact that Aryavarta is a land of "linguistic purity and racial hybridism"? Here we may stop, as any intelligent student may for himself now extend the argument to the rest of the peninsula—Kolaria, Gondwanaland and the Dekkan.

Yours faithfully,

A. H. KEANE

THE CALIPHATE AND THE BRITISH RAJ.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—The article on the Caliphate, in the May number of *East & West*, is an excellent instance of the service rendered to Humanist politics by this review, through such representative expressions of opinion, from accredited exponents, of the issues arising out of the great social and religious division amongst mankind. For those associated with the Headship of Islam are particularly weighty in their bearing on the determination of certain phases of British Eastern affairs. And it is helpful to their elucidation to find a Muslim scholar emphasising the temporal character of the office of the Caliphate, especially under its present incumbency, and suggesting that the spiritual pontificate of Islam must be sought elsewhere. Besides the qualification of free-birth and sanity, two things, and no more, Mr. Sohraworthy says, are required of the candidate for the Caliphate: he must be just, and he must be a Muslim. Very significant, too, is the citation from the Turkish Muslim, that Sultan Hamid is "the worst enemy of Islam, as no Muslim ruler has ever brought by his misdeeds so much shame upon his faith as he has"; as also the statement that the young Turks are alienating from Sultan Hamid the hearts of the future leaders of the Mussulman world. Mr. Sohraworthy further declares: "The Turkish Diarist scouts the idea of the 'British Raj' ever succeeding in assuming the Caliphal dignity. I cannot help differing from him. The 'British Raj' is as good a candidate as any other, if only its head satisfies the *sine qua non* of being a Muslim. The dream of Napoleon may be realised by a daring genius of our day."

Now as regards the relation of the British Raj to the Muslim world—seeing that about one-half of the total Muslim population of Asia are now subject to the British Crown, and the independence of several of the other Muslim States is practically guaranteed thereby, the British Raj can legally claim to be already the leading Protector,

at least, of Muslims, whilst standing pre-eminent amongst progressive and tolerant Powers. The chief point insisted on by Mr. Sohraworthy has reference to the meaning that properly attaches to the term *Muslim*. He quotes, with apparent approval, Gibbon's remark:—"A philosophic theist might subscribe the popular creed of the Mahometans; a creed too sublime, perhaps, for our present faculties." Gibbon here is obviously girding in his ironical way at the plurality of divinities in the popular Catholic creed of Christendom. Yet it would perhaps be correct to assert that a philosophic Theism—sometimes assuming an Agnosticism as regards any attempt to define the undefinable—is the inmost religious conviction of most instructed Englishmen to-day, apart, of course, from avowed members of the Roman Communion. The great contribution of British philosophic thought last century to this mental attitude only needs indicating in this connection; and many who hold by tradition to the Christian name interpret their faith in the broader sense, Mediæval Trinitarianism having for them only an archaic meaning. Now the point to which I wish to draw attention, and invite an expression of opinion from Muslim exponents is—wherein consists the distinction between Theism of this character and Muslim Theism, and even the higher Theism of Indian thought? And if the distinctions existing are merely those of verbal interpretation, have we not here the ground for a noble spiritual *rapprochement* between philosophic people of all these separate communities?—one that must react beneficently alike on the discharge of its obligations by the British Power and the peoples affected thereby!

Possibly, the difficulties in the way lie rather in the social implications of these respective systems, especially as affecting a closer connection between the British Raj and the Mussulman world. But on social institutions also "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns"; certainly our own are undergoing vigorous reconsideration, and we may look to be enlightened still further on these aspects of the Eastern problem by Muslim and Indian advocates.

Yours faithfully.

H. CROSSFIELD.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—In the May number of *East & West*, Mr. Sohraworthy, an European Muslim, has, of course in ignorance of facts, given publicity to the statement that the Arabian Prophet had said, "We bands of Prophets have no heirs." The entire library of Muslim history and theology may be ransacked in vain to find the authenticity of this misstatement. If Mr. Sohraworthy and our other British Moslem brethren will take pains to go minutely through the leading works on history by *Sunni* authors, they will, to their astonishment, see that the tradition was invented by Aysha, the bitter enemy of the Prophet's daughter Fatima, and his beloved cousin-german, Ali, in order to set aside the claim of the Lion of God to succession, and to secure her father's election to the exalted and much coveted office of Caliphate. When Fatima claimed

the succession to the properties left behind by her beloved father, Abu Baker could only requisition into service the story invented by his daughter, Aysha, to save himself from being ultimately made to abdicate the Vice-regency in favour of Ali. If Mr. Sohraworthy will glance over the pages of history dealing with the lives and actions of the Prophets who had preceded the Arabian Master, he will find that the group of Prophets had always heirs and had been inherited without any conspicuous exception. When the verdict of impartial history does not support the story, will any honest Muslim believe that the Arabian Prophet could have been guilty of such a glaring mis-statement? I again ask, if the reputation of Aysha and the pretensions of Abu Baker are so dear to our Mohamedan friends of the Turkish School as to induce them to persist in involving the very reputation and honour of Mahomed?

The tradition in question is an exception to the general command of God as to the law of inheritance, which exception cannot be maintained, because no exception to the law of Quran can be entertained unless supported by the authority of the Quran itself. Besides, Abu Baker's action in the matter of the dispute between Abbas (uncle of the Prophet) and Ali, as to their possession over the camel left by the Prophet, contradicts the theory propounded by him in the early days of his Caliphate. He decided the case in favour of Ali (the Prophet's son-in-law) on the ground of his superior rights over the animal in accordance with the law of inheritance! Mr. Sohraworthy will now see that it was in this way that the Mohamedan law had been abused by the venerable Judge to serve his own personal ends on one occasion, and the stings of conscience had made Abu Baker to recognise Ali's right of inheritance over, at least, an unenviable cattle left by the Prophet, when the same was not likely to be of service to him! I repeat the question, whether the theory, "we band of Prophets have no heirs," had really originated with the Prophet? If so, why did Abu Baker violate the command of Mohamed and betray the trust as a public custodian in the matter of the camel? Does not Abu Baker's action in the matter directly contradict this theory?

Mohamedan history is full of evidence as to the intentions of the Prophet with regard to the persons whom he desired to appoint as his successor to carry on the peaceful work of moral cultivation and propagation. In fact, on the historical occasion of his last return journey from the pilgrimage, the Prophet halted at a place called Khum-i-Ghadir and, before an audience of over one hundred thousand Muslims, proclaimed in the name of God:—"Ali is to me what Aaron was to Moses. O God! Be a friend to his friends and an enemy to his enemies," whereupon the second Khalif Omar congratulated Ali on the high position and honour earned by him inasmuch as he became from that day "the Commander of the Faithful." Let Mr. Sohraworthy look into the pages of Quran and other works on history and see for himself what Aaron was to Moses, and decide what Ali becomes to the Prophet?

Yours faithfully,
SYED HAIDER HUSAIN.

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LORD CURZON AND HIS INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

THE tragic ending of Lord Curzon's brilliant Viceroyalty has not only been received with the profoundest regret by all true friends and admirers both of India and of the retiring Viceroy, but it has brought before the public eye the burning question of the day, namely, the system of military administration of this country. It would be, perhaps, hazardous for men like myself to comment in any way on this important problem, for although every patriotic Indian has a right to think and give his opinion on all reforms that are introduced in this country, yet for those that live beyond the pale of officialdom or who understand very little about military affairs, it would be better, on the whole, to remain silent. I shall, therefore, with but a few remarks, pass over this question of grave importance which has constrained even a most vigorous and tactful Viceroy to resign. That the strengthening of the Indian Army or reforming its present condition has become necessary, both for the maintenance of peace in India and also for safeguarding its frontiers against foreign aggressions, is an admitted fact; and I agree generally with H. H. the Aga Khan in what he has written in his able article on the Defence of India in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, that the British enjoy peace in India because they are strong, and that, therefore, both by Civil government and particularly by Military preparation, we must convince our jealous neighbours of the strength and stability of British Rule in the country. But while arguing that a show of strength and preparedness is necessary, one must not overlook the fact that by mere military despotism or a system of military autocracy matters may be made far worse than they are at present; in fact, while trying to attain the stability of the Indian Empire by

a wrong or clumsy handling on the part of a Government guided by military men, we may be forced to embark on some disastrous war with our neighbours without just cause, and this is an evil which it is absolutely essential to guard against. In the new military scheme the Viceroy, the man responsible for the real welfare of the country, is left almost without any military adviser except the Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps some will argue that as the Commander-in-Chief is the principal military authority in this country, it is quite proper that he should be the chief adviser to the Viceroy in military matters. But the present controversy has clearly proved that if the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief are both strong-minded men, matters may come to a dead-lock, or if the Viceroy be a weak man and has no other adviser besides the Commander-in-Chief to advise him on matters of grave military concern, the country may be dragged into unjustifiable and expensive complications. It is, therefore, most essential that the Viceroy should have a mediator between the Commander-in-Chief and himself, and let us hope that although the Indian Government has achieved very little or no success by the so-called modifications conceded to by the authorities at Downing Street, yet the Military Supply Member will not exactly be a dummy as one is rather led to fear he will be. Then, again, apart from the ruinous expenditure that the new Military Scheme is likely to bring upon this country, another matter should not be overlooked, namely, the good will of the Army in India. Major-Generals and Commanders-in-Chief should carefully consider the matter of drills, training and manœuvres of the Indian Army, for although the lesson we received during the Boer War has taught us that we should have regimental men always in harness, yet one should remember that the superior personages who enjoy themselves in the cool climate of Simla are not the proper judges of the duties and the difficulties of the poor officers and sepoy who have got to carry out the cherished fads of their chiefs in the grilling heat of the plains with 110° in the shade. I only hope that Lord Kitchener's scheme will be thoroughly threshed out before being put into action, for however great the reform may be, with an overworked and discontented army the country's safety can never be secured.

I have deviated above from my main object, for which, I hope,

the reader will excuse me ; and now I will proceed with a few observations on Lord Curzon and his Indian Administration. Were I properly to review all the great acts of this ruler of men during his Viceroyalty, I would be filling up volumes ; and besides, can a feeble pen like mine ever do proper justice to the subject ? I shall, therefore, only make a reference to some of Lord Curzon's reforms in this country, which have aroused so much opposition to him and have perhaps tended to injure his reputation at home. That Lord Curzon, although one of India's greatest proconsuls, has not been a popular Viceroy, in the current sense of the word, is a fact none can deny. But let us analyse the causes of his Lordship's unpopularity in India.

The chief reason of his unpopularity lies in the fact of his having introduced certain reforms and particular legislative measures in the Imperial Council. They are chiefly the Universities Act, the Official Secrets Act, the Police Commission, and lastly, the Partition of Bengal, which has roused so much bitter feeling amongst the interested classes and the Press circles of Bengal. These gentlemen have been crying him down as if he were a common malefactor or criminal, who has committed the most heinous offence. I think, as a friend and sympathiser, I am fully justified in defending Lord Curzon from the great injustice that these pseudo-patriots of India are doing to him by their unscrupulous attacks. I will take the matters that have caused Lord Curzon's unpopularity by turn, as mentioned above. First of all comes the Universities Act, by the passing of which Lord Curzon is supposed to have totally destroyed all hopes of men getting Government employment in the country and of poor men being able to afford the higher education of their sons. Whether these accusations are true or not, I leave able men like Dr. Bhandarkar of the Bombay Presidency to judge. That the object of the Universities Commission was to inquire into the educational wants of the Indians—how a better and healthier progress could be secured, how the present book-learning and cramming system could be checked—is, I think, so well known to the public, that it is hardly worth while explaining these objects in detail. I only trust that gradually all educated Indians will look up to this educational reform as a blessing, and that in years to come the reform will be considered as one of the greatest achievements of

Lord Curzon making for the welfare of the Indian people. Finally, I hope the recent speech of the Viceroy at the Educational Conference in Simla will show what foresight and magnanimity led him to bring about this great reform in India.

Turning to the Official Secrets Act, we find that enactment to be necessary for the more effective restriction over Government officials and checking the dishonest leakage of official news never meant for the public eye. I hope, therefore, that my readers will agree with me that, by this action, Lord Curzon really did nothing to deserve all the abuse heaped upon him in the Press and which he bore like a man. Those who know his liberality towards the Press will never think him to be an enemy of the Fourth Estate.

Regarding the Police Commission, every one seems to have been disappointed with the result, and in many quarters it has been openly said that by adding a rupee or two to the constable's pay, hardly any check over Police *sulum* and *suberdusti* can be obtained. But if the matter be carefully looked into, and if it be considered that the pay of Inspectors has been well increased and that new posts of Deputy Superintendents have been created, one must admit that for these handsome posts we are sure to get sooner or later men with better education and morals and, what is most essential in the Police Service, with finer scruples than their predecessors. If this proposition be admitted, then we must also admit that if the persons who are chiefly responsible and have control over the constables be scrupulous men, there is every chance of oppression by the constables gradually diminishing, for although the taking of bribes will perhaps always go on, yet if the superior officers be more honest men, it must become less ; for, after all, it is often for the *sirdars* that the *labardars* are forced to become dishonest. The question of police reform is a large one, and even by the recent reorganisation one cannot expect perfection, and it is probable that in another 20 years' time another Viceroy will have to appoint a similar Commission again to improve the Police Service further. But to say that the present reform has been a fiasco would be uttering a gross exaggeration ; like many other reforms this will always be remembered as one of Lord Curzon's important measures.

I now turn to the Partition of Bengal, which is supposed to have created widespread disaffection in the Province. Since the formation

of the new Province of East Bengal and Assam was officially declared, the Bengali Press has been extremely bitter against Lord Curzon, and the prime movers in all the Bengali Press agitations have worked with all their might in stirring up, as usual, the school-boys of Calcutta, who, finding it great fun to have a couple of days' outing, have been holding mass meetings on the Maidans and moving about from street to street barefooted, with little black flags in their hands, singing so-called national songs and showing to the lookers-on that they are in mourning, as Lord Curzon has vivisected and thereby killed their mother country, Bengal. Could anything be more ridiculous than this schoolboy demonstration? Every outsider must clearly judge from this how far genuine the feeling on the Partition question is. Had this taken place in England, the boys would, perhaps, have been driven back to school and received a good flogging from their masters. Boys are expected to study and to take part in healthy outdoor games. It would indeed be a grave calamity for the country if these young fellows were allowed at their age to pursue politics, which many a grizzly bearded man cannot grasp properly without special study. Along with this school-boy agitation have been started the boycott and Swadeshi movements. No doubt the latter movement would be of profit to the country if it were started in a friendly and honest spirit; for every well-wisher of India, whether European or Indian, desires to see local industries grow up in every direction. People who, from selfish motives, ascribe every fault to Lord Curzon, should not forget that no Viceroy has done more to try and preserve Indian Art and Indian industries than he has done, and in many a speech his Lordship has told Indians to try and encourage local industries of worth. But the spirit in which the Swadeshi movement has been started in Bengal is not only disloyal to the British Government, but shows want of tact and a narrow-mindedness on the part of our countrymen. Therefore the sooner the boycott movement subsides, and the current cant about Swadeshim is dropped, the healthier will be the public life of India, and particularly of Bengal; for the Bengalis should always bear in mind that by the spirit of hostility they are apt to show towards every act of Government in these days, they are ruining all prospects of prosperity for generations to come, and are rapidly losing the sympathy of a Government

which, foreign though it may be, has been the best Government for India.

Now, I turn briefly to justify the need of the Partition of Bengal. That the administration of Bengal has been a great burden on one Lieutenant-Governor, has been admitted on all hands, and that some means for its better administration and for lightening the burden of the provincial ruler has become necessary, is also undeniable. Therefore, the Province had to be bisected. In the beginning many arguments were put forward to make Bengal a Presidency under a Governor, like Madras and Bombay. No doubt, to have a member of the English aristocracy at the head of a Government is a thing many of us would desire, but considering the difficulties of administering a Province whose people are constantly getting fits of hysterical agitation and where the Press exerts the least influence on the side of peace and order in India, it would be a fatal mistake to have a Governor who knew nothing of the country, or who, if he were a weak man, would either go away disgusted, and, if a strong man, might make things extremely unpleasant for the Bengalis, a thing most undesirable both for the people of Bengal and the Indian Government. Bengal, at its present stage, is safer under an experienced Anglo-Indian administrator. In my opinion, therefore, by creating two Lieutenant-Governorships, a really wise step has been taken, and apart from consideration of the people's sentiments, in the genuineness of which, I am sorry to say, I cannot fully believe, the creation of the new Province has been the outcome of the far-seeing policy of Lord Curzon, and in years to come, I am sure, the people, or rather I should say the real patriots of India, will see that this partition is a boon to the country. For, apart from the administrative facilities that will be given by it, it will open up Assam and East Bengal, and it will make Chittagong in time to come a flourishing sea-port, and will restore Dacca to its former importance as a great city. Then, again, we should not overlook the fact that by creating the new Province, another Frontier Province may arise in time to guard India's interests and welfare against China, if China ever awakes. I hope my readers will, from the foregoing explanation, although brief and vague, be convinced that the Partition of Bengal has been effected with the very best of motives, and for this act of his, Lord Curzon should be applauded by all sober-minded men, and not at-

tacked and ridiculed, as he has been of late, by that set of Bengali gentlemen who try to impose upon the outer public by saying that they voice the opinion of the country at large.

In conclusion, I can only say that with the departing Viceroy, India is not only losing a great administrator and statesman, but is also losing a genuine friend who preferred to give up his career at home and his health for her sake, and who has for her welfare fought valiantly with the Home Government, and made enemies of friends. Although Lord Curzon leaves India for good, yet his Lordship may rest assured that his departure will not only be keenly regretted by his numerous friends and admirers, but that in time to come the people of India, even his very assailants, will come to understand what a great and noble Viceroy they have lost.

B. C. MAHATAB.

THE INDIAN IN LONDON.

THE Indian in London is ever to me an interesting figure. He comes out of a world so different, and yet so intimately connected with ours, that I speculate how things appear to him, what he does, what he ought to do, what impressions of us he takes back with him to his far-off home, which is as much a part of our empire as Fleet Street and the Strand. So I venture to set down here some words of counsel and advice ; even if he think them mistaken, he may gain something by their consideration. Let him remember that I do so in all humility and kindness. I must first make a limitation. Here, I can usefully address only the native of some means and position, he who comes to study and inquire ; and I must further reduce even this limited class. There are black sheep in every flock, and here, though not unduly numerous, still they exist. Young men arrive from India as elsewhere, with fairly ample means to study for some profession or merely for information, and the temptations of a great city are too much for them ; they spend what they have in unworthy pleasures, at the best they fritter away their time, and return poorer in means and health and no whit richer in any nobler knowledge. These might be passed by without remark, but for one word of solemn warning and reproof. If an Indian loves his vast country, he will wish that it should stand well of all places in the centre of the Empire. Now, whether *ex uno disce omnes* is a sound maxim or no, it is one universally acted on. London folk are only too liable to judge a country by its nearest specimen ; a base or unworthy act of a strange man is put down as characteristic of his race. I think that if this class of Indian reflected that he hurt his country and its millions more than he did himself when he misdemeaned himself in London, it might give him pause. I concede him probably more foolish than wicked. London has an

intoxicating effect on those who abide in it for the first time ; it is not easy to keep one's head, to retain one's balance, but if anything can sober a man, it is the thought that he is looked on as his country's representative ; that his deeds, good or bad, wise or foolish, are regarded as typical of his fellows at home.

I turn now to those who come with an earnest purpose to fit themselves for work in their own land—legal students, medical students, and others. Of their professional studies I do not speak, but they have, I suppose, reserved for themselves some time in which to study England and the English people. Obviously, they will begin with London. It is one of the few towns whose topography is matter of world-wide interest ; throughout their after life the names of its streets and buildings will meet them again and again, and they should know these with some exactness. Let their casual rambles have something of definite object. Fleet Street, for instance, is no mere newspaper way ; across it the Fleet River ran, and in it the Fleet Prison stood, and over its stones moved the burly form of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who still seems the very *genius loci*. If our student has used his time well, he will, when he thinks of Fleet Street, remember a host of facts like those I have mentioned even though he cannot claim that his knowledge of London is, like that of Mr. Weller, extensive and peculiar.

But this is only part of a larger subject. As he is here the interpreter of India to England, so on his return ought he to be the interpreter of England to India. Hence he must know English History, not the mere dry bones but the past redyed, vivid and actual. Where but in London can he get this knowledge ? On the very scene of great events, in actual touch with so much that remains of the past, he learns to understand that past. To gaze on Tower Hill is to remember a long series of impressive tragedies, to walk through the Tower itself is to recall as living figures the great men for whom it was palace or prison, for

His beat lies knee-high through a dust of story,

A dust of terror and torture, grief and crime ;

Ghosts that are England's wonder, and shame, and glory.

Throng where he walks, an antic of old time ;

but to get the benefit of the lesson he must do more than wander
through it with the gaping Cockney crowd, casting a hurried and

unintelligent glance here and there. These must be the illustrations of his book of English History, illustrations to be carefully, leisurely, repeatedly conned over with the book itself. What is said of the Tower is equally true of Westminster Abbey. What a story is that of "the Stone of Destiny," the Palladium of the British Empire, the chief treasure of the whole building crammed as it is with everything that is rich and rare and curious. And yet this Stone is of interest only to the instructed mind, to others a mere shapeless block! Here I will venture a plain word of practical counsel. Rarely, indeed, is a place like Westminster Abbey properly and profitably inspected, the visits are too few and too long in themselves, the mass is so great that the mind refuses to bear it; weariness, fatigue, disgust is the inevitable result. Who could read, enjoy and digest "Paradise Lost" as if it were a newspaper? Take book and building alike in small doses. In my own experience I have found that one hour at a time is amply sufficient for a great gallery or church or palace. Such places are practically neglected because this rule is not observed. This is from my own experience. It is well known that the National Gallery in London is the best possible for the student of painting, because it contains something of everything, and that something, however small in quantity, is the very best of its kind. I had often gone to the National Gallery, and looked at too much, and had come away with a vague idea which speedily dissolved into space. I then happened upon the excellent series of *Pall Mall Gazette* "Half Holiday Books," and got the one which "does" the gallery in twelve visits. I think I spent a little more, some thirteen or fourteen, but each was little more than an hour long. I enjoyed these visits very much, though I found each in itself quite enough. I gained a sort of birds-eye view of the whole history of the art, and that idea remained with me and was of great help. I only wish I had carried it through systematically with other places.

But it is not enough to know the history and monuments of the past--the present must have its own place. This is not so likely to be neglected. Mere curiosity of itself will induce the educated Indian to sit out a debate at the House of Commons, and to listen to some part of an argument before the House of Lords or an Indian Appeal argued before the Privy Council; but he ought to go farther afield. The County Council, the Civic Assemblies at the Guildhall, public

meetings of all sorts which so occupy the attention of London, are even more instructive. I know such things exist in India, though I know nothing of their actual working, but they have been in operation here from the very beginning. To what extent they can be applied and developed in India, how the true feelings of India, her aspirations and desires, can be expressed with truth and strength and volume through such channels, must be matters of vital importance to him. In the machinery of those meetings he will see how it is done in the place where it is done better than anywhere else, and so our thoughtful Indian will not despise the rude oratory of the parks ; even demonstrations of the unemployed, with their clumsy and illogical speeches will have their own interest for him. Perhaps he will gaze at these last with a novel yet familiar sensation. Here he will find that the tooth of famine which continues to gnaw at the very vitals of India is also felt in all its dread force in the richest city in the world.

I turn for a moment to English literature. Can he not study this, it may be asked, as well in India as in England ? One must discriminate. In all great literatures there is much that is universal ; Shakespeare has his "tears and laughter for all time," and yet who is so local and patriotic as Shakespeare ? How much you lose if you have never seen any of the places he describes ! There are authors of whom this is even truer. I will again quote my own experience. I was thirty before I knew anything of London ; by that time I had read all Dickens, and from him alone the great London localities were to me familiar words—but they were only words. It was not till I knew my London, and had some acquaintance with the courts of the Temple, the pavements of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the wharves by the Thames, that I grasped the full meaning of what had been familiar to me as names for years. And so, however much English literature is taught in India, no teaching can supply the stimulus, the insight, which actual contact with the places alone can give. As to our present English literature, in one shape no stranger will neglect this ; he will read the newspapers almost as a matter of course, and the leaders of the *Times* are very good English indeed, but I do not urge on him any study of contemporary writers save for one purpose. The great authors of the Victorian era are nearly all gone ; the one or two who survive have

already at the very best long since done the mass of their life-work, and linger but as veterans on the stage. We talk of the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth," though Shakespeare himself, the greatest ornament of those times, lived through more than half of her successor's reign. Most likely another generation will fix its attention on the Victorian era, and make nothing of the literature of the time that followed. Yet as an educated Indian must throughout his life chiefly use the English language, the study of its best models, and his careful attention to those whom he finds speaking it best, are of paramount importance. I think the bulk of the articles written by native authors in this Review show how well many have learned the lesson. From their style alone one could not tell whether they were written by an Eastern or Western contributor; but I am also a reader of the *Voice of India* (now the *Indian Spectator*), and I am much interested in the extracts there given from various Indian papers, written in English, and published at various places throughout the country. The English is usually very expressive, but it is often a little curious; it is quite grammatical, but there is a subtle misuse of words showing at least that the epithets do not mean exactly the same things to the authors as they do to me. A certain class of writers describe this rather contemptuously as "Baboo English," and possibly the word is common with Anglo-Indians, with whom, however, I have no large acquaintance. Mr. Anstey published some years ago some very clever skits in *Punch*. These took the form, if I remember rightly, of the Diary of an Indian in this country. By cunningly underscoring certain epithets, and very much exaggerating certain peculiarities, he produced an irresistibly comic effect, but there was a touch of unfairness in it. I am inclined rather to admire the cleverness of the so-called Baboo-English than sneer at its defects. It is evidently written by men who have never been in this country, and they have wonderfully overcome great difficulties. I wish I could write any foreign language as well as these so-called "Baboo" writers do. Still the standard to be aimed at by the educated Indian is that of perfect purity. One ought not to be able to say from internal evidence from what part of the empire the author comes, and that is why the study of the best contemporary models is of importance.

There is one traveller's error that the Indian in London ought

to guard against. Let him not think he will pick up important facts or truths as he goes along, without study, method, attention. You may live in contact with things all your life, but without careful observation your ideas are vague, confused, inaccurate, useless. A curious instance of this occurred to myself. I had spent many years in my native town and native county, and fondly imagined I knew all about them. Such knowledge seemed the birthright of a native; I had imbibed it, so I fancied, with the air I breathed. I had occasion to discuss both town and county in some of their most interesting aspects with the gentleman who represented them in Parliament. His is a well known name, his has been a brilliant career and very probably he will be the next Lord Chancellor. Yet, making every allowance for his great abilities, I was astonished and ashamed to find how much more he knew of my native shire than I did myself. His trained mind had methodically applied itself to a subject of interest and importance to him, and in a very brief time, he had got to know all that was worth knowing about this particular spot, and though I cannot pretend that the average Indian, any more than the average English student, can do as much, yet it will at least be easy for him, with reasonable application, to get far beyond the ordinary knowledge of the average Cockney about his own birthplace.

All these studies are really preliminary ; the most important thing he has to do after attending to his own professional work, is to acquire a knowledge of the English people. Let him go everywhere, and talk to everyone, and let him describe India and make his hearers interested in it as long as he can get anyone to listen to him. I think the great mass of the English people are curious about India ; they are willing to know about it as long as the knowledge is not too fatiguing. They are quite ready to meet their Indian fellow subject on equal grounds ; if he shows himself interested in them, in their ways of life, in their difficulties and struggles, they are ready to repay his attention in kind. The will of the English people must for an indefinite period—so it seems to me—influence the destinies of India. How important to train and direct and inform that will ! Each Indian ought to consider himself as a missionary in this country. I have already shown wherein his mission is to consist. Yet I am reminded that if our Indian is to know the English at all thoroughly, he must go a little

afield. London is not England—nay, it is apt to give a distorted idea of the country of which it is the centre. All great capitals are of necessity so cosmopolitan that national traits are obscured and blunted by them. From this point of view, London is not even a segment of England ; it is something distinct and apart. Indeed, to know English life one must go to the smaller towns like Exeter or Taunton. Still better, some period of residence in a rural locality, amidst characteristic English scenery, quite away from London influence, would teach our student much—nay, I deem it essential, if he is to gain the full benefit of his sojourn. Perhaps in his holiday-time he may accomplish something of the kind. Perhaps my programme is too extended, and I urge too much on him ; perhaps I have not succeeded in convincing him as to the advantage or necessity of what I have pointed out. I trust, however, I have not spoken altogether in vain ; I can only say that if fate had permitted me to pay a leisurely visit to the East, I should have studied our Indian Empire after the method I have attempted to describe.

FRANCIS WATT.

THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS.

ONE of the very many lasting benefits conferred on India by Lord Curzon (benefits for which surely the country will some day give his Lordship full credit) is the formation of the Imperial Cadet Corps. Unlike so many great measures of his, the public have not heard much about this boon. It does not affect the particular educated class that owns or inspires the organs of public opinion, nor does it affect European residents nor our own countryside as such. However, the nation as a whole is undoubtedly greatly benefited by it. One of the classes in India that exert most beneficial influence is doubtless the class of Native Princes from whom the Corps is recruited. This class, however, as a class, is *silent*. That is its characteristic, due to a feeling common to most aristocracies—bearing their joys and their sorrows by themselves, consuming their own fires. In this particular respect, the absence of general interest has been both beneficial and injurious. The Cadet Corps, unlike others of Lord Curzon's creations, has not been abused by people who are angry with his Government over more or less irrelevant questions. This is a great benefit. On the other hand, the drawback is that this important measure, conferring a real boon on the Chiefs, and thereby on the peoples of India, has not received due recognition from the country. This is a great pity, for, though such true friends as Lord Curzon do not require thanks for the benefits they confer, yet those among the conservative officers, who do not desire the conferring of this boon on India, might say that the prospects of military service held out did not obtain any hearty recognition from the Natives, and thus it was either needless to confer the boon or it should not be followed up by further development on the same lines. Another drawback is that public criticism of measures, when carried out in an honest spirit, often conceals fresh suggestions and

ideas, and howsoever excellent an official measure may be, the additional suggestions made by even irresponsible outside critics have a certain freshness about them. Besides, such criticism brings out the weak and strong points of public measures, while otherwise we have to proceed on painfully slow experience, our only guide.

I venture to make some remarks and suggestions here, based on my own ideas, that may be found of some little use. Lord Curzon has taken the first great step in putting four of the Cadets into the army. But while this is a great step and very beneficial, unless the lucky four are, when in the army, thoroughly hard worked and sat upon and made to do even more work than the ordinary Subaltern, they will probably degenerate into show soldiers, reducing the Corps to a *tamasha* and themselves to carpet-knights. They must also have regimental experience, and be sent to regiments for a few years. This suggestion would be needless if Lord Curzon was going to remain longer with us. But it must be remembered that other Viceroy's may not take quite the same amount of interest in the Imperial Cadet Corps. Some other possible dangers also threaten the Corps, and I now venture to give timely warning about them and submit a few proposals for future development of the scheme.

Dangers ahead.—First, that ruling Chiefs may send in distant relations or persons who, though noble, are of little consequence to their own people. Government should take great care to let only such as are nearly related to Chiefs and are possible future rulers join the Corps. Otherwise, the Corps may become a resort for village Thakores and dummy aristocrats. Secondly, it would be a good thing if it was made the custom that *minors* be sent to the Corps for a few years before they are installed on their *gadis*. My other suggestion is, that heirs-apparent to *gadis* should be expected, when not too ill to do so, to go into the Corps for two or three years at least, so as to learn discipline before they become rulers. Government cannot, of course, force them, but it can *persuade* them and *press* their parents to send them up to the Cadet Corps. The eldest sons would then learn discipline. The present danger is that between the strict discipline of the Rajkumar College and the freedom of irresponsible manhood there is no stepping stone. In the Corps the discipline of soldiering as Cadets will afford the necessary and wholesome change between being schoolboys and independent men. For the majority of the

Cadets the best possible future is officership of the Imperial Service Troops. For a few there may be the Indian Army, and British Commissions for others ; for still fewer there will be the *gadis* ; but for the majority the goal is efficient officership of the Imperial Service Troops. They will, if they choose, make the best officers for those troops, and will very considerably raise the standard of officership. It seems specially desirable that such young nobles and heirs apparent as have spent their childhood in Europe and their boyhood at Eton and early manhood at Oxford should go into the Corps. In the Corps they will meet men of their own standing, who are, unlike them, Natives of India in thought and feeling as well as in colour, and they will get into touch with their own proper circle as well also learn military discipline, which is perhaps the best lesson for them. Another suggestion I venture to make is that a few grown-up Chiefs should be attached as honorary officers of the Corps, under their distinguished commandant, the Maharaja of Idar. This will find for the Corps good and constant friends among the Chiefs and Nobles all over India, who will often give useful advice to Government and make practical suggestions to the European officers of the Corps, will find recruits by their influence with other ruling Chiefs, and do a great deal of good all round. In time we shall have many such Chiefs who were once themselves Cadets.

Those gentlemen who ask questions in the Press and the Legislative Councils periodically as to appointments given to Europeans in India by Lord Curzon, and who seem to think that the creation of the Imperial Cadet Corps was a mere ruse, should remember that Lord Curzon has opened the door of the British Indian Army to the class most worthy of it in the land, and unless the class is so wanting in fitness and energy as to be unworthy of the privilege, a great future lies before the Cadets. As the blood of Jack Sepoy and Tommy Atkins has mixed in one mud on many a field of battle, so, if the Chiefs of India are worthy of this movement and take it up in the right spirit, the blood of the Indian Cadet and the English officer will cement India and England.

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHER AS A SOCIAL HARMONIZER.

I.

THIS article is not intended as a learned or metaphysical or in any way exhaustive treatment of a complicated subject, but only as a possibly helpful suggestion for lecturers or writers who are imparting instruction on religion or philosophy to any sort of mixed public. At Queen's College the writer was considered rather successful in teaching philosophy to young girls, in a manner which made each more, not less, interested in and loyal to the religion of her own parents, while promoting religious harmony and mutual helpfulness between persons of different sects. As I am sure that any power which I may have possessed in this direction is largely due to what my uncle, George Everest, learned from a Brahmin nearly a century ago, it will only be a natural expression of gratitude if I can hand on the help to any native of India, who may now be puzzled owing to the apparent conflict between Eastern and Western ideas.

This article will be in two parts. The first will contain some general suggestions as to the precautions which it is well to take in order to avoid stirring conflict, weakening faith or destroying purity and the sense of the Ideal; the second part will consist of a skeleton or frame-work on which the teacher may conveniently arrange whatever he may have to say on the subject of religious philosophy.

The teacher of religious philosophy may with advantage strike boldly at starting the master-keynote of the whole symphony of religions, the need for religious differentiation. The various parts of the chorus, the various departments of the subject, then fall naturally and easily into their proper places. In a class of philosophy there need be, there should be, no suggestion of a question

as to which religion is truer or better than others. Anything of the kind is as out of place as a discussion in a University about the respective degrees of usefulness of the learned professions for which it trains men. They are the expression of different needs of humanity; each attempts to supply some one of those needs. Some group of people must be told off for, and in a certain sense more or less sacrificed to, the supplying of one of these needs. And the best that any of them can do for humanity is to do its own work with conscientious fidelity, and take sympathetic interest in the work that is being done by others. No person can be considered truly educated unless he has intelligent sympathy with all the religions of the world; but he should also have some real knowledge of, and a feeling considerably warmer even than intelligent sympathy for, that of his own ancestors. This point should be strongly emphasized in the first lesson.

Too many teachers treat ancient philosophies and religions entirely from what may be called the anatomical or dissecting-room stand-point, *i.e.*, they think they have given sufficient account of a religion when they have minutely described its construction at some one or more given epochs. Before one can understand an ancient religion one must investigate it biologically, that is, show its life history. It must be pictured as constantly decaying, and being re-formed; as acting on other religions and being acted on by them. Pupils should have it kept constantly before their minds that every religion tends perpetually to degenerate into superstition, that constant watchfulness is necessary to prevent this degeneration from truth into superstition going on within one's own mind. This general thesis—the perpetual gravitation of religion toward superstition and the need of incessant watchfulness—should be profusely illustrated by examples. But the examples should always be taken from the past, from errors that “are dead and done with”; the teacher should scrupulously avoid making adverse comments on customs which prevail anywhere in his own day. If one neglects this precaution, one can never be sure of not hurting the feelings of some parent, pulling up the precious seedling of racial loyalty in some pupil, or diminishing the likelihood of some member of the class coming to sympathetic comprehension of somebody or other whom he may meet in future. The teacher of religious philosophy is in honour bound to observe this rule. The temptation to break it may seem at

times great ; but it vanishes as soon as one has a clear perception of one's relations to the whole subject.

But it will be asked, is the teacher of religious philosophy to make no attempt to prepare his pupil for choosing the good and rejecting the evil among the tenets and practices of his own sect ? Certainly he must make the attempt ; indeed his success in this very object is the proof and the measure of his fitness for his function. But there are far better ways of accomplishing it than by adverse criticism of anything that contemporaries think or do. And here comes in the value of a mixed class ; it helps the teacher to resist the temptation of drifting towards an easy but ineffectual method of assisting the choice of the pupils. The correction of the superstitions of any one religion is to be found in the highest ideals of some other. By laying constant stress on that aspect of each religion which presents it as a pure and perfect, though partial, ideal, one gets the class gradually into a habit of reverence, each for the best side of his own religion. Attention is taken off from those elements in which there are superstitions. Nothing is said that would hurt the feelings of his parents or his clergyman if repeated to them. Neither friction, tension, nor need for reticence at home is set up. And all the time, the *tension* of the pupil or such of his hereditary customs as are either degradations of, or unimportant accretions round, its main ideal, fall insensibly into a secondary place in his mind and gradually lose their hold on his imagination. He continues to carry on the customs of his sect, thinking less and less of *them*, and seeing more and more clearly the truth behind them, but still practising them reverently as homage to his ancestors and a tribute of respect to his immediate family till the time comes when they are inconsistent with some higher duty. When that happens he is able to drop them, without scruples of conscience or emotional suffering. As David Marks is fond of saying, religious custom is not the nut, but it is the shell of the nut, and it should remain unbroken till the kernel is ripe and ready to act as living seed. There is a long interval between the first forming of the tiny kernel of true faith and its final ripening. Meantime, it has to be fed in order that it may grow, and the best fertiliser for growing kernels of faith is the habit of reverence for every mode in which any human being tries to express his faith and aspirations.

We come now to a principle which should be explained to all pupils as soon as they are old enough not to be confused about it. The transcendental cannot be *directly* grasped by the human intellect or senses. It appeals to the emotions of man and reveals itself to his spiritual vision ; but the intellect has no direct hold on it. It has therefore been the custom of religious thinkers in all ages to facilitate the process of thinking about their relations to the eternal by reference to something within the scope of intelligible experience. This custom is vaguely described in Europe as "Oriental Metaphor." It might with more appropriateness be described as Inspired Common Sense ; it is no more Oriental than it is Greek or Scandinavian, or Irish or American-Indian ; it is the spontaneous method of all races which have not yet sold their birthright of Genius for a mess of Academic Pottage. It rests on the perception that whatever is in the created must exist potentially in the Creator.

In ancient times the framework of Metaphor, chiefly used by religious thinkers, consisted of allusions to the various relations between human beings. As civilization goes on, this becomes objectionable for ordinary and religious teaching. Relations between human beings involve emotion, passion, tension. It is found better for the health of intellectual and neurotic people that religious *emotion* should be kept pure from all admixture of other feelings, and that the intellectual portion of the religion should be built on a framework of depolarized and unsensational symbolism. An immense amount of interesting work in this direction has been done in Europe within the last hundred years. Some account of this work will be given in the second part of this article. The point to which I wish to call attention at once is that though religions built on a non-emotional framework are most suitable for general public teaching at the present day, yet no study of ancient philosophies or religions can be thorough without a considerable amount of analysis of the emotions connected with personal human ties, including the question of both normal and abnormal relations between the sexes. I will conclude this portion of my subject with a suggestion or two for the teacher whose duty lies in the direction of preparing Asiatic pupils for entering into sympathetic relations with England without loss of purity, dignity or self-respect.

God forbid that I should suggest that we in England now are on the whole less pious, less earnest, less fervent than our forefathers or than any Asiatic race. Our fervour is as great as ever and so is our power of self-sacrifice. So also, I am sure, is our *latent* potentiality of devotion to an Ideal—if we had an Ideal. But not one man or woman in ten thousand in England now has any definite knowledge of what it is that he is devoted to. When we find that out, there will be a tremendous national renaissance. The British Lion, some fifty years ago, fell asleep, after an over-hearty meal of material prosperity. Just now, he is struggling in a night-mare caused by indigestion, in which scraps of all sorts of Ideals are mixed up into fantastic horrors. But he will wake up presently ; the spectres will vanish, and he will regain a clear vision of his own gods. The teacher in India would do well to get himself penetrated with that notion ; he will then be all the better able to prepare his pupils for coming into organic relations with the England of the future.

The teacher should take care to avoid a mistake into which he may be led by mere sounds of words. Europe is *supposed* to be Trinitarian. The Christian religion is usually described as a Trinitarian one, and so indeed it used to be in the days when it was organic and strong, and a source of strength to Europe. But the conception of Trinity hardly exists in Europe now. Some of us shout the word Trinity very loud in Church on certain special festivals, but it is safe to say that no man in England has any idea of the meaning of the word unless he is to some extent a student of Oriental thought. The religion of England now is a mosaic of scraps from all the five types, to be described in the next paper, arranged, not in organic union nor even as a good mosaic, but jumbled together anyhow. And whoever wishes to know the meaning of the doctrine of the Trinity had better begin by paying no attention to what is said on "Trinity" Sunday by English clergymen in the present day.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT.

THE Swadeshi movement which is now agitating Bengal on account of the Partition Scheme, is a very important movement, not so much from the economic as from the political point of view. The political zeal which has brought it into prominence may subside, but its economic aspect is permanent and ought not to be allowed to lose its inherent vitality. The resolution to use Indian in place of English goods, which has now been passed in parts of Bengal, ought to be kept up, not because of any effect it may produce upon the Partition or any other scheme of Government, but because it is one of the best solutions of India's present poverty. Various parts of the country have, from time to time, been seized with like enthusiasms due to political or other causes, but only to find their efforts handicapped, because patriotism and sentiment are forced to give place to the law of supply and demand or of buying in the cheapest market. The matter has been under the consideration of the Vaishya Maha Sabha for some years past, and they have been looking at the problem not from the political but from the economic point of view. Their efforts have not yet achieved any success worth the name, but it may be of some use to point out some of the difficulties in the way and how they have been met with some degree of success.

The first thing necessary is to look upon the movement not from the provincial but from the Indian point of view. The question should not be whether the exclusion of English goods will or will not induce English manufacturers to bring their influence to bear upon the Government of the day to withdraw the Partition scheme or give Indians any other political privilege, but how far it will save the drain of wealth from India to foreign countries, how far it will extend the sphere of employment of the millions of arti-

sans who have now been driven from manufacturing industries to agriculture. Every year that passes is one of anxiety. The rainfall of India has for the last few years been very unevenly distributed, and one part or the other is always on the verge of famine. The condition of the ordinary workman or labourer, instead of improving, is becoming worse every year. There has certainly been an increase of the wages of labour all round, and a labourer who used formerly to earn two or three rupees a month, now earns four or five. In the case of skilled labour it has also been the same, and a mason, carpenter, blacksmith or tailor, who used formerly to get four or five annas a day, now gets six or eight annas. Railways and other works of public utility, constantly in progress everywhere, have largely stimulated the demand for both skilled and unskilled labour. But the condition of the workman is none the better for it, for with the rise in wages, there has been a corresponding rise in prices of all foodstuffs by more than 50 per cent. Increase of wants due to the market being flooded with cheap articles of luxury from foreign countries, and of families due to the system of early marriages, are also important factors. As soon as rains hold off even for one season in any part of India, great is the anxiety felt and gloomy are the forebodings of impending starvation. The grain stocks of the country, which used formerly to suffice for several years, soon become exhausted, and those only who know the inner working of village life or of that in the poorer parts of our Indian towns, can realise the miseries of the poor on such occasions. Chronic debt, the pressure of the Government or the zemindar's demand, and social needs unknown in other countries, are also serious factors in the majority of our people being ill-educated, ill-fed, ill-housed, sickly, and ready victims of the first epidemic of plague or cholera. In other countries, for instance England, along with a rise of some 25 per cent in wages within the last few years, there has been a corresponding lowering of the prices of all foodstuffs, and an English labourer who could formerly buy a certain quantity of food for a pound, can now do the same for fifteen shillings. He has, moreover, none of those social needs nor that system of child marriage nor that destruction of home industries by foreign mechanical appliances, which his Indian compeer has. The Indian thinks himself lucky if he gets only one meal a day. Believing in the

doctrine that what has been ordained must come to pass, he does not give much trouble either to the powers that be nor to his fellow villagers or townsmen. Sickly and weak, he drags on his miserable existence till a famine or plague carries him off. All this poverty, with its attendant evil, is in a great measure due to agriculture being the only means of livelihood for more than 90 per cent of the Indian population. And it is not England alone, but every foreign nation that has got capital, co-operation or enterprise that is growing rich at the expense of India. For an Indian such a prospect is not good to contemplate. In all trading centres, like Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi, not only English but also German wholesale houses are found in large numbers, and Germany is now fast monopolising the Indian market. Japan is also coming in for its share, as are America, France and other countries. To boycott English goods would, therefore, scarcely remove the evil. On the contrary, if we want the country to prosper, we must have as our ideal an India which is not only a self-dependent but also an exporting country for her manufactures as she once was. Such a result can be achieved, not so much by adding a cotton mill or two to those already in existence, as by industrial activity all round, by a steady application of the results of modern science to both industry and agriculture and diversion of capital from banking to agricultural and industrial enterprise. This is the ideal of true patriotism, and any nation that keeps it in view cannot but prosper as well as earn the sympathy of all right-minded people.

The next thing necessary for the success of the Swadeshi movement is the curtailment of superfluous wants created by the display of cheap and tawdry articles of foreign manufacture. Does it occur to us how every one of us is daily making the fortunes of the foreign trader by his love for imported articles of food and drink, imported cloth, imported medicines, imported boots and shoes, and a thousand and one other articles which can either easily be dispensed with, or substituted by indigenous articles equally good and perhaps more substantial? How often do some of us not show quite an un-Indian spirit by affecting to despise everything Indian, and having nothing but imported things, and taking a pride in it? The time has now come when we cease to regard the Indian way of living as barbarous or old-fashioned and despise those who still

adhere to it. On the contrary, the multiplication of families and the contraction of the means of livelihood seem to require the retention and even reversion to that method as much cheaper than any foreign method. Those who have done so have had the satisfaction of not only saving their money but also of not encouraging in their children wants which they cannot gratify in after life. In upper India many of those who have been practically carrying out the Swadeshi movement for some time past have adhered to the Indian way of living, and with good results. They have not been successful in giving up imported things altogether, but by keeping steadily in view the ideal, and curtailing superfluous wants, they have largely saved their money as well as afforded some encouragement to indigenous manufactures.

The difficulty everywhere is to find the required indigenous article at the price charged for an imported one of similar quality. The art of advertising is unknown to the majority of our traders, and unlike English firms, lists of goods for sale are never sent to people all over the country nor are travelling agents kept to push the sale of goods. Shops for the sale of Indian goods exclusively are, moreover, not found on any extensive scale, even in places like Calcutta and Bombay, not to speak of mufassil towns, and where some patriotic Indians have started such shops, they have not received proper encouragement from their countrymen. One gentleman, an M.A., lately started an Indian cloth shop in Bareilly. He is a man of means, and though he has to work the shop at a loss, yet he is keeping it up in a spirit of patriotism. If others, animated by the same spirit, started such shops, not caring in the beginning for profits, the Swadeshi movement would soon take root. Such shops are as necessary for large towns as for small, and they might be taken in hand either by small companies or private individuals. The Industrial Exhibition and the Industrial Conference at Benares could not also do better than take up the question, as to how to make the Swadeshi movement a success. It would, perhaps, afford a great impetus to the movement, were those in charge of the Exhibition to confine it to articles of Indian manufacture, eschewing those imported from elsewhere, even for show, and paying greater attention to utility than grandeur. They should exhibit articles of everyday use among the people rather than those among the rich few,

and show how they can best be improved upon. Thousands of such articles will be found in every part of India. Glass, pottery, brass and copper vessels, furniture, cloth, durries, carpets, cutlery, condiments, perfumes, and many other things come under this head. A large number of our people, in spite of the importation of articles of foreign manufacture in such enormous quantities, still use articles of Indian manufacture extensively, and in almost all parts of the country, things required for local needs and even for purposes of export are made in quantities proportionate to the demand. For instance, in Upper India, Mirzapur and Amritsar are famous for their carpets, Benares and Moradabad for their brass and embossed metal wares, Delhi for its shoes, embroideries and jewelleryes, Aligarh for its locks, Bareilly, Shahjahanpur and Cossipore for their sugar, Cashmere for its shawls and the Punjab for its woollen goods. We have at present about 175 cotton spinning and weaving mills in the country, and their number is fast increasing. Dairies, steam flour and oil mills, steam iron foundries, silk factories and hand-loom weaving concerns, are also constantly on the increase. The soaps of Meerut and the silks of Assam and Kasi command large sales, and glass factories are also being started in parts of the Punjab. Thus the outlook is not bad. But it requires to be vastly improved upon before we could boycott foreign goods for any length of time and with any hope of success. We are yet very backward in the production of some of the more indispensable necessities of life. For instance, for such a small thing as a pin we have to depend upon Birmingham. The same is the case with the pen. I visited Taylor's pin-making factory and Joseph Gillott's pen-making works in Birmingham, some years ago, and so greatly struck was I with the enormous resources of these firms, that I wondered if we could ever compete with them. Joseph Gillott employs some 500 people, consumes tons of steel, and turns out several thousand gross of pens in the week. The total quantity of pens turned out in Birmingham, I was told, was 160,000 gross per week. Of pins Taylor turns out 50 millions per week. Can we do the same? Without doing so, it is hopeless to boycott Birmingham, unless we revert to the old reed for writing, which no one will now use for English writing, and the rude native needle for sewing, which no native tailor will now touch, with Singer's sewing machine within easy reach. Another very important article is the match, by which

the Swedish and the Norwegian manufacturers, and lately Japan, are profiting so much at the expense of India. In Ahmedabad they have started the Islam match factory. This concern is very cheaply worked and has secured the lease of a forest on very favorable terms from the Government. The process is simple and the capital employed is moderate. And yet it cannot compete with the foreign manufacturer in point of cheapness. The knife comes next. Large quantities of knives are manufactured in Hathrass, in the United Provinces, and Wazirabad, in the Punjab. They are good for ordinary work, and Hathrass knives sell at the modest price of 3 pice. Yet Rodgers and German cutlers still drive a roaring trade in knives in all parts of India, because there is no attempt to improve the Indian article. Meerut makes very good scissors. But as it makes them too large to be useful for ordinary household purposes, we have to patronise England and Germany for the smaller articles. Kerosine oil has now replaced and almost driven out the indigenous lamp and country oils, which, though less brilliant, are less dangerous and less injurious to the eyes. Burmah produces some kerosine oil; but it is insufficient for our needs, and as matters stand, the ordinary villager will not easily revert to the country oil, because it is more costly and does not burn so brightly. The cigarette is, it must be said with regret, also fast finding its way among the people. Except in Bombay, where the old-fashioned *beeri*, made from country tobacco and leaf, is still common, enormous quantities of cheap cigarettes, not containing any tobacco worth the name, are thrown broadcast in town and village, and the ordinary villager buys ten or twenty of them for two or four pice, little knowing how his doing so enriches the foreign manufacturer. Some 600 millions of cigarettes are yearly imported into India from Europe and America, and the agent of one company told me the other day that he gets Rs. 30,000 for his commission every year. Another most important article is salt. In Upper India we use salt made in Sambhar, in Rajputana, or the rock salt of the Punjab. In Bengal and Bombay English and German salt is largely used. If, therefore, they boycott all English goods, they may have to go without salt. They need, however, not fear such a contingency, for the supply of salt from Sambhar and the Salt Range in the Punjab is for many years to come sufficient to

meet the needs of not only Upper but Southern India, and Bengal also. It is besides worth the consideration of Government whether the duty on salt should not be so equalised as to make the manufacture of salt in the country not the prohibitive thing it now is. The last great article of import is cloth, for which Delhi and Cawnpore are now as important centres as Bombay and Calcutta. One wholesale dealer in Delhi, whom I questioned on this point the other day, told me that they imported about a crore of rupees' worth of cotton and about two crores worth of woollen and silk goods during the year. And yet coarse country cloth is still in great demand in the market, and all Indian mills combined are scarcely able to meet it. In fine cloth Europe, of course, holds the monopoly. In Lancashire I visited one of the largest* mills, where they employed about 2,400 men and worked the latest machinery. They imported their cotton from the best cotton producing countries of the world. The manager showed me samples of Indian, Egyptian, New Orleans, Sea Island and other cottons, and explained to me the difference between our cotton and that brought from America and elsewhere. In the Upper Provinces experiments with Egyptian cotton have been tried, but not successfully. I tried the experiment in my own village some time ago. The seed was supplied by the Agricultural Department, Cawnpore, and it was sown and the plants reared according to directions. The plants were much smaller than our Indian cotton plants, but more bushy. The leaves were dark red and the pods very large and heavy. But in ginning we found that while the yield for every pound of pods of Indian cotton was 7 ounces, for the Egyptian it was a little more than four. The cotton was sent to one of the largest mills in Cawnpore for examination and was certified to be good for producing stuffs finer than those made from country cotton. But as it did not pay, the ordinary agriculturist would not agree to cultivate it. And yet, under better management, the results might be more encouraging. At present Bengal alone imports more than 5½ lakhs of packages of piece goods from England, and annually gives it some thirty crores of rupees. Most of these goods are fine cloths. If, therefore, you wish to stop their import into the country, you must direct your attention rather towards producing such cloth from your own cotton, grown after improved methods, than towards stopping the demand for it.

Fine cloths are even now made in parts of Bengal and Upper India. Mau in the Azamgarh District, and Sikundrabad in Bulandshahar, have long been known for them. But the industry is in a straggling condition. It is in the hands of weavers who have little or no capital and no education, and who use imported yarn. And yet they manage to produce good cloth which, though costly, is more lasting than the imported article. Our expert, who has been trained in Japan, lately visited some of these factories, and his report was that the high prices of these goods were due to the wastage of material on the part of weavers, and that with hand looms properly worked, it would be possible to reduce the cost. As soon as the Upper India Hand Loom Company, started by the Vaishya Mahasabha, is in full working order, which it will be in a month or so, the experiment of manufacture of fine cloths will also be tried. One of the greatest items of import in cotton goods is dhoties. From a visit to one agency house alone in Manchester, I was convinced of the enormous field for Lancashire in this direction. Indian mills are now making good dhoties. But the supply is unequal to the demand. They manufacture about 126 million yards of such goods, but the outturn is much less than the need. The remedy lies not so much in wearing fewer dhoties during the year, as in stimulating their production, and dispensing with the fine article so largely used in Bengal and substituting the thicker one instead. In parts of Bengal and Mau fine dhoties are made, and if the demand rises, the supply may also rise. But fine dhoties are an offence against decency and should be discarded. We in Upper India are somewhat better off in this respect. If the importation of all fine goods were stopped, we would still be none the worse for it. For coarse dhoties our hand and power looms, which are fast multiplying, ought to suffice. The Upper India Hand Loom Company will start with the manufacture of dhoties and hopes to contribute its quota to the general demand. Let others do the same. I may go on noticing in this connection article after article, but shall conclude with sugar. Painful it is to see imported sugar, made by impure methods, supplanting the indigenous article. Resolutions were passed and meetings were held some years ago in parts of Upper India to boycott the imported article, on religious grounds, but all failed, because of the comparative cheapness of the latter, and the result is that in most of the

sugar-producing towns of these Provinces, a large number of native *khandsars* (sugar refineries) have been closed. What is necessary is to resuscitate the indigenous article, not by passing boycotting resolutions, but by producing as good sugar at as cheap rates, through improved methods of manufacture, as the imported article. This applies to every article of import, and if we but determine to do it, it *can* be done.

Experience shows that, given a small capital and some brains, a man of pluck can do much in a short time. A Mahomedan gentleman of Agra who, about 20 years ago, started a very small shop for the manufacture of English shoes, is now a big manufacturer worth more than half a lakh of rupees, having his agencies in almost every place in India. Another Hindu gentleman who owns a large trading and banking firm in Agra and is a man of adventurous spirit, started last year for Calcutta with the modest sum of Rs. 60 or 70 to see what he could make of it. Of course, he had the credit of his firm at his back. But he did not draw upon it and steadily confined his operations to the capital with which he had started. He speculated in sugar, and has earned more than a quarter of a lakh of rupees by this time. The history of many a Marwari millionaire also is the same. If the advocates of the Swadeshi movement wish to succeed, they must have the co-operation of the masses. This they can only have by producing goods of quality, quantity and prices equal to imported ones of similar description. The case of the Bengal ryots who, when trodden by the oppression of the Indigo planters, refused to touch indigo seed and preferred to go to jail to sowing indigo for the planters, shows what strong determination can do. But the evil, like the planter's oppression, must be felt to be real. Let those who are agitating for the use of indigenous articles feel the loss of India's industries and trade as deeply as the ryots in Bengal did the oppression of the planters, and the result will soon be patent. It is the educated and the higher classes who are the greatest users of imported superfluities. Amongst our upper and middle classes, boots and shoes made in the best English firms, English clothes sewn by English tailors, articles of food imported from Europe, hotels and restaurants owned or managed by Europeans, articles of furniture made by European upholsterers, imported drinks, imported scents,

English medicines, are fast becoming necessities of life. The Raja, the zemindar, the lawyer, the doctor, the judge, must have European or American things, and what to ordinary people seem superfluities, are to our men of light and leading things which cannot be dispensed with. The remedy lies in their own hand, in the curtailment of superfluous wants, due to a wrong method of living. Our predecessors 50 or even 25 years ago, had no such wants, and yet were none the worse for it. Even now the ordinary people in Upper India have in their houses Indian furniture, mostly made locally. The vessels used for cooking and carrying water, if not locally made, are from Hathras, Mathura, Benares, Mirzapur, Moradabad, or Rewari. The cloth used by the servants is mostly coarse country cloth. Women also prize silks and stuffs made in Lahore and Azamgarh over those imported from Europe. Large quantities of gold and silver laces used for trimming women's and children's dresses are manufactured in Delhi and Agra. Country shoes made in Delhi or Ludhiana are also in great demand. In our marriages also almost all the furniture, dresses, and other presents given, are made locally or at least in the country. No foreign articles of food or drink are used by the majority of our people. Foreign liquors and intoxicating drinks are not touched by thousands, and I believe our people are happier without them. Having fewer wants, they are able to save for future needs, while our men of education are not. This, I believe, is the case everywhere in India.

The Swadeshi movement, though there are difficulties in the way, can therefore be worked successfully, if there is determination at the back. But in order to make it a success, we must first have information of the existing condition of our arts and industries in various places in India and make it available to the public. The Vaishya Maha Sabha has already collected some useful information about some of the leading industries of the Upper Provinces. But it is far from complete and not yet ripe for publication. As soon as it is completed, we hope to publish a directory of the chief industries of each town of importance. There is no reason why some Indian gentlemen of education should not at once undertake the task of collecting it more fully. If he favours us with it, we shall not only receive it most thankfully, but also pay him for the trouble, if required. The work will take some time to do if it is to

be done with any degree of thoroughness. But when once the information is complete, it will be easy to revise and supplement it from time to time. The person who undertakes it will have to visit each town of importance and make his way among the local artisans and manufacturers. He may meet with some difficulty in the beginning in inspiring confidence in the minds of these people, but if he persists he will ultimately be successful. Figures and statistics will not be so valuable as correct descriptions of things made, the names of recognised makers, their prices, and suggestions for their improvement. Till this information is complete and the supplies are forthcoming, it is of little use passing pious resolutions to boycott foreign goods. We must first find substitutes for them in the country, and then we can boycott them safely and successfully. It would also be necessary to work the movement with the co-operation of trading nations like the Vaishyas, the Marwaris and the Parsis. If they once take it in right earnest, as the Marwaris seem to have done in Calcutta, the result will soon be patent.

To conclude—in order to make the Swadeshi movement, which is one of the chief, or perhaps the only means of India's regeneration, a success, it is necessary (1) to look upon it as a national and not as a provincial or a class movement; not so much from the political as from the economic point of view as has been done in other countries, like America and Japan. (2) To take complete stock of what is, and what is not, made in India. (3) To take steps to improve the former and make the latter. (5) To have a complete list of all the principal indigenous industries and start agencies for the sale of their products everywhere. (6) To have one large or several small companies for the purpose in each province. (7) To adhere or revert to the Indian way of living, as far as possible, and curtail superfluous wants. (8) To enquire into the handicrafts of foreign countries and see how far the latter can be made use of in this country. (9). Not to pitch the ideal too high nor above the level of ordinary human goodness. If we start with only what we can do, our success is assured; but if we attempt to do too much, failure in the near future is also certain.

A MODERN VIEW OF MIRACLES.

WORDS and ideas have their histories and fortunes, as well as individuals and natures, and sometimes their own catastrophes, if less sudden, quite as severe. And, as a great man may fall to depths of neglect and ignominy beneath the humblest of his quondam subjects or admirers, so may ideas, once cherished and honoured, and even worshipped, come in their turn to be treated with contempt. And of this it would not be easy to find a more striking and significant instance than that of the high esteem and importance accorded, through so many centuries, to Miracles as contrasted with the wide-spread, if not universal, discredit with which they are now regarded. For to such a length is this discredit carried, that these events, real or supposed, instead of being revered or esteemed as the very proofs and foundations of religion, are looked upon as fatal parasites, which at all risks must be removed, if the tree itself is to survive. With regard to Christianity, at any rate, is it not obvious that a belief in miracles is regarded by its most active defenders as a mast that has gone by the board—which must, at the earliest possible moment, be cut clear, if such of the rigging as still remains standing is itself to be saved? For, if there be some who foresee the difficulty of sailing the ship after so large a loss of canvas, in the prevailing panic their counsels are hardly likely to be listened to. At such a juncture, it is surely meet for those whose own faith is based on foundations more abiding than myth or miracle, to discuss, with a calmness that faith warrants, the nature and bearing of miracles.

It may be well to recall the fact that the word miracle is even now a word of elastic meaning, for it is still applied to things natural as well as human, as when we say, "a miracle of beauty," "a miracle of industry," meaning thereby nothing more than that these achieve

ments excite our wonder and admiration to a high degree and are therefore exceptions to the ordinary run of things. But in the dogmatic and theologic sense, a miracle is an event which cannot be accounted for by natural laws, and is held to be a manifestation of a supernatural or Divine power. And the possession and exercise of this power is supposed to clothe the possessor with superhuman authority in matters of religion, and to be, in fact, one of the principal sign-manuals of his divine commission. Nowhere is this more strongly and clearly evidenced than with regard to the Founder of Christianity Himself, who was not only believed by his followers to possess these supernatural powers, but did actually, as instanced in his message to John the Baptist, found his Messianic claim very largely on those very grounds. Still, it is only fair to admit two qualifications of this statement, viz., first, that the main emphasis seems to have been laid by him on the moral character, on the benevolence and philanthropy by which the exercise of his powers were directed, rather than upon the supernatural character of the powers; and secondly, that he fully recognised the impotence of mere dynamic display to produce real faith, both when he declares that he will give no sign to a faithless and perverse generation, and when he asserts that the brethren of the rich man of the parable "would not believe though one rose from the dead." St. Paul, too, evidently set small store on miraculous displays, as "speaking with tongues," compared with faith and the Christian graces. At the same time, the history of Christ's miracles forms so essential a part of his life, that to distinguish completely the natural from the supernatural is an undertaking of the utmost delicacy and danger to the whole fabric. Leaving this apart for the moment, let us take up the very fundamental question as to whether miracles, in the accepted theological sense, are, under any circumstances, credible.

David Hume enunciates a handy and tempting fallacy when he says that "it is more probable that evidence should be false than that a miracle should be true." The assertion is undoubtedly specious, for everyone associates with the word evidence some idea of conflict and uncertainty, and with the word miracle, the nature of something antecedently improbable. This, however, is to leave aside the fact most important to the argument, that, however

unsatisfactory certain evidence may be, there is evidence that is practically irrefragable. Take, for instance, the case of a murder committed by a person of high social standing and unblemished reputation. This is a case of high antecedent improbability, and also one in which the criminal has done everything in his power to conceal his crime and to destroy any evidence of his guilt, and yet, in many such cases, the evidence has appeared irrefragable, and the accused has been condemned and executed. In some few instances mistakes have been made, but in the great majority of such cases the evidence has turned out to be true in the main, in spite of any improbability there might have been. Now, if we are justified in concluding from evidence that a man is guilty of murder and in punishing him by death or otherwise, it is surely clear that evidence is not a thing to be so lightly dismissed as Hume would have it. Take just another instance. Suppose that a husband who has for years loved and trusted his wife as himself, discovers by some slight, yet unmistakable, evidence that she has been unfaithful to him—it may be a scrap of a letter, it may be from some comparatively trifling remark or incident, and yet these are only explicable on the one hypothesis. Can the unfortunate man pass it by on the ground that it is more probable that the evidence should be false than the implication true? These are both cases, be it observed, where the guilty persons have taken every precaution to avoid the possibility of evidence being laid against them, and yet the evidence is justly held to outweigh the improbability. The fact is that evidence is so variable a quantity, we may almost say from zero to infinity, that it is unsafe to make any such generalisation about it as Hume does. The safe course, then, is not to generalise beforehand regarding any class of events, as Hume does in the case of miracles, but first of all to examine the evidence itself. To do otherwise is to beg the question.

But before proceeding to the second part of Hume's proposition, there is a point or two with respect to the relation of fact and evidence which is not unfrequently overlooked.

All real or alleged events may be classed in their relation to the evidence of their truth in four classes. Firstly, you may have a case where the evidence is both strong and true, in the second you may have it strong (apparently) but false, thirdly, you may have the

evidence weak and false, but fourthly, you may have the evidence weak but true. And what we are most apt to overlook is the last, or rather, perhaps, we are liable to jump to the conclusion that a fact for which the evidence is scanty or conflicting is, therefore, to be held as disproved. For there is no necessary connection between the truth of a statement and the amount of evidence by which it can be demonstrated. It thus often happens that the more distant an event is, and therefore the more difficult to establish, it becomes at the same time just as difficult to disprove it.

It is well to bear this point in mind at a time when the general tendency is to question the truth of ancient records and long past events, and to class them as false or mythical simply because, from the necessity of the case, the evidence has become attenuated.

But the second omission involved in Hume's method of stating the question is even perhaps of greater importance, and that is a full enquiry into the question why a miracle should be regarded as so highly improbable as practically to be impossible of proof by any evidence whatever.

The light in which we regard miracles will necessarily depend on the conception of cosmology we hold, that is, on our notions of the universe as a whole. To the pure materialist a miracle is a sheer impossibility. If the universe is purely physical, physical laws must for a moment be suspended and contravened, and, therefore, the evidence that would establish a miracle to the satisfaction of a materialist would at the same time upset his whole philosophy, so that when the materialist is brought to admit the occurrence of any phenomenon he cannot explain in terms of known physical forces and laws, he at once takes refuge in the position that these things are the product, either of some physical force hitherto undiscovered, or the results of a known force manifesting itself in a region not yet explored by the scientist. Not a very strong position to be sure, but the only one left to those who pin themselves down to a materialist monism. For to the materialist any interference with purely physical processes is a blank impossibility, because there is nothing in the universe to interfere with them. So that no possible testimony regarding the occurrence of a miracle can make any impression on such an one, not even that of his own senses.

To argue at length against materialism would here be out of

place, but we may merely point out in passing that if there was ever a system of philosophy which can be truly likened to a pyramid balanced on its apex, that system is materialism. For the whole of our possible knowledge of matter is based on the records of our individual consciousness, from which nothing conceivable can be further removed than that inert, primitive, simple matter out of which the materialist professes there has been evolved, unassisted and unguided, the whole cosmos. And the only parallel I can conceive to such a topsy-turvy argument is to imagine a man setting out to prove that the universe was wholly spirit, and basing his philosophy on the qualities of primitive undifferentiated matter. We may, I think, safely assume that materialism is hardly a sufficiently robust philosophy to be the Aaron's rod among systems, and swallow every one of them up.

So there may safely be supposed to exist a remnant to whom the materialist hypothesis is not satisfying or even satisfactory, and who therefore cherish in some form or other a belief in that entity we call Spirit. These persons must necessarily occupy a different attitude towards miracles than the materialist, for what is, or appears to us, a miracle, is just an incursion of force from the spirit world apparently abrogating or superseding, for the time being, ordinary physical laws. Now, just as we acknowledge with the physicist and physiologist that a man's body, and even his thinking and feeling machinery in his brain, is taken from the great common fund of matter, and may return to the same, so the believer in spirit must admit that there must be a source from which spirit comes and to which it may return. And just as the source of matter is in the visible, tangible, physical world, so the source of spirit, which in itself we cannot touch or handle, must be from an invisible and intangible universe. But spirit is conceivable as existing either finitely, as in our conception of a disembodied personality, or of angels, or demons; or as an infinite fountain or source, which we call GOD. And of the infinite Fountain or Source, we can neither conceive as possessing a limited human personality, nor as something impersonal in the sense of lying below the plane of personality, among the unconscious and material; but rather as possessed of a super-personality, a personality more, rather than less, intense than our weak, inconsistent human personalities. In conceiving of GOD, then, we come nearest

to the truth by ascribing to Him those moral and mental qualities which we esteem most highly in human nature, and these in a supreme and perfect degree. For if we decline to do this and refuse to attribute to GOD all virtue and wisdom, we are setting up human nature as superior to the Divine, which is, on the face of it, absurd.

In addition to these two states of spirit in the human or even super-human individuality, or with Divine personality, we may recognise the dawning of spirit in the lower forms of life leading up to almost human intelligence, and high emotional possibilities of the nobler animals, even if we do not recognise as, in a sense, spirit, those subtle and, in themselves, intangible forces by which even inert matter is organised and kept under constant and consistent laws. So that spirit, whether we conceive of it as a separable entity, or as that side or aspect of being which is the obverse of mere matter, we find it at least largely diffused throughout nature, if not absolutely omnipresent there. But still, if we wish to study spirit to the greatest advantage, we must study it, not chiefly or solely in that *camera obscura* whereby sensations from without are communicated to us, but rather in the *camera lucida* of consciousness itself. Here, at any rate, must the start be made, and forth from this point, and relying on the veracity of the reports here received, we may then fare to examine the external world of other human beings and nature itself.

Before reverting to the question with which this essay is more properly concerned, I would like to draw attention to one or two rather curious results of regarding life from the standpoint of one's own consciousness alone. As I sit here writing these words and watch my own hand guiding the pen along the paper, or look down on my legs stretched out in front of me, or even on the more vital and essential portions of my body, such as I can conveniently see, I feel a curious sense of externality in these things, and a strange but strong conviction that to the ego that looks out on them, none of these things are essential, that their loss would not necessarily affect it and certainly not abolish it. If you begin by imagining that all one's limbs were lopped off, one cannot conceive of that as any loss to one's ego, and, even when we picture our heart, or any other vital organ, as removed, we cannot think of this as inflicting any corresponding injury to one's inner

self. Lastly, if we indulge in the pleasant fancy of having one's head severed from one's body, though we naturally have the feeling that consciousness will throw in its lot with the head rather than the trunk (which I suppose for a quite perceptible period it does), still we cannot steadily conceive of its remaining there, and speedily picture ourselves as viewing the transaction from an outside position. This may not be a universal experience, but I am strongly inclined to think it is, and that it is one of those psychologic causes which induced in primitive peoples so early a belief in ghosts and spirits. For although when the savage first formed the notion of a disembodied life or ghost, which was necessarily that of some one else and not himself, still the main psychologic basis of the idea is, I believe, the extreme difficulty we have of conceiving of the absolute extinction of our own consciousness.

There is one fallacy which may here be pointed out with advantage. For one commonly hears the remark that Death, after all, is only an extended peaceful sleep, and that it is, therefore, in no way to be dreaded, though it be the end of all. But the truth is that neither in natural sleep nor in trances, in coma nor in the anæsthesia produced by drugs, is there such a thing as an absolute cessation of consciousness. For any one quickly awakened out of any of these states—when rapid awakening is possible—is found to have been conscious all the time in the form of dream. In ordinary sleep even, the anæsthesia is very incomplete, and the adits or avenues of some senses are only very slightly obstructed, and the sensations only imperfectly muffled. The eyes are protected by closed lids, but sound, odours and pains, if they do not actually wake the slumberer, are woven into the texture of his dreams. That we often fail to remember our dreams, is of course no proof that we do not have them, for the mind is capable of forgetting rapidly, and even permanently, real events. By permanently forgetting, I mean, of course, the complete inability to recall an experience by any effort of will. But there is no small reason for suspecting that our experiences are not really lost, but, as it were, merely mislaid. Now dreams, being detached from any rational control or sequence, are naturally most liable of all things to be forgotten. In the case of certain drugs which produce anæsthesia, as in opium, we know that the imaginative side of consciousness is not only awake, but in a

higher state of activity than in the waking moments of the patient or devotee to its use. So without further enlargement on the point, we may pretty safely make the generalisation that although sleep, trances, etc., are states of more or less perfect anæsthesia, consciousness itself is merely cut off from outward sensations, and is all the time occupied with a continuous inward vision or dream. So if death and sleep are analogic at all, death must be regarded as a more complete anæsthesia or shutting out of external sensations, and therefore as leaving the consciousness, the ego, perfectly free to receive what we may call inward sensations, and that, not in the jumble fashion of dreams, where external and internal sensations are mixed up illogically and inconsistently, but in a series of connected and rational changes of the content of consciousness, which will form the stuff of Spirit-life, as our external sensations form the stuff of our bodily existence.

I do not know whether these arguments are novel, nor do I suppose them absolutely unanswerable, but I think they go far to shew that it is not a thing so silly and childish as our modern illuminati would have us think, to cherish a belief in things spiritual and even in a spiritual sphere where conscious existence may be possible, apart from those cumbersome, if marvellous bodies we now, often so painfully, inhabit. I have thought it necessary, on account of the really significant trend of even popular opinion in the direction of materialism, to redress the balance somewhat by stating arguments whose bearing is in the opposite direction.

We are now in a position fairly to consider what attitude should be taken towards events which appear miraculous, by those who see the insufficiency of the materialist hypothesis and hold at least the possibility of the existence of a spiritual world, which if not absolutely distinct and divorced from matter, is by comparison with the (apparently) solid world, perceived by our senses, immaterial, and at any rate, invisible and intangible, under ordinary conditions. Under ordinary conditions, we say, because, as in physical science, there are many phenomena which are imperceptible to us under ordinary conditions, but which, like the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, can be demonstrated and even seen to exist under special conditions. That these rays are only to be perceived under these peculiar conditions can be no real argument in the hands of the most sceptical in

favour of their non-existence ; indeed, unless there is some very gross blunder in the experiments, their existence may be regarded as quite as certain as that of those rays which we constantly perceive. In like manner, because what we call miracles, or those events in which the physical means used, if any, are apparently quite inadequate to produce the observed result, do not frequently occur in common experience, or are seemingly observable under certain conditions, that is not a very sound argument against their reality. Indeed, this is exactly what might be expected, for this material life would be reduced to a maddening chaos, if unseen powers could play upon us or with us as their puppets at will. They must obviously be shut off, be ringed out, as it were, by conditions which prevent us being their absolute sport. And it seems contrary to all probability to suppose that two states of being, so widely different, could constantly and readily act upon each other. Yet on the other hand, since spirit can inhabit a material body and furnish it with consciousness and will, it is clear that there is a *modus vivendi* possible between matter and spirit, so that it is perfectly conceivable that spirit, even in the disembodied state, will under certain conditions regain some influence over material objects. In fact, I make bold to say, without calling myself a spiritualist in the discredited sense, that there is nothing necessarily incredible in the stock phenomena of spiritualism, in table-rapping, levitation, and such-like, unless it be its frivolity, and even that very frivolity seems characteristic of a conscious power taking a pleasure in doing apparently meaningless acts in a medium it controls with difficulty, and therefore with satisfaction in trifling successes. Just as one's pleasure in playing most games does not arise from any importance in the thing accomplished as in depositing a little sphere in the pocket of a billiard table, or the hole of a golf links, but in the difficulty of accomplishing this and the elation felt after a successful stroke. Whether or not the facts of modern spiritualism are sufficiently established either as to their genuineness or as to their causation to allow of any great reliance being placed upon them as the basis for a belief in the world of spirits, I hold it unnecessary to decide.

My own position is merely that they are not incredible and are certainly not wholly due to mere trickery. This I say, not from mere hearsay, but from a considerable study of, and personal

experience on the subject, and I must candidly say, that if one can put aside any antecedent improbability this view may have, the manifestations were more like irresponsible, immoral, tricky actions of spirits or sprites of imperfect mental and moral faculties, than the action of any mechanical force or motion set up unconsciously by magnetic or other causes in the members of the *séance* themselves. And in this reference it is a curious fact that many of these agents describe themselves as being the spirits of young children, though this may be qualified by the other consideration that truthfulness is not usually a conspicuous virtue with them. So, although, as I have said, there is nothing necessarily incredible in this class of phenomena, I do not wish to base largely upon it, nor can it apparently be made the channel of high and new spiritual truths. I cite spiritism, as it should be called rather than spiritualism, from the ethical connotation of the latter term, interaction of spirit and matter at the boundaries of the two spheres, for which there is an amount of evidence which cannot be summarily rejected as wholly false, and because when we come to discuss miracle more in detail, we shall find considerable analogy between the two phenomena.

(To be continued.)

H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

COULD INDIA STAND ALONE ?

THE able and interesting article by Mr. A. Rogers, I.C.S., which appeared under the above title, in the August number of *East & West*, has doubtless been welcomed by all true friends of India wherever they may be found. It is well that Great Britain should be reminded from time to time of her important mission in India, namely, to train the Indian peoples in respect for law and order, in the development of public spirit and patriotic sentiment, in religious toleration, in co-operation and self-government, and in all the qualities which distinguish the citizens of stable and vigorous communities at the present time. When this task has been satisfactorily accomplished, it will be practicable to form a Federation of all the existing Indian States with the territories at present under British rule, for mutual protection and defence against external attack.

Much has already been done in this direction, but much still remains to be accomplished before it will be possible for India to stand alone. It is absolutely necessary that Indians should learn the lesson of subordinating their individual interests to the interests of the community at large. This kind of unselfishness is rare indeed, yet it is indispensable for the development of public spirit and the formation of national sentiment. It seems to be incompatible with the caste system, as existing in India, and so long as that system prevails throughout the land it will be impossible for Indians to properly qualify themselves for the citizenship of a free, united, and independent Federation. Hence the gradual abolition of the caste system is urgently required in the interest of all the natives of India. The strict observance of caste has been much impaired by railways and other modern innovations, and if the upper and the educated classes among the natives would set an example by themselves condemning and disregarding this pernicious system, it would sooner or later fall into

disuse and gradually disappear, to the great relief of many millions of human beings who are now the victims of its tyranny.

In an article of mine published in *East & West* for March 1902, I expressed the opinion that the time had arrived when the natives of India should be granted a larger share in the administration of their own country, and when the principle of representation should be gradually and judiciously extended. "Many mistakes," I urged, "might be avoided, and more complete success in civil Government might be secured if the British administrators availed themselves to a greater extent than they have yet done, of the advice, opinions, and co-operation of the most eminent and enlightened of their native fellow-subjects. This would bring the Government more in touch with the Indian people, while at the same time it would do something to gratify the ambition and to satisfy the growing aspirations of the educated Indians who are increasing in numbers and influence year by year." I am still of this opinion, which I feel sure is shared by many thoughtful persons both in this country and abroad.

As Mr. Rogers remarks in his article, India, as a matter of fact, is administered by its own people, that is, the bulk of the inferior appointments are occupied by natives. But very few of the higher appointments are held by them, and I believe no native has ever been appointed to a Chief Commissionership or a Lieutenant-Governorship. To make such an appointment, presuming a well qualified native civil officer to be available, would be a distinct step in advance, and would be welcomed by the native population as a sign that the British Government were sincere in their professions and promises. It would also afford a valuable test of the governing capacity of natives of India, and if the experiment succeeded it would doubtless lead to many similar appointments being made with equally good results. I earnestly hope that before long some such experiments will be tried in India, and I feel certain that the results will be beneficial. Indeed, the governing capacity of the natives of India has already been displayed in the administration of the various Native States, many of which have long been ruled by their own Governments with little, if any, foreign assistance and with hardly any interference by the Paramount Power. Some of these States are admirably governed, and may be regarded as models of enlightened administration.

It appears to me that Mr. Rogers, in his interesting article, somewhat exaggerates the religious difficulty. No doubt there are in India a great number of different forms of religious belief, and more or less hostility between their professors. But this is much less than it used to be, in consequence of the general religious toleration which has been enforced for so many years by the British Government. The Indian people, by this time, have grown accustomed to live together in peace, notwithstanding their religious differences, and outbreaks of religious fanaticism have ceased to occur, even in the partially independent Native States. It is, therefore, improbable that religious differences will prevent the development of public spirit and patriotic sentiment which may eventually render possible an Indian Federation.

I cannot entirely agree with Mr. Rogers as to the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of organising a national Indian army for the preservation of internal peace and for defence against external attack. Such an organisation already exists, and although the native army is composed of heterogeneous materials, it has shown itself equal to all emergencies, and it would be quite capable of preserving internal peace and of repelling foreign invasion. Of course I assume that, after the formation of an Indian Federation, the native army would be maintained under the same system as at present, and that Great Britain would assist the Federation in the event of attack by any great Power.

I fully agree with Mr. Rogers in deprecating all sudden and violent changes, but I think the time has come when the British Government should proclaim its Indian policy not only by words but also by deeds, and should encourage Indian statesmen and reformers in their efforts to render the Indian people fit for self-government. Such a policy would hasten the time when Great Britain could safely and honourably withdraw from India, leaving the country peaceful, prosperous, and happy under the rule of its own people, and thus gaining the glory of having added a great free community to the nations of the world.

J. H. THORNTON.

ENGLAND AND THE TERMS OF PEACE.

IT happened that I was present the other evening at a reception and dance given by the Mayor of Bournemouth (Mr. Beale) and the Corporation to the Institute of Journalists. Dancing had just begun when the Mayor stopped the music, and announced that a telegram received from Portsmouth said terms of peace had been agreed upon between Russia and Japan. I was struck by the indifference with which the great news was treated. The audience seemed to regard it as no concern of theirs, and waited in silence for the music to strike up again. As a matter of fact, the English people regard with equanimity the slaughter of so many thousands of Japanese and Russians, and turn impatiently to their own affairs. The newspapers have done their best to create a feeling of excitement over the struggle for place, and the *Times* in particular has been more Japanese than the Japanese themselves; but the Stock Exchange has remained quite cool, and the conclusion of peace only caused a rise of a quarter of one per cent. in Consols. I am inclined, too, to discount the inflated language in which the papers describe what has taken place as if it were a signal example of the moderation and magnanimity of the Japanese people on the one hand, or of the marvellous diplomatic skill of the Russians, on the other. It seems to me to have been a bargain fairly struck after the combatants were satisfied that no further concessions would be made on either side. No doubt, the Russians overcrowded their opponents at Portsmouth, and by judicious coquetting with the press inclined American opinion in their favour. The Japanese were strangers in the land, and it is permissible to suppose that Americans felt themselves more at home with the courtly and agreeable Russians. One can but laugh at the suggestion that the abandonment of the claim to an indemnity was a masterpiece of judicious

calculation. Evidently Japan asked for £120,000,000 in the full expectation that she would get it, and only gave up the claim very reluctantly when she had satisfied herself that to press it meant a revival of the war. Notwithstanding all the disasters of the war, Russian resources are still untouched, whereas Japan has spent all the money she could raise by taxation or borrowing ; and Lievitch's army has been so strongly reinforced that it is easy to put faith in the rumour which gives Marshal Oyama credit for having advised the Mikado that the issue of another battle was by no means certain. A continued career of victory was necessary to the Japanese. One repulse of the army would have compelled their troops to evacuate Manchuria and imperilled all the results of the war. The Mikado and his ministers were, therefore, well advised to accept the Russian terms, even if they risked giving mortal offence to the warlike feeling which prevails among the populace of Tokio.

Calmly considered, too, the gains of Japan are prodigious, and she could well afford to forego the indemnity. Cobden, at the outbreak of the Crimean war, made the memorable boast that England, with her limitless resources, could crumple up Russia like a sheet of brown paper. This is what Japan has actually accomplished. She has humbled to the dust one of the mightiest of European Powers, has proved her right to take a leading place among the great States of the world, and has shattered for ever the pretension of Europe to hold a predominant place in the Asiatic Continent. This is a revolution which will have far-reaching effects beyond the results of the Russo-Japanese war, although these results alone are such as we should have thought could not be achieved without a generation of warfare. Japan has done all that she began hostilities for. She has acquired Korea, Port Arthur and the peninsula of Liaotung, has forced Russia to give back the great province of Manchuria to China, has established her foothold on Saghalien and has destroyed the Russian naval power which was a standing menace to the security of the Far East. All the ambitious designs with which Russia began the splendid enterprise of constructing a railway from Moscow to the further bounds of Asia have vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. Proud of her new estate, Japan may look forward tranquilly to the future. She cannot be disturbed in her possessions till Russia has built up a new navy, and has so

improved her land communications that it will be within her power to maintain permanently a million of soldiers in Manchuria. She does not need allies now: she is strong enough to guard herself, and her credit is so improved that she can borrow as much money as she requires in Europe and America. What has Russia to set against these spoils of victory? The imperial fabric she had laboriously built up lies in ruins, and she must begin at the beginning with the work of rebuilding her vanished greatness. It is true she has not been expelled from northern Manchuria, and that she keeps Harbin and Vladivostock. But will these console her for the loss of that fresh water port on the Pacific, which she thought she had made her own at Port Arthur?

It is obvious that the success of Japan, won largely with the help of ships built and armed, and sailors trained, in England, is also a triumph for English policy. Russia was the one foe we dreaded in Asia, and although M. de Witte consoles his Emperor with the reflection that Russia remains a great Power in the East, she has been completely vanquished by an enemy she despised, and it is improbable she will be able to give us any further trouble for the rest of the twentieth century. In these circumstances, one may well ask the question, why the unfortunate subjects of the Emperor in India should be called upon to pay additional taxation to the amount of twenty millions in order that Lord Kitchener may keep his army of observation on the Indian frontier. By decree of that arbitrary ruler of India, the Secretary of State, constitutional government in the country has been abolished, Lord Curzon valiantly but vainly protesting, and the Governor-General in Council has been superseded by the Commander-in-chief. But how and why does Lord Kitchener intend to raise this great sum of money? Surely, no large force is needed now to protect India against Russian designs?

I am far from saying that the treaty between Japan and Russia strengthens our position in the Pacific and on the coast of China. On the contrary, I consider that at the end of the conflict two Powers only have emerged with vastly increased authority in the Pacific—Japan and the United States. The treaty is acclaimed as the work pre-eminently of one man, and people fail to perceive that Mr. Roosevelt was working for his country as well as for himself. A glance at the map will show how overpowering is the geographical

situation occupied by the American continent. Hitherto the United States, populated by a European race, has been regarded as purely Colonial. Now she has blossomed out as an independent Power, commanding a predominant situation between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Attention has been fixed chiefly on her Atlantic interests, but it is in the Pacific that her prospects are brightest. Mr. Roosevelt has seen clearly that in future there will be two mighty nations in the Pacific, the United States and Japan. The western seaboard of America stretches right down the Pacific from British Columbia to Cape Horn, her innumerable harbours give her immense facilities of access to the East, and her annexation of the Philippines makes her a near neighbour of Japan. The States command the northern part of the continent, and the southern part exists under her protection. England has recalled her ships and soldiers, and left the new world to her. The only interest we have left in America is the possession of Canada, which will remain a powerful component part of the British Empire. But Canada is really under American influence, and her industrial interests make her a rival rather than a help to England. There is nothing to check the States in the Pacific but the competition of Japan, and the boycott of American goods in China shows the alarm created by the way the Americans are already pushing their trade. The rivalry of European States having possessions in China cannot hold out against energetic traders who live along what has become the shortest passage to the East.

Some of the London newspapers, with great lack of foresight, are busy applauding the wisdom of the Government in having concluded a new treaty which prolongs and extends the old with Japan. Mr. Balfour has been in a hurry to bind the country by fresh engagements extending over a series of years before he resigns office. The policy of making what the *Times* calls a purely defensive alliance with Japan to maintain the *status quo* in the East is open to serious doubt. No such thing as a defensive alliance exists. It must be developed into an offensive alliance as well, if it is based on the theory that the States concerned have common interests to protect. The old treaty with Japan nearly dragged us into a European war. I grant that it is to our interest to have an independent Japan, but I do not admit that in other

respects we have identical interests in the East. An entangling alliance, such as is said to have been concluded, may plunge us into innumerable complications. Japan is an ambitious Power, with aggressive instincts which may seriously compromise our interests and plunge us into ruinous conflicts with European nations. It seems incredible that we should lightly forego the splendid isolation which has given us our position in the Far East. We are assured that the alliance with Japan secures us the help of that conquering nation to maintain for us the possession of India. Is such a humiliation possible? Do we want the aid of foreign mercenaries to make permanent our rule in India? If so, the sooner our rule comes to an end, the better. For a moribund Government to make a treaty of this sort, instead of simply prolonging the old one for a year or two, would be an intolerable piece of presumption.

J. M. MACLEAN.

TO VANISHED THOUGHTS.

THE wings of gleaming thoughts caress
The mind's horizon, buoyed
Above the verge of consciousness,
Then fade into the void.

O, cross on some emotion's wind
Our brink of self, lost birds!
And flutter down the reach of mind
To nest in happy words.

ETHEL WHEELER.

SARKHEJ: ITS SAINT AND ITS KINGS.*

(Concluded from our last number.)

WE have said that at the foot of the domed tomb of that chief of saints, Shaik Ahmad Khattu, three kings lie buried. Prior to the founding of Ahmadabad, Anhilwad Pattan had been the place of royal sepulture, and there are interred the mortal remains of the first two Sultans of Gujarat. Ahmad, however, built for himself in his new capital a massive mausoleum, where now repose the bodies of the next three Kings, Ahmad, Muhammad, and Qutb-al-din. Their successor was the famous Mahmud Begada, during whose glorious reign of more than half a century (A.D. 1458-1511) the prosperity of the kingdom culminated. It is he, his son Muzaffar II, and great-grandson Mahmud III, whose tombs flank the southern side of the sacred enclosure at Sarkhej. No account of these royal tombs would be complete without some reference to the strange personality of Mahmud Begada, at once the King Alfred and the Bluebeard of Gujarat history. Stepping to the throne when but thirteen years of age, he gave immediate proof of his mettle in the prompt suppression of a conspiracy designed to effect the downfall of the chief minister of the crown. His prowess in battle was amply attested throughout the victorious campaigns he conducted in the Deccan and Kathiawad and Sind. And not by his military operations alone but by his civil administration too he ensured the prosperity of his people. He also to a remarkable degree won their affection, so that in their high eulogies of him and all his works Muslim historians verge on rhapsody. The *Mir'at-i-Ahmadi* records that he "built several caravansarais and lodging-houses for travellers, and founded many colleges and mosques. He also ordered that no one in his army should borrow money at interest, and established a distinct pay office for such of the soldiers as were obliged to get into debt. . . . All the fruit-trees in the open country as well as those in the city, towns, and villages, were planted in the reign of this Sultan." Here

* A Lecture read before the Literary and Debating Society of the Gujarat College, Ahmadabad.

is the accordant testimony of the *Mir'at-i-Sikandari*. "The great abundance of fruit-trees, such as pomegranates, khirnis, jambudis, gullars, cocoanuts, bels, mowras, banyans, mangoes, which are to be found in Gujarat, arises from the attention and fostering efforts of this Sultan. He had such a consideration for road-side trees that he used to encourage their plantation by giving prizes to the planters; and whenever he saw any shady tree, such as a banyan, a nim, a pipal, he used to pull in rein, call for its owner, and talk to him awhile with great condescension and kindness, and ask him whence he watered the trees. If the owner said that the water was distant, and the fetching of it a long way gave trouble, he used to have a well built there out of the state funds In the same way if he saw any shop or house empty, he used to send for the owners, and ask the reason of the house being in that condition, and, giving pecuniary assistance if required, would order it to be repaired. The whole country of Gujarat was such that to it could well be applied the *Qur'anic* verse originally descriptive of Makka, 'Who enters is safe.' " *Sikandar* in another place writes :—"Mahmud was the best of all the Kings of Gujarat and for abounding justice and generosity, for success in religious war, and for the diffusion of the laws of Islam, for soundness of judgment alike in boyhood, in manhood, and in old age, for power, for valour and for victory, he was a pattern of excellence." Thus fulsomely are his praises sung, yet with all his many excellencies he had at least one disgusting trait. He ate like a beast voraciously, or, as an early writer neatly expresses it, "His physical strength and courage were enormous, as was, notwithstanding that he was a king, his appetite." His daily allowance of food was one Gujarati maund in weight, or 41 lbs. After taking his regular meal he used to eat five seers of parched rice as dessert, and at the time of retiring would order two plates of somosas (minced meat patties) to be placed on each side of his bed, and of these he used to partake whenever he got up from his sleep during the night. Immediately on rising in the morning, after saying his prayers, he would take for his *chota-hazri* a cup of Makka honey, a cup of ghi, and fifty golden plantains (सिनेरी केला). He often used to say, "If God had not raised Mahmud to the throne of Gujarat, who would have satisfied his hunger?" Nor, according to the stories of early European travellers, was his diet limited to mince-patties and plantains and honey and butter. Ludovico di Varthema, a contemporary of the Sultan Mahmud, writes : "Every day he eats poison. Do not imagine, however, that he fills his stomach with it : but he eats a certain quantity : so that, when he wishes to destroy any great personage, he makes him come before him stripped and naked, and

then from a full mouth spurts out spittle upon him, whereby in the space of half an hour the man falls to the ground dead." Duarte Barbosa, writing only a few years later than Varthema, tells how from the frequently repeated and ever larger doses Mahmud's system had become so saturated with poison that a fly settling on his hand would swell up and die incontinently. From such travellers' tales as these Mahmud gained in Europe an unenviable notoriety as the Bluebeard of the Orient: and to him it is that Butler referred in the well-known lines from *Hudibras*,

"The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad."

To this Prince, so curious a blend of good and bad, of angel and beast, at once attractive and repulsive, the most ugly and withal the most interesting figure in Gujarat history, Sarkhej became a favourite retreat for repose and meditation. He excavated the large tank covering nearly eighteen acres, surrounded it with flights of stone-steps, built on its border a splendid palace and harem, and finally erected for himself and his family a mausoleum shut in by walls of exquisitely pierced stone. In this last resting-place the Sultan Mahmud Begada, after a brilliant reign of three and fifty years, sleeps his eternal sleep. Some months before his decease he evidently had a presentiment of the approach of death. At his interview with the holy men of Pattan, his farewell words were, "This time I have come to take leave of you all, for I know that the measure of my life is full: pray for me." Having on the return journey to Ahmadabad reached Sarkhej, he there visited the tomb of Shaikh Ahmad Khattu; then, gazing with a mournful look on his own mausoleum, said, "This is Mahmud's advanced camp, which he will soon occupy." Not long thereafter he fell ill at Ahmadabad, so, sending for his son from Baroda, he told him that his last journey was near at hand, and admonished him to rule with righteousness. The Sultan, however, rallied for a time, and permitted the prince Khalil Khan to depart. But ere long, from the weakness of old age and an impaired digestion, his exhaustion returned, and he grew rapidly worse. His son was again summoned, but, before his arrival, at the hour of afternoon prayer in the blessed month of Ramadan, A.H. 917, (A.D. 1511), the Sultan Mahmud departed from this transient life for the eternal abode.

Mahmud's son and successor, on mounting the throne, took the name of *Muzaffar*, with which his subjects soon came to link the title of *Karim*, the Clement. Lacking the sternness those rough times demanded, he overlooked the misdeeds of the turbulent and rebellious. In the

words of the Persian historian, "The Sultan never drew the hand of punishment from the sleeve of forbearance, nor did he ever unsheathe the dagger of wrath"; which clemency, as another writer significantly adds, "was on the whole the cause of disturbances." He died in 1525 after a reign of fourteen years, and was buried beside his father in the mausoleum at Sarkhej. Sikandar in his record of the reign lingers with evident affection over the incidents connected with the King's last illness.

"At this time," he writes, "there was a scarcity of rain, and people began to wail and lament. Sultan Muzaffar then raised his hands in supplication to the Almighty, saying, O Lord, if it be for my crimes and sins Thou art visiting on this land Thy displeasure, take me from this world, but save my people from the calamity of famine. For Thy servant, the humble Muzaffar, cannot bear to witness any longer the sufferings of the poor and needy. As the Sultan was a saintly person, the arrow of his prayer reached its mark, and the rain of mercy fell." But forthwith the Sultan lost his appetite and sickened. One day during his illness, after listening to the reading of a commentary on the Qor'an, he observed, "I read more of the Qor'an now in the days of my sovereignty than I did before I came to the throne. This morning I have heard half of the commentary, I trust to hear the other half in heaven." He grew weaker day by day, and for a month had no inclination for food. Realising his end was near, he ordered his palanquin to be brought, and went in it to the elephant-house and stables. He said, "I have taken leave of every one else: to-day is Friday, and I will now say my last farewell to all my household and ask their forgiveness." On his return to his bedroom, hearing the Muezzin's call to prayer, he remarked "I have not strength to go to the Masjid myself," but he sent several of his attendants. An hour later he performed his ablutions and said his prayers, adding earnest and humble supplications for pardon. He then stretched himself out on the couch, repeated the Confession of Faith three times, and so rendered up his soul to Heaven, leaving behind him a good and righteous name. His mortal remains were consigned to the earth near the shrine of the Shaik Ahmad Khattu and under the dome sheltering his father's grave.

This Muzaffar II was the last of the crowned Kings of Gujarat to die a natural death. His eldest son, Sikandar, after a reign of only six months, was assassinated in his bedchamber, and the historian writes, "From that day it seemed as if the blood of Sultan Sikandar washed the words 'tranquillity' and 'prosperity' from the tablet of the Kingdom of Gujarat. From him up to Muzaffar III, the last of the

dynasty, all the Sultans perished by violence." An infant brother of Sikandar was seated on the throne, but merely as a puppet-king, and was soon thereafter poisoned by an elder brother Bahadur, who now seized the crown. Eleven years later he was drowned off Div, and his body was never recovered. The next occupant of the throne was Mahmud III., a nephew of the late Sultan, son of his brother Latif, and thus grandson of Muzaffar the Clement. This King it is who is buried in the third of the three royal tombs at Sarkhej. His reign of eighteen years was uneventful, being marked only by the petty intrigues of ministers, each seeking his own selfish ends. Muslim historians have extolled the good and noble character of this youthful monarch. The title of one chapter in the *Mir'at-i-Sikandari* reads, "Account of the Generosity, Laudable Virtues, and Qualities of the Sultan, on whom be Peace and Forgiveness." But his Hindi subjects would not have written in the same strain. The truth is this that Mahmud, while kind and considerate to his co-religionists, was terribly tyrannical and oppressive in his treatment of the Kafir. On one occasion, having conceived the design of conquering Malwa, he consulted on this subject Asaf Khan, the Vazir. The Khan said, "I can show you how to acquire a country more important than Malwa. A fourth-part of your proper dominions have passed, under the name of Wania (वाँडा), into the hands of Rajputs and Garasias. If your Majesty will oust these, and transfer the estates to Muhammadans, they would maintain for you 25,000 horse, and, your army thus increased, the conquest of Malwa would be an easy matter." The Sultan, acting on this suggestion, forthwith ejected the Garasias from the lands they held, and appointed officers to collect the additional revenue accruing from this source. Naturally the Garasia chiefs all over the country began to rise in revolt, but the Sultan, strengthening his military posts, reduced the rebels to obedience. In a short time neither Koli nor Rajput was left in the land save those who actually worked at the plough. These even were branded on the right arm, and any Rajput or Koli found without the brand was put to death. At this time the law and precepts of Islam were so stringently enforced that no Hindu was allowed to ride on horseback in the city, and none might enter a bazar, unless bearing, as a token of subjection, a red patch of cloth sewed on his sleeve. The public celebration of the Holi and Diwali was proscribed, and any who even in private observed the Hindu rites did so with fear and trembling. In their passionate hatred of Mahmud the Hindus regarded his murderer, Burhan, in the light of a saviour of the people, and after Burhan's death they set up a stone image of him, to

which they paid divine honours. "For," said they, "this is our preserver who brought us from death unto life ; had the conditions to which we were subjected lasted but another year, hunger and privation would have given our lives to the winds of destruction."

But Mahmud's own death, though not compassed by a Hindu, was sufficiently tragical to satisfy even his bitterest Hindu enemies. A youth named Burhan, born of one of the menials in the service of the Sultan, had been raised to the high rank of cup-bearer, but the man became addicted to abominable licentiousness. One day, when the Sultan was out hunting in the Deer Park at Mahmudabad, he suddenly came across the villain in the midst of a debauch, and at once upbraided him with the words, "Thou son of adultery, I did not believe what people said about thee ; now I have seen with my own eyes ; if God wills, I shall inflict on thee a condign punishment." The wretch, who had once before incurred the Sultan's wrath, feared that this time he would not escape with his life. He said within himself, "It is better to be beforehand, and ere ever the Sultan can kill me, let me kill him." As all the articles for the Sultan's food and drink were in his keeping, sealed with his seal, he determined to effect his nefarious purpose by means of poison. The following morning was the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Muhammad, and on that day, in accordance with a pious custom instituted by Muzaffar the Clement, all the Ulamas, Shaikhs, and holy men attended the Court to recite the Traditions of Bukhari ; and the Sultan himself, personating the Grand Sharif of Makka, entertained his guests at a banquet, serving them with his own hands. After the repast he distributed to all present money and clothes sufficient to last them through the new year. This function over, the Sultan hastened to his private chamber and lay down to sleep, for he was weary with the labour of waiting. Feeling thirsty, he called for a drink. Burhan, that ill-fated traitor of evil stock, brought a poisoned draught, and the Sultan, unsuspecting of treachery, drained the cup. Vainly courting sleep, he soon became very hot and sick. "Thou wretch," he said, "what sort of drug is this, and what sort of water ? What hast thou given me ?" The villain made reply, "O Refuge of the world, you have been continually on your feet these last ten days, and unduly fatiguing yourself : what wonder if your brain is confused ? But it is nothing : take a little more of the ma'jun, and go to sleep." The Sultan did as that miscreant suggested. It was after the second watch of the night when at length the Sultan fell asleep, not to wake till the dawn of the

Day of Resurrection. Fearing, however, that the poison might fail to take effect, the wretch twice-accursed—both in this world and in the next—drew a Darini dagger, and driving it into his neck made the Sultan a martyr. Burhan's triumph was but short-lived, for before that same day's noon he had fallen, his body cut in twain, a victim to the righteous anger of the loyal Amir Shirwar Khan. Friends of the murdered Sultan then bore his body in sad procession from the palace at Mahmudabad to the mausoleum at Sarkhej.

Of the three royal tombs one only, the western one, has at its head the low pillar that marks the last resting-place of a martyr, and this undoubtedly is the tomb of Mahmud III; for in Muslim estimation not only those are martyrs who die in defence of the faith but all whose deaths are calculated to excite the compassion and pity of their fellow-men.

The tomb directly under the roof of the dome, the middle one of the three, is, we may safely assume, Mahmud Begada's. He was the first of the Kings to be buried there, and naturally his body would be deposited not on either side but in the centre of the mausoleum. The remaining one will then be that of Muzaffar the Clement, who would be buried close to his father and behind him, thus to the eastern side.

The date of the burial of the Saint Shaikh Ahmad Khattu, was, as we have seen, A. D. 1446 (A. H. 849); that of Mahmud Begada, the first and most illustrious of the three Sultans buried at Sarkhej, was A. D. 1511 (A. H. 917), of Muzaffar II, his son, A. D. 1525 (A. H. 932) and of Mahmud III, Muzaffar's grandson, A. D. 1553 (A. H. 961).

Yet once again was seen a funeral cortege bearing to the long home within those hallowed precincts a member of the royal house of Gujarat. Due west of the mausoleum of the three kings, and thus occupying the extreme south-west corner of the court, stands a smaller, plainer, chamber for the dead, reserved for Queens. Here, when the first Hijri millennium was drawing to its close (A. H. 999), in the year 1590 of the Christian era, were deposited the mortal remains of Rajbai, the long since widowed Queen of Sultan Muzaffar the Clement. It was befitting that she should be brought for burial to Sarkhej, for to the three kings there interred she stood related: As wife of Muzaffar II she was daughter-in-law of Mahmud Begada, and as mother of Latif Khan she was grandmother of Mahmud III. In keeping with the Oriental tenet that a woman's work lies solely in the service of her father, her husband, and her son, the histories record of Rajbai merely the fact that she was a daughter of the Rajput Rana Mahipat, the wife of Sultan Muzaffar II,

and the mother of his third son Latif Khan. In the first year of her widowhood (A. D. 1525) her son placed his son on her lap. We may then assume that she was not less than thirty-six years old at the time of her husband's death : and if we accept as correct the date of her demise, inscribed both in figures and in words on her tomb, she survived him no less than sixty-five years. Even so, she lacked seven of the full tale of the years of the life of Shaikh Ahmad. She died, it would seem, at the age of 101, but he at 108. That one who when widowed was already a grandmother should still live on for threescore years and five is certainly surprising, yet cases of much longer widowhood are on record. A Countess of Roxburgh lost her husband in 1682, but herself died in 1753, or seventy-one years later : and the Gospel of St. Luke tells of Anna, a prophetess, who, having lived with a husband seven years from her virginity, had been a widow for fourscore and four years. It thus seems that mere considerations of longevity do not require us to refuse credence to the consistent tradition that the Rajbai buried at Sarkhej was wife of Sultan Muzaffar II. It is impossible now to affirm with certainty who lie buried beside Rajbai in the two nameless tombs : but the mujawir, or caretaker, tells me that the central tomb contains the body of one of the wives of Mahmud Begada, and the tomb to the east the body of one of the wives of Mahmud bin Latif. This statement is not in itself improbable : and if, true, then here repose three queens of the three kings in the adjacent mausoleum.

In now drawing this paper to a close it may be of interest to include as a sort of addendum to the historical matter culled from Persian annals, a batch of (shall I say ?) idle stories pertaining to the buildings at Sarkhej.

On a recent visit to the place, a visit that will linger long in grateful memory by reason of the companionship of genial friends, it was our good fortune to be "personally conducted" by a kindly Muhammadan gentleman, who related to us quite a number of the strange fanciful stories that in process of time have come to be associated with these clustered buildings, and it is with a view to preserving these fugitive fragments of legendary lore that I now commit them to paper.

1. "It is a fine sight," said our communicative friend, the custodian of Sarkhej, "when this big Tank is full, but doubtless for our sins it is that Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate, has this year sent no rain, so now the bed of the Tank lies bare. And mark you, sir, there in the centre can be clearly seen the well we call the Well of Makka. Let me tell you how it came by its name. Shortly after the death of Ahmad,

"the Treasure-giver," and before any decision could be made as to the spot where a mosque should be raised to his memory, a devout Muslim from Sarkhej was on the eve of completing his pilgrimage to Makka. On arrival in the sacred city he there saw in a dream the form of the Blessed Prophet, the Apostle of Allah. From him the saint received an order to cast both his staff and his rosary into the ancient Zamzam well within the precincts of the Makka mosque: and the Prophet assured him that the same staff and rosary, borne thence by subterranean currents, would be found again, floating in a well in Gujarat. 'On the field watered by that well ye shall erect the memorial buildings:'—such was the express injunction. The pilgrim hastened to obey, and lo! months later, in the well you are now looking at, the rod and beads did reappear. Thus with good reason we call it the Makka Well, and we hold it was Allah himself, and none other than He, who chose the site for the Mosque and Tomb that stand here to-day."

2. While the buildings were in process of erection the workmen would come each evening for their wage to the overseer. He, a man eminent for sanctity, would forthwith, wherever he might happen to be at the time, stoop down and give to each labourer a handful of gravel. On receiving it, each found the gravel transformed into money, which, when counted out, invariably proved to be the precise amount to which each was justly entitled. The diligent workman found himself rewarded more bountifully than the slothful.

3. One of the labourers, convinced that treasure was stowed away at a spot from which the saintly overseer had taken the gravel, came secretly at night to dig up and carry off the coveted spoil. All through that night he toiled, but to no purpose, and as morning broke he filled in the earth again, carefully smoothing the surface. That evening when the labourers came for their hire, they received their usual wage; but the would-be thief, to his surprise and joy, found the gravel in his hand converted to a double portion. On the others remonstrating against this seeming favouritism, the saint replied that they had received the customary reward for their work of a day, but that the man of whom they complained was assuredly entitled to a double share, inasmuch as he had worked both a day and a night. The culprit, thus aware that his evil intent had been divined, came forward with confusion of face, and confessing his crime, humbly craved for pardon. He thereafter became one of the saint's most devoted disciples.

4. On one occasion a fakir accosted the saint with an air of great importance, and placed in his hand a small stone, declaring it to be pos-

essed of the power of transmuting into gold whatever it touched. The saint, however, promptly flung the stone into the large tank of water on the bank of which were then rising the buildings in memory of the revered Shaik Ahmad Khattu. The fakir being at no pains to conceal his annoyance at this contemptuous treatment of his gift, the Pir bade him search in the water for the stone. Thereupon the fakir began rummaging in the bed of the tank, and after a while returned having both his hands filled with mud. On opening them, behold ! there between his fingers lay, gleaming and glistening, a number of jewels like the one thrown away, only each much larger. Thus was the fakir taught that a saint's piety was of more avail than the philosopher's stone, and that for the pious, God furnishes an abundant provision.

5. Once Shaikh Ahmed broke off and threw away a piece of the stick with which he had been cleaning his teeth. At the spot where it fell it took root, and, sprouting up, eventually became the small kagar tree which to-day may be seen enclosed by a parapet between the saint's shrine and the pavilion. Rumour has it that barren wives after eating of the fruit of this tree are sure to be blessed with offspring.

6. On the threshold of the shrine of the Shaikh Ahmad Khattu lies a small slab of pure white marble, at the very centre of which is a shallow cavity, reputed to have originally held a large and lustrous diamond, which the Rani Umar in one of her predatory excursions carried off as booty. Not long thereafter, at the spot where now stand two ruined pillars marking the former entrance to the precincts of the tomb, the earth of a sudden opened and swallowed up two of the Rani's elephants, both of them richly laden with spoil. Recognising in this misadventure a token of the Divine displeasure, the Rani returned to the Tomb, and in the presence of the saint expressed contrition for her deed of sacrilege, and begged forgiveness. At the same time she ordered the diamond to be restored to its former place in the marble pavement. The Pir, receiving the penitent Queen with kindness, graciously assured her of his pardon, but firmly refused to receive back the stolen jewel. It had, he declared, by passing into the hands of unbelievers, lost its pristine virtue, and could no longer adorn a sacred shrine. Finally, however, the Rani obtained his permission to present in its stead the three huge drums, still to be seen, that are sounded at the call to prayer.

7. Above the canopy over the tomb of the Shaikh hangs suspended from the centre of the dome a massive chain of silver, doubled at its free end for about two yards. The legend runs that when criminals under

judicial examination were made to take hold of this chain, they were unable to say a single word at variance with the truth, and that by this simple means many of their misdeeds had been discovered. Naturally this truth-compelling chain soon became an object of aversion to the evil-doers, who accordingly resolved to cut it down and destroy it altogether. With this object in view they one night entered the shrine, but as each man, one after the other, stretched out his hand to catch the chain, it evaded his grasp. Finally, curling itself up till beyond their utmost reach, it assumed the unwonted position retained to the present time.

And now let me just in a single sentence say that if I have been able to set before you a tiny portion of the past in colours at all more vivid than you had seen it before, and if, more especially, I have succeeded in investing with an added interest some of those noble buildings which have won for this Ahmadabad of ours the charming epithet of *Zinat-al-Bilad*, "the Beauty of Cities"—an interest that will bear fruit in a more intelligent study of these historic monuments—then I shall deem any little labour spent in the preparation of this paper amply rewarded. It has been indeed a labour of love, and love's labour is light.

GEO. P. TAYLOR.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF INDIA.

UNION, UNION! Everybody feels the need of union. Myriad forces are neutralising each other. No *resultant* force. Hundreds or millions of brains and hands drifting, drifting, who can tell whither? Thousands of sects and classes, each trying to row the boat in the pet direction of their own sweet whim. No regular steering! Let the oars be where they are. Keep your position, shift not, but row in one direction. Such harmony, Unity in diversity, ensures progress. Thus working at your posts, *sing on and move on*. The national interest demands that, and in the interest of the whole lies the interest of each unit.

It is cheap rhetoric to talk that way. But why has the spirit of union and harmony been so conspicuous by its absence in India so long? The main causes are, (a) poverty of practical wisdom; and (b) excess of population. We shall discuss them in order.

(a) *Poverty of practical wisdom*.—Before Muhammadan rule in India, Alberuni, of Khurasan, travelled through this country. He was an enlightened philosopher and cultured scholar. He studied Sanskrit and read our scriptures with the same zeal as he did Plato and Aristotle. He has left detailed descriptions of India as he found her. Of Hindu philosophy, poetry and astronomy he talks with great respect and reverence; he eulogises the amount of learning in some of the pundits he met. But the state of the masses and the condition of the women he describes as worse than deplorable. Physically, intellectually, morally, and of course spiritually also, he calls them wrecks, neglected and downtrodden in every way; divided socially, religiously and politically; with uncollected minds and dissipated bodies, innumerable hordes of them, through lack of discipline, flying like particles of dust before the Moslem invaders who came year after year to plunder India under Mahmood of Ghazni. Later on, Baber complains of the natives of India as sadly lacking in ingenuity, originality and skill in everything, knowing practically nothing of industrial arts or fine arts, having no architecture, gardens, canals and even no gunpowder. He denounces

them as incapable of associating freely with each other. Allowing for what is called the personal equation in these accounts and for the exaggerations, if any, we shall find these statements sadly true. It was the poverty of practical wisdom they shewed which brought about the downfall of India.

To refute *theoretically* what *these* foreign historians say is as easy for Rama as for anybody else, but it is but plain facts and solid truths which they have faithfully committed to writing. How could I say, No, to the self-evident evidence? Lack of practical wisdom, hinted at above, comprehends all the social evils like contempt of manual labour, unnatural divisions and sub-divisions on Caste and Creed lines, aversion to foreign travelling, child marriage, and the general darkness (intellectual and physical) enforced on women. This social corruption is a hard thing to deal with. It is well said by Burke "Reform is a thing which has to be kept at a distance to please us." To break off from the moorings of custom is indeed very trying. It inevitably involves hard criticism and censure of the society on the workers, and of the workers on the society, thus breeding ill-feelings, misunderstandings, and *disunion*. To escape this disunion should we let matters move at random, and plume ourselves on the wisdom of minding our own business? To work your own salvation and let society alone—Oh! if only that were possible! The drowning society cannot let you alone. You must sink with her, if she sink, and rise with her if she rise. It is an utter absurdity to believe that an individual can be perfect in an imperfect society. The hand might just as well cut itself from the body and acquire perfection of strength.

Long has this *un-Vedantic* thought been cherished in India, entailing pitiable dismemberment of the community. Promising youths, India's future is your future and you are responsible for it. Cowards are governed by the superstitions of the magic majority. The genuine living soul governs the hearts and thoughts of the people, let the nominal outward ruler be who he may. The B. A. or M. A. degrees you receive from the University; but between Coward and Hero you have to choose yourselves. Say, which position is your choice? That of an abject slave or the prince of life? Strong and pure life is the lever of history. Newton's Second Law of Motion characterises Force as effecting a *change* in the motion of a body on which it acts. For centuries and centuries unnatural antipathies, and worse still apathies, have been running uniformly on the tracks of custom and superstition in our land. It is for you, youths of culture and character, to be the living force to change the

wasteful momentum now no longer required : overcome the old inertia, turn the direction of motion where needed, add to the acceleration where necessary, alter the moving mass where advisable, work on, work on. Mould and adapt the Past to the Present, and boldly launch your pure and strong Present in the race for the Future. We cannot do without our inheritance from our forefathers ; the society which renounces it will be destroyed from without. Still less can we do with too much of it ; the society in which it dominates will be destroyed from within. Is truthful life on your part likely to beget dissension and disunion in society ? Do you think so ? Stand firm even if alone ; recant not, this is manliness ; the current is with you ; the tide is on your side, let others claim the past ; all the future is yours, if only you do not swerve from the path of truth. As to the nation, can that kind of union save it which is not for righteousness ? Can you unite the people by keeping them in the dark ? Could national harmony be secured by sworn slavery to error and superstition ? Suppose all the sailors work in a common direction, but that direction is negative, not one with the evolutionary course, nor Truth-ward ; would that be desirable ? Such a boat is bound to be shattered to pieces on a rock, and perhaps the sooner, the better. Meeting is possible in heaven alone. Union in purity and truth alone is practicable. Aspirers after national unity, you have first to free the nation of numerous inhuman errors. If for the cause of humanity, truth and progress, now the masses are being molested, and now the workers are being persecuted ; that shews the country is spiritually alive and regular breathing is properly going on.

The ideal conduct knows no pain ; it is all peace, shedding love and and light all around. But how can *painless peace* and *awakening light* both of them live and move together in a community where the approach of light is as yet felt to be a torment ? So, if by the very nature of the case you cannot carry on an ideal conduct, let it be real. That is what is needed and wanted the more. A country is strengthened not by great men with small views, but small men with great views. Peace ? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one ! To keep your light beneath the bushel when people are stumbling in the dark is worse than if you had no light. He is a criminal forsaking his post who holds the helpful word that is in him silent at such times.

(b) We come now to the population question. As to what Malthus and other political economists say on the subject, it need not be dwelt upon here. Malthus simply re-echoes the verdict of Biology.

Let us see what naturalists say on the point. Huxley compares a colony or community to a garden located in the jungle of wild nature. The process of social evolution (or, as he calls it, the Ethical process) is analogous to the process of gardening (the horticultural process), but both these are antithetic to the process of wild nature or the cosmic process. The wild nature process is characterised by the intense and unceasing struggle for existence, the horticultural and moral processes are characterised by the elimination of that struggle, the removal of the conditions which give rise to it. Henry Drummond makes strenuous efforts to prove the identity of these processes, but with all his efforts goes not an inch beyond the conclusions of Darwin and Huxley. Nor can he deny, which in fact no person in his senses could ever deny, that if the gardener do not continuously restrain multiplication by weeding, &c., and prevent wild and thick growth, but too soon will the wild nature-process re-establish itself in the garden and begin to work havoc, taking the old merciless course of struggle and strife, driving out the rule of peace and prosperity. Just so, in a community, when the limit of possible expansion has been reached, if no measures are taken to dispose of the surplus population, fierce struggle must re-ensue and destroy the peace, choke out the ethical process, nullify the moral precepts and turn God's commandments into a dead letter. At such junctures inevitably begins the corruption and downfall of nations. In the decline and fall of Rome, Greece, or any country, at bottom lay this population question. India reached this critical point of increase long ago, and we have done nothing to prevent the root evil. No country on the face of the earth is so poor and so populous as India. An average Indian home is typical of the state of the whole nation—very slender means, and not only yearly multiplying mouths to feed but slavishly to incur undue expenses in meaningless and cruel ceremonies! Even animals in the same stable must fight to death with each other when the fodder suffices for one or two only and their number is legion. Not to remove the bone of contention and preach peace to the people is mockery of preaching. My countrymen are meek and peaceful at heart; the heart is willing, no doubt, but how can they help jealousies and selfishness when weakness of the flesh is forced upon them by the necessity of the case? If the population problem is to be left unsolved, all talk about national unity and mutual amity will remain a Utopian chimera. We have to solve the riddle of this sphinx or we die. *Sympathy* and *unselfishness*, according to biological principles, cannot grow under such general social environments where pain and suffering are daily displayed

by our associates. With such *populous poverty* around you, Indians, it is hoping against hope to develop sympathy and love. Students of physics know that a mass of matter, of whatever kind, maintains its internal equilibrium so long as its component particles severally stand toward their neighbours in equidistant positions, so that each molecule may perform its rhythmic movements bounded by the like spaces required for the movements of those around. Now, what about the mass of India? Can its individual units perform their rhythmic movements without clashing with others? Have they scope enough for free natural movement? If for one that eats ten must starve, you have to take immediate measures to make the national equilibrium more secure. Otherwise the only hope for India lies in the grim caresses of wild Nature, which for extreme cases (like ours) have been enumerated by the Maharshi Vasishthji as Pestilence, Famine, Destructive War and Earthquakes. Enough now of the evil ; what is the remedy ?

It is manifold.

(1) The dark notion that stepping out of India will bar you out of heaven should leave this land for good, and with that notion let as many Indians leave the land as cannot live here : depart, emigrate. What joy is there in making yourselves the fabled frog of the well ? Will you never see that you are making fair India the suffocating *Black Hole* for yourselves ?

(2) There was a time for the Aryan colonists in India when it was a blessing to have a large progeny. But those times are gone, and in view of the overcrowded population, it has become a curse to have a large family. The thoughtless person who still clings to the childish idea that his attainment of heaven after death depends on his children, let him open his eyes and see that even before death he is turning his home into hell through multiplicity of production in modern India. It was just this plea on Arjuna's part, supposing sons to be the levers to heaven, which Shri Krishna had in mind while denouncing the aspirants after sensuous paradise in Bhagvad Gita, Ch. II, verses 42-45. It is worth your while to read those shlokas and catch the spirit of independence they convey. Let us sweep out from the country the most pernicious principle which has practically been swaying us so long : "Marry, multiply, in ignorance live and in bondage die." Now we blame the Muhammadan rulers for our backwardness, now we find fault with the British Government, then we hold India's religions responsible, again we charge the system of education ; to an extent we may be right in such criticisms, but the real blame lies at the door of that impurity

which vitiates the most sacred relation in the world, the very relation which produces all the Indian people and makes us what we are—the marriage relation. This, the most important and holiest of all institutions, is the most carelessly, most unscientifically, and most shamefully attended to. With all your horoscopes and astrological calculations, auspicious omenising, hymn-chanting and innumerable sacred ceremonials, the marriages in India are ill-timed, inauspicious and unholy. No planet can dare stay in auspicious houses when they behold under-age couples going to be wedded in the name of their influences. They tremble and shudder out of their positions at this inhuman sight : a sight even beneath animals ! Instead of sanctifying the profane wedding of a couple that cannot support themselves, the Vedic hymns lose all their virtue and, for all futurity from that instant, become ineffectual. What flowers can keep their sweetness under the sacrilegious odour of such a ceremony ?

Young men, stop it ! Stop it ! Ye youths, responsible for the future of India, stop it. In the name of morality, in the name of India, for your own sakes and for the sake of your descendants, pray stop *indiscriminate, ill-timed, blind* marriages in the country. That will purify the people and solve to some extent the population problem.

Dare you suppose that these suggestions are unnatural ? These directions you have to put into practice at the penalty of pining famine and lingering death. No exaggeration ! Sternest facts and dismal reality are clothed in these words. Is not the phenomenon of infant marriage and virgin widowhood the most unnatural in the world ? Ask any civilised community under the sun ? Is any grain of humanity left in you ? —then how could you rest before you have put a check on these inhuman, unnatural customs ? The tender arms of widowed children are unconsciously held out for succour ; living Satis are burning by inches on the pyre of your fiery customs right before your eyes ; Divinity is peeping through their innocent weeping eyes, looking up to you for help. How long will you turn away from *crying Bhawani* ? Turn a deaf ear to her bitter cries any longer, and she must transform herself into dreadful Nemesis, blood-thirsty and vengeance-seeking. Even the earth shakes and quakes at her sight. They talk about Peace ! Peace ? How could you have peace in the country so long as the self-invited Nemesis is there ? In Europe the lower the people the more early they marry : but of course none marry so young, not even the lowest of the low, as we Indians do. The higher classes very rarely, if ever, marry before thirty.

Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Biology," shews that *fertility* must diminish along with high mental development. How long shall we keep ourselves so low as to go on valuing animal fertility? According to our own Shastras, that are never tired of praising the virtues of Brahmacharya, there is no strength spiritual or physical except in Purity. That part of the human energy which is expressed as sex-energy, when checked and controlled, easily becomes charged into OJAS, inexhaustible spiritual power. You have to acquire control over the sex-impulses; the fool who cannot control the animal passion and trifles with the most serious relation in Nature, knows not that he is working his own ruin. The root of all sin is this divine energy misdirected; as dirt has been defined to be but riches in the wrong place. The epithet *animal* applied to passion intensifies its *lowness*. Animals are certainly low and most indiscriminate in their acts of production. It is their undue multiplication, entailing incessant struggle as a consequence, that marks the infamous stigma on their conduct. Man is supposed to be higher than animals inasmuch as his feelings are controlled by reason. Now the men who equal lower animals in indiscriminate multiplication and sink far below animals in this respect, what lowliness and degradation will not be visited on them? Purity! Purity! At bayonet's point you have to acquire purity. The merciless wheel of *evolutionary struggle* will utterly annihilate you if you do not acquire Purity. Your only hope to-day lies in Purity. Just as the process of evolution forced chaste attitudes in near relations among the savages, so does surviving to-day imperatively demand clean minds and chaste behaviour on your part, people of India. You cannot live if you lack that. Let it be hard or easy, you have to acquire it, for the sake of India, for your bodies' sake, for your minds' sake, for religion's sake; for this world or that you have to be thoroughly pure. No heroism without purity, no union without purity, no peace without purity.

There is no possible strength, physical or spiritual, except in PURITY.

Says Tennyson's Sir Galahad :

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine,

And

*My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.*

Nobody could vanquish Megha Nada except one whose mind no carnal thought had crossed for full twelve years, and such was Lakshmanaji. Bhishma conquered death through Purity. Hanuman's strength was

boundless through Purity and Chastity. In some quarters English papers have spread false notions on *Brahma-Charya*, pronouncing single life as detrimental to longevity. This conclusion has been based upon some special Census Reports of Paris and Edinburgh. But with all the pains taken on the matter, the Reports succeed only in showing that in those countries the weak, the poor, the diseased, or such as are otherwise within easy reach of death, have little chance of marrying. To try to prove from Reports that single life in itself brings early mortality is to confound the effect for the cause. That single life is consistent with longevity, even in those countries, is shewn by the fruitful and long careers of Sir Isaac Newton, Immanuel Kant, the poet Gray, Herbert Spencer, Swedenborg and others.

A gentleman picked up a rose the other day and put it to his nose. The moment he was smelling it a bee stung him on the tip of the nose; the pain was very severe indeed. Forget not that every rose of sensual pleasure has a bitter bee hidden in it. None can escape the consequent spiritual death after yielding to Carnality. Such is the inexorable Divine Law and we cannot break it. Samson lost all his proverbial strength by tasting the poisonous wine of a woman's blandishments. On the eve of his fall Napoleon had fallen in love and indulged in low amour. Prithvi Raj, while going to the field where Hindus lost all their glory, had his loins girded up by his queen. Remember the temptation to which that unrivalled Prince Abhimanyu yielded on the night before he died on the battlefield which witnessed the total extinction of the Kshatriya race. There is no victory possible to him who falls a victim to sense indulgence. If the allurements of the senses cannot move you, you will no doubt move the world. All lusts or base pleasures must give place to loftier delights, else no progress is possible for you. In all perception of the truth there is a divine ecstasy, an inexpressible delirium of joys as could never be afforded by any lower passion. They talk about the Mechanical Equivalent of heat, Joule's Equivalent. There is a Spiritual Equivalent of lower passions. Transform the lower energy into virtue-energy, convert the passion power into divine flame, and move about as Joy incarnate, shedding strength and inner peace wherever you go.

Even unschooled persons in America and England are more intelligent than ordinary undergraduates of our Universities. Why is that so? The chief source of their culture is the cheap daily Press. Newspapers disseminate knowledge more extensively in England, Japan and America than colleges do. We thank our Government and other institutions for spreading education to a degree in our country; but

that is practically nothing, and no one is to blame for the ignorance of our masses and the dark and dreadful status of our women but ourselves. The vital energy which is now being recklessly wasted in degrading deeds and no-deeds, utilise it in endeavouring to elevate the women, educate the masses, uplift yourselves, and to raise the nation. The easiest and most direct way to accomplish that would be to improve the condition of the native press. Start really useful papers and improve those already extant, if any, in the vernacular of the ignorant masses. Perhaps one or two attempts were already made in this direction but they failed because the advanced student class as a rule disdains to handle vernacular stuff. You must learn to respect your mother tongue. Let the Young Men's Indian Association start an organ in easy, plain, simple Hindi, avoiding Persian or Sanscrit words as far as possible, steering clear of the perverse taste of using a style in which you are the least at home. Be natural, write as you think, imitate no one. College students might contribute small articles. To try your hand now and then at expressing in your mother tongue the most striking sentiments and enlightening thoughts which you come across in your reading will benefit you more than the readers, although others will imagine that it benefits the readers more than you. For this work let no details trouble you or tire you. Wait not for public school systems. This sacred trust falls on your shoulders. If India is to live, the work of female education must progress rapidly. Then why may it not begin at your hands? See to it, that no woman or poor man is left unlettered in the Province. Blot out this stain of ignorance from the face of the country. Are you ashamed or afraid of teaching the sweeper woman in your neighbourhood? Then lie upon your manners and morals! Approach the poor and ignorant folks with mother-like sympathy and try to educate them. What an angelic work! In the organ of the Y. M. I. A. let the lessons on elementary physics, physiology, astronomy, history, political economy, psychology, etc., be gradually introduced in as interesting and easy a way as you can command, and by and by the style may be made more classical. Rama recommends Hindi characters for the paper, for Hindi bids fair to become, ere long, the national language of India. Of vital importance is the question of food. Your mental vigour and physical strength will appreciably increase if the fundamentals art of eating is rightly attended to. The undue wear and tear and sad loss of power can be greatly made up if you but possess sound knowledge about the chief source of your energy—food. What to eat, and how to eat—learn this in the light of Science yourselves and carry your accu-

rate Philosophy of Eating to females who feed us all. It is a pity that the all-sustaining diet problem is left unsolved by the educated community in India, and it is a shame that even the students of Science know no better and have recourse to medicines, nicotine and alcohol. To educate women and the poor is a paramount duty before you, a duty which, being well discharged, must ultimately exalt yourselves immensely. But forget not that there is also a more direct and even more imperative work for you, *vis.*, to acquire agricultural arts and industries in more advanced countries and spread that useful knowledge in India broadcast.

Domestic, social or national duties are your *karma-kand*, and no karma or deed worthy of note can be carried on in the dark, except only that the deeds of darkness may be committed in the dark. Without keeping alive the flame of faith and the torch of burning *Gnanam* in your breasts you cannot accomplish anything, you cannot advance a single step. All these directions and details that are every day dinned into your ears are simply as the body of your lives; but without the spirit never can the body stand. The spirit of all successful movement is living faith and flaming *Gnanam*. Even the avowed champions of materialism, scepticism, positivism, atheism and agnosticism, owe their success *unconsciously* to the active spirit of religion in them.

Here is, say, the rubber factory, giving employment to thousands and thousands of workless hands, opening the national trade, multiplying capital in the country, encouraging the poor labouring class, bringing plenty of work and emoluments to the steamship companies, railway employees, post offices, etc. Yet how could the whole affair be if but *one chemical equation*, *one invisible inner reaction* failed to aid the grandeur? So can none of your personal, domestic, social or political undertakings flourish, except by borrowing grace and glory from the inner reaction, the heart conversion, the mental *re-formation*, the spiritual equation or in your very soul, a divine revolution. "Faith is great," says Carlyle, "life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, as it believes. These Arabs, the man Muhammad, and that one century, is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand? But lo! the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada!" Allah-hu. Akbar! There is nothing but God. Whatever is truly great springs up from the inarticulate deeps within. Whoever lives not wholly in the Divine Idea, or living partially in it struggles not, as for the one good to live wholly in it, he is, let him live where else he like, in what pomps

or prosperities he choose, a Nonentity, not alive but dead.

Even H. Spencer in his very last work, which might be called his dying swan-song, referring to an experiment of Huxley with the large-brained porpoise, says: "The body of our thought consciousness consists of feeling, and only the form constitutes what we distinguish as intelligence. That part which we ordinarily ignore when speaking of mind is its essential part, *vis.*, *feelings*. The feelings are the master, the intellect is the servant." Feelings, known in popular language as the *heart*, the region of faith and religion, at once prompt the acts and yield the energy for performance of the acts. "Little can be done," continues Spencer, "by improving the servant (head) while the master (heart) remains unimproved." And how remarkably does this conclusion of the famous arch-agnostic agree with the verdict of about the ablest psychologist of the age, Prof. James. "Religious experiences are as convincing as any direct sensible experience can be, and they are as a rule much more convincing than results established by logic ever are." To live at a deeper level of your nature than the loquacious level, to sound the depths of your being, to realise, feel and *be* the innate reality in you, which is also the innate reality in nature, to be a living personification of Tat-tvam-asi,

This, this is life; this, this is immortality!

This is to live and move as Power, Shakti,

That splits pillars with the glances.

Then can you say:—

1. The world turns aside
To make room for me;
I come, blazing Light!
And the shadows must flee.
O mountains, Beware!
Come not in my way;
Your ribs will be shattered
And tattered to-day.
3. O Kings and Commanders!
My fanciful toys!
Here's a Deluge of Fire,
Line Clear! my boys!
4. I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods.
With thunder of Cannons
Proclaim it abroad:

EAST & WEST

5. Shake ! Shake off delusion,
Wake ! Wake up ! Be free.
Liberty ! Liberty !
Liberty !

This *Gnanam*, of which inexhaustible power is one aspect, has for the other aspect infinite, infinite peace.

Peace immortal falls as rain drops.
Nectar is pouring in musical rain ;
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My clouds of glory, they march so gaily !
The worlds as diamonds drop from them :
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My breezes of Law blow rhythmical, rhythmical
Lo ! nations fall like petals, leaves :
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My balmy breath, the breeze of Law,
Blows beautiful ! beautiful !
Some objects swing and sway like twigs,
And others like the dew-drops fall.
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My graceful Light, a sea of white,
An ocean of milk, it undulates,
It ripples softly, softly, softly ;
And then it beats out worlds of spray !
I shower forth the stars as spray.
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

Om ! *Rama*. Om !

SWAMI RAMA.



BOOKS TO READ.

A GROUP OF BOOKS ON ORIENTAL SUBJECTS.

"The Original Sources of the Qu'ran," by the Rev. St. Clair Tisdall, M.A., D.D., Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 8s. net; "The Sword of Islam," by Arthur W. Wollaston, C.I.E., John Murray, 10s. 6d. net; "Five Years in a Persian Town," by Napier Malcolm, John Murray, 10s. 6d. "Abbas Effendi, His Life and Teachings," by Myron H. Phelps, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s. net; "Ch'un-kwang," by Oliver G. Ready, M.A., Chapman and Hall 6s. net."

AN incidental proof of the deep and ever increasing interest taken by the West in the religions of the East is the issue from the London press of several new works on Muhammad and the sources of his inspiration amongst which those by the Rev. Dr. Tisdall and Mr. Arthur Wollaston are especially to be recommended on account of the deep learning they display and the lucidity with which their arguments are advanced. • Dr. Tisdall, whose "Religion of the Crescent," "Noble Eight-fold Path" and "Manual of Muhammadan Objections" have already won for him a high reputation amongst Oriental scholars, goes to the very root of the matter in his original sources of the Qu'ran, and his work will be found of great practical value by the student of comparative theology. He combines with the personal knowledge, necessarily rare of the various ancient records quoted, the power of sifting the evidence contained in them; and which is of no little importance to the neophyte, he sums up the results of his researches in language so plain as to be intelligible even to the uninitiated reader. The translations he gives—with the exception of a few passages from the Chinese, a language he has not fully mastered—are his own, and he has in every case added references to the original works from which his quotations are taken. In dealing with the tenets and religious rites of the Muslims, this most exact and careful writer explains that he has made it a rule "not to concern him-

self with any doctrine or practice, which is not implicitly taught or enjoined in the Qu'ran itself or in those traditions which are universally accepted by all Muhammadan sects," with the partial exceptions of the Neo-Muhammadans of India who are not, he says, "recognized by the rest of the Muhammadan world."

Before grappling finally with his subject, Dr. Tisdall reminds his readers that the authority even of the genuine traditions is very different from that of the Qu'ran itself to which they stand in the second place, as proved by the fact that the latter is styled the Recited Revelation, whilst the former are always alluded to as the Unrecited Revelation. "The Qu'ran, and it alone," he adds, "is considered to constitute the very utterance of God Himself, hence the rule has been laid down that any tradition, however well authenticated it may be, that is clearly contrary to a single verse of the Qu'ran must be rejected." This fundamental principle once recognised, the path to be pursued by the student of Muhammadanism is clearly marked out: he has first to master the contents of the Qu'ran, in which is reflected the remarkable personality of the prophet, with the gradual change that came over his character as he emerged from his visionary and enthusiastic youth, into his ambitious manhood, then to consider the well authenticated traditions and lastly to sum up the evidence of both. He will thus find himself in a position to consider what were the original sources of the ideas, narratives and precepts incorporated by Muhammad in the religion founded by him, and in this portion of his education the neophyte will find Dr. Tisdall an invaluable guide, for that most accomplished scholar traces carefully the influence of the ancient Arabian, Sabian and Jewish ideas of Christianity and Christian apocryphal literature, identifies the Zoroastrian elements in the Qu'ran, considers the mission of the Hanifs and concludes his monograph with an eloquent description of Islam as it now is.

In his "Sword of Islam," which is an enlarged edition of the popular "Half-hours with Muhammad," now out of print, Mr. Wollaston makes no attempt to solve the many problems connected with his subject which crop up at every turn. As explained in his preface, the book is intended for the general reader rather than the scholar, but for all that it is full of valuable information likely to aid in bringing the East, with its vivid colouring and gorgeous imagery, closer to the comparatively prosaic matter-of-fact West, and to knit together in bonds of sympathy the Muhammadan and Christian subjects of the Emperor-King. The author, as is well known, is a most accomplished Orientalist who has

devoted the best years of his life to the study of the East, with the result that he has obtained a very comprehensive knowledge of his complex subject and which is even more important, he is gifted with a sympathetic insight into character, enabling him to apprehend the point of view even of those from whom he differs most strongly. He seems, for instance, to know and understand Muhammad almost as well as did Khadija, the faithful first wife who believed in the Prophet before he had made a single convert. The story of the widow's courtship of the handsome young shepherd whom she preferred to the many wealthy suitors who sought her hand, and of the way in which she won the unwitting consent of her father to her second marriage, is told in Mr. Wollaston's eloquent pages in a manner worthy of the romance of true love—it certainly was on the woman's side at least. A vivid picture is also drawn of the happy home in which Muhammad, freed at last from anxiety as to his daily bread, was able to indulge in the spiritual longings which had for many years assailed him, and throughout the narrative of the prophet's later career, with all its extraordinary vicissitudes, his biographer, with true literary skill, manages to keep the interest concentrated on the central figure. Specially fine is the description of the final scene, when the aged and infirm Muhammad, who has tottered to the mosque to die, breathes his last in the arms of his beautiful young wife Ayisha.

"Five years in a Persian Town" is a book of a very different character from the "Original Sources of the Qu'ran" or the "Sword of Islam." Though not exactly a record of mission work, it is written from a missionary point of view, and for this reason it is to a certain extent one-sided. Mr. Malcolm has, however, avoided touching on controversial matters, devoting his attention chiefly to the manners and customs of the natives of Yezd, and the best way to get into touch with them. He explains that in Persia, the missionary has no right to teach and preach in public places. "He cannot," he says "take up his stand in bazaars and proclaim the Gospel. He can talk to the people who come to his house, and to a certain extent he can talk with crowds in open caravansaries or in the villages, but anything approaching to public teaching is only done on sufferance." The first thing, therefore, in the opinion of this really acute observer which a would-be teacher has to do is to get on terms of social intercourse with a sufficiently large number of natives to afford him a field for work. He would moreover find proselytism preceded by humanitarian work, and here he seems to strike the key-note of true success, recognizing the spirit of the

Master whose cause he has at heart. He dwells much on the influence exercised by the medical missionary, who cares first for the bodies and then for the souls of those who turn to him for help, and he has the courage to assert that he considers the presentation of the Gospel without adequate care for the minds and bodies of the natives not merely undesirable and likely to be ineffective, but absolutely impossible. Even those who are averse to the sending out of missions and believe in the unity of all religions, however apparently diverse, that are based on belief in the one true God, will find much of interest in Mr. Malcolm's book, so minutely does it describe the daily life of the Persians, and so true an insight does it display into their character. It should be read not only by those to whom it is specially addressed, but by all who would gladly see the strengthening of the bonds of union between the East and West, and are eager to recognize not the differences that divide them but the affinities that undoubtedly exist, needing only the fostering influence of sympathy to make them truly effective.

In connection with "Five Years in a Persian Town" should be read the remarkable work, on the so-called Master of 'Akká and his followers by Myron H. Phelps, published some months ago in America, where the Babi missionaries have already won many converts to the new religion that was founded in Persia in 1844 by a young man of twenty-five, named Ali Mohammad. Though he claimed to be the Bab or gate through which the Divine Will was to be revealed anew to man, the youthful reformer announced, as St. John the Baptist had done before him with regard to Christ, that he was but a forerunner preparing the way for one greater than himself who would be a direct manifestation of God, and when he should appear would fully reveal His will. So great was the eloquence of Ali Mohammad that his followers were soon numbered by hundreds, and missionaries were sent out by him in every direction, a wave of religious enthusiasm marking their path. As a matter of course the jealousy of the Muhammadan priesthood was aroused, a relentless persecution was organized and many paid for their devotion with their lives. The Bab himself was executed in 1850 at Tabriz, but before the end he had chosen a young noble named Mīrza Haseyn Ali to succeed him, giving to him the significant name of Beha Ullah or the Glory of God, and, it is claimed, revealing to him that he was that manifestation of God whose coming had long been prophesied. It was not, however, until five years later that Behi Ullah publicly announced this most important fact which was at once accepted by all the Babis who changed their collective title into the Beha'is, by which they

are now generally known. Mirza Haseyn Ali died a natural death in 1892 at Akka, a little town of Northern Palestine, whither he and his family had been exiled, but he in his turn, before the end, passed on his power and authority to his son Abbas Effendi who has ever since been looked up to as their leader by the sect of the Beha'is who now number several millions. The new prophet is habitually called Master and Lord, and the simple earnest life led by him has won him the respect and esteem even of those most opposed to the doctrine he teaches, whilst the remarkable spread of Beha'ism in the West is a fresh proof that the Orient is still, as of yore, the leader in the spiritual world.

In his deeply interesting monograph on Abbas Effendi Mr. Phelps begins by telling the story of his life, quoting largely from a narrative supplied to him by Behaiah Kharnum, the sister of the Master, which throws a very vivid light not only on the guiding principles of his life, but also on the environment in which that life has been passed, revealing also the policy of the Persian Government and the attitude of the Muhammadans towards the movement that is going on in their midst. The actual position of the new leader having been thus clearly defined, the author of this most valuable book proceeds to examine critically the philosophy and psychology of his creed with the ethics and conduct of his followers, bringing out in a remarkable way the points of agreement between all earnest seekers after truth whether in the East or the West. The work concludes with a series of translations of typical utterances of the Blessed Perfection, as believers in his divine mission fondly call Abbas Effendi, a few of which may fitly be quoted here: "Be not sorrowful, save when thou art far from me"; "Clothe thy nakedness with the splendour of my garment"; "Lay not on any man what thou wouldst not have placed against thyself."

The scene of Mr. Ready's realistic romance "Ch'un-Kwang", is laid in the stormy period of the Taiping rebellion, and the author explains that his object in writing it, besides telling the story of the hero and heroine, has been to present a true picture of Chinese life and society as it existed five hundred years ago, and as it exists to-day, it having survived with scarcely any change. Full of humour, but with a deep undercurrent of pathos, the tale will be a revelation to many of the fact that the springs of action are much the same in the Chinese Empire as in the Occident. The Chinaman is generally supposed by his European critics to have very little romance in his nature. Cold-blooded, astute, with a keen eye to the main chance, he has rarely figured as a hero of fiction, whilst the China-woman has been looked upon as a mere

cipher exercising absolutely no influence outside the walls of her parents' or her husband's house. Very different from these lay figures were Woo-Ch'ung Kwang, the handsome passionate lover and his fascinating little cousin Chü-Yu-wên, who remained true to each other from first to last, overcoming all the apparently insuperable obstacles to their union by dint of their unwavering obstinacy and the faith in the justice of their cause which enabled them to remove mountains of prejudice. Again and again their fate seemed sealed, and the waters of despair to have overwhelmed them, but from every trial they emerged with spirits unbroken, until at last their constancy was rewarded as it deserved.

Though he duly brings the evil doers to justice, Mr. Ready wisely avoids dwelling too much on the horrible details of Chinese punishment, but his vivid descriptions of the marriage customs, the Feast of Lauburus, the interviews in the opium dens between the conspirators against the happiness of the lovers, etc., prove a most intimate acquaintance with the fundamental principles underlying Chinese Society, and throw no little light on the meaning of many practices hitherto but little understood, even by those foreigners who have long been resident in the country. The chapter on the "Giving of Flesh," telling how Chun-Kwang risked his life for his beloved, when her affianced husband drew back, is especially noteworthy, rising as it does almost to the height of classic tragedy.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON ART.

"Classic Myths in Art" by Julia Addison. T. Werner Laurie, 6s. net;

"Pictures in Umbria," by Katherine S. Macquoid. T. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

It is somewhat remarkable that whilst many books, such as Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," and the present writer's "Saints in Christian Art", have dealt to a great extent exhaustively with the religious subjects treated by the great masters of painting and sculpture, the classic themes chosen by them for representation should have been hitherto comparatively neglected. Yet familiarity with their meaning is almost as necessary, to the full enjoyment of many of the world's greatest masterpieces, as is the power of appreciation of their beauty of form, of composition and of colour. How greatly, for instance, would the pleasure of looking at Piero di Cosimo's wonderful "Death of Procris" in the National Gallery be enhanced if the spectator instinctively remembered that the lovely maiden lying dead upon the ground met her terrible fate through her unfounded jealousy of the

Goddess of the Dawn What an added pathos also is given to Raphael's exquisite series of frescoes from the life of Psyche in the Farnesina Palace, Rome, when it is borne in mind that the heroine is the emblem of the human soul who wins immortality through self-sacrificing love. Indeed, knowledge of the outer form assumed by antique legend, modified as it is in a thousand ways by the media through which it has filtered in the course of centuries, is by no means all that is essential to the true apprehension of its interpretation in Art. The student must also endeavour to place himself in touch with the inner meaning of classic mythology, and in so doing he will gain an insight not only into the spiritual beauty underlying much that is at first sight unnatural or even revolting but also into what may be called the correlation of human thought, whatever the scene of its evolution. For in the West as in the East is found the yearning to give tangible form to the powers of nature, a yearning that realized its highest expression amongst the Greeks, who drew no hard and fast line between the human and divine, but gave to the ideal personalities with whom they peopled their imaginary world, the distinctive attributes of both.

All this is recognized by the accomplished authoress of the "Classic Myths in Art," who, though she makes no attempt to trace the origin of those myths, has given in every case the various versions treated by the great masters. Her chapter on the Love Stories of Antiquity is especially interesting, and her book should find a place in every art library with any claim to completeness.

The ancient hill cities of Umbria, with their many memories, tragic and terrible, inspiring and pathetic, will ever exercise a remarkable fascination over the imagination. In them still seem to linger the spirits not only of the mighty artists whose fame has long since overshadowed that of the patrons for whom they worked, but also of the simple-minded and pure-hearted friars, whose self-sacrificing lives have been the themes of so many famous paintings and sculptures. Perugia and Assisi are still names to conjure with, and in spite of all that has already been written about them, many readers will gladly welcome Mrs. Macquoid's book on her recent wanderings in their quaint old streets. The authoress of "Pictures in Umbria" is, as is well known, an experienced traveller, accustomed to accommodate herself to circumstances, and she generally succeeds in getting into touch with the natives wherever she happens to be. Perhaps the most delightful chapter of her new work is that in which she tells anew the touching story of Grifonetto Baglione's crime and its awful expiation, bringing out forcibly, as it does, the deep love for his

mother, which was the one redeeming feature in his character ; but her description of Assissi as it is now is also very interesting, and she even manages to give a certain touch of freshness to the oft-told tale of St. Francis and his first companions.

FOUR NEW WORKS OF FICTION.

"The Brooding Wild," by Ridgwell Cullum. Chapman and Hall, 6s. net ;
 "A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe, T. Fisher Union,
 6s. net ; "The House of Merrilies," by Archibald Marshall Alston
 Rivers, 6s. net ; "By Beach and Bogland," by Jane Barlow. T.
 Fisher Unwin, 6s. net.

THE scene of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's new romance is laid in the heart of the rocky mountains of Canada where the lonely settler lives in direct commune with the spirit of the wilderness and often for months together hears no voice but that of nature herself. "There," says the author, who is evidently intimately acquainted with the scenes he so eloquently describes, "where the cry of the wolf wails out on moonlit night and changes the silence from a peaceful calm to the stillness of gloomy portent ; there where the deer forage browsing or are hunted, where the mountain lion reigns in his exalted lair, where the puma screams in answer to the challenge of the wild-cat—there all who have ears to hear may listen to the wonderful story nature has to tell." In these remote districts dwelt the strong-limbed, noble-hearted brothers, Nick and Ralph, mighty hunters who had seen no woman but the mother who bore them, who knew not what fear was and, until the disturbing influence of the beautiful but unworthy Aim-sa troubled their peace, loved each other with a perfect devotion. But for their own unselfish heroism in saving the life of the evil-minded trader they might have remained happily together until death divided them, but this was not to be, and with consummate skill Mr. Cullum traces the gradual transformation which took place in them after the intrusion of the disturbing influence, describing in glowing language the smouldering of the unquenchable fire of passion that finally burst out in an all-consuming flame, leaving nothing but ruin in its track. The anguish grows in intensity till it culminates in the awful tragedy of the closing scenes, when after the death of one lover at the hands of the other the forest legions gather to fulfil the doom of the survivor. Into the tangled web of the human story, with its background of the weird and brooding wild, the element of the supernatural is so deftly woven that the reader finds it difficult to believe the Hooded Man and the mysterious White Squaw were but

human conspirators after all, but will fancy them to be still wearing their magic spells at the very heart of the north.

Very different from the tragic drama of the "Brooding Wild" is Mr. Sutcliffe's "Bachelor in Arcady" with its chatty descriptions of an idyllic home in a remote country district and of the two-footed and four-footed folk who were its owner's only companions. The author, whose "Mistress Barbara Cunliffe," and "Through Sorrow's Gates" have already won him a considerable reputation, has the happy knack of lending charm to the simplest themes and the interest is sustained until the end. The gradual awakening of the Bachelor to the real nature of his feelings for the beautiful girl he calls the Babe is finely described and the character of the old squire is well brought out. The one flaw in the book is the association of the denouement of the love story with the hunting scene, and it does indeed seem strange that so sensitive a dweller in Arcady should not have recognized the inconsistency of priding himself on his bride-elect having been in at the death.

It is unfortunately becoming ever rarer to meet with a novel with a well sustained plot in which there are no sins against good taste to detract from its merit. The "House of Merrilies" of Mr. Marshall, is however, a striking example of the fact that sensational fiction need not necessarily depend for its interest on crime. The mystery that is the main element of the intricate plot and eludes the police to the very end is an honest mystery, and though the leading incident is wildly improbable the sympathies of the reader are never alienated by any intrusion of the melo-dramatic. The various love stories are deftly interwoven, no suspicion of the truth respecting the parentage of the hero is allowed to leak out, yet when it is finally revealed it is impossible to help feeling that it should have been clear to the least observant from the first. It is in this, perhaps, that Mr. Sutcliffe best proves himself a master of the art of fiction, for in real life there is nothing more surprising than the blindness of the actors in passing events to their real significance. There is indeed something truly pathetic in the way in which the most trifling accidents are allowed to determine fate. The exclamation "if only I had known" should often rather be "if only I had not shut my eyes." In fiction the eyes may be opened in time, but in real life alas! they generally remain closed until too late.

Miss Barlow's new volume of "Tales of Erin" yields nothing in humour and pathos to any of her previous works. It deals as do her "Crest of Irish Stories" and "From the Land of the Shamrock" with peasant life in remote country districts and is redolent of the aroma of

the soil. Her humble heroes and heroines are thoroughly unsophisticated folk swayed by the elemental passions alone. Ignorant of the complicated interest of advanced civilization, knowing no land, indeed often no village but their own, they cling desperately to superstitions long since improved away elsewhere. Relying chiefly for effect on the revelation of character, Miss Barlow makes no attempt at fine writing, yet her descriptions of the coast and bog scenery that form the background of her simple dramas are filled in with a masterly pen. In the "Wrong Turning" and in "Old Isaac's Biggest Haul", for instance, the fog closing in upon the doomed fishermen, the rising wind and the surging waves are realized with almost painful intensity. In the story of the rescued waifs all the horror of the treacherous quicksands is brought out, and in "Moriarty's Meadow" tragedy and comedy are blended with consummate skill. Perhaps, however, the most beautiful and touching of the new stories is "Crazy Mick," telling of the bereaved father's illusion that his lost daughter is still with him, but "Widow Farrell's Wonderful Age," the "High Tide" and the "Man Trappers" are all true idylls, bringing into vivid relief alike the fine qualities and the strange prejudices of the people who, to quote Swinburne's eloquent words, dwell "in the sweet-souled land where sorrow sweetest sings."

NANCY BELL.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Curzonian
School of Adminis-
trative Policy.**

Lord Curzon came to India with the hopefulness of a statesman who had thought out certain ideals and had as much confidence in his own ability to realise them as he was convinced of their adaptability to the East and their necessity for the time. He goes back with the wisdom of a reformer who, in singing his *Te Deum*, cannot divest himself of the recollection of the friction and the heat engendered when new ideas career through old ones with the momentum of a masterful spirit and an indomitable will. His farewell to the Services, who had loyally and with almost unbroken unanimity enabled him to achieve the success of his administration, with by its sombre tints and its mellower inspiration, presented an interesting contrast to the brilliant speech in which he had unfolded his picture of the future on the eve of his departure from England to take up his high office. It contained an inevitable reference to the calumny and the obstacles, and the disappointment and the delays. Yet His Excellency does not leave India with a temper permanently soured: that would have happened to men who are smaller than their opportunities. He likened the close of his Indian career, subjectively considered, to a sunset in the hills after the rains: "The valleys are wrapped in sombre shadows, but the hill-tops stand out sharp and clear." He, like other workers, would forget the rebuffs and the mortification, and be indifferent to the slander and the pain. He would remember only the noble cause for which he had worked, the principles of truth and justice, and righteousness for which he had contended, and the good, be it ever so little, that he had done.

Turning from disparagement to panegyric, we must expect to find in a critical age greatness compared with greatness, and defects

detected in the midst of excellence. Some one has had the acumen to discover that Lord Curzon has founded no "school" in India, and the criticism, based as it must be on a historical retrospect of other rulers whose names are etched on the annals of this country, seems so original and so striking that His Excellency's eye has been arrested by it; and he replied, at the United Service Club at Simla, that there was no need for him to found a school. This inquiry is a fascinating one, and it would be doubly so if we passed in review the ideals of those who in the past have founded schools of administrative policy, and the circumstances in which diversity of aims among eminent public servants gave rise to individuality of thought and to schools which were fit enough to survive within the memory of future generations. The foundation of a school presupposes a diversity of ideals and involves the selection of a type from among these, the fixing of the type in the administrative fabric and its perpetuation through a succession of disciples. Given the diversity of ideals to choose from, a Viceroy's discretion in the selection is nowadays hampered by the Secretary of State's interference to a degree unknown in the days prior to the introduction of steam-ships and the electric telegraph. Sir William Anson points out how the independence of the Indian Government has been obliterated by the electric telegraph, and perhaps at no time in the history of India have the effects of the electric proximity of the Secretary of State on the freedom of action and on the responsibility of advice of the Government of India been more disastrous than in the closing months of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. It is only by a figure of speech that we speak of a Viceroy's policy nowadays—at least in great matters. Then again, a Viceroy remains for so short a time in India that he does not enjoy the same advantages as did, for example, Sir John Lawrence, among Governors-General, or Sir Thomas Munroe, among provincial rulers, in fixing the type, and in gathering together a circle of disciples. Schools might have been founded in a period of five years when the soil was more virgin, and when administrative types had not yet attained a fixity after years of discussion and trial. Now, when every step is apt to be impeded by criticism in India, questions in Parliament, and possibly interference by the Secretary of State, the rapid foundation of a new

and distinct school of administrative policy must be a rare achievement, and would require a transcendental genius for originality of discovery. The life of a Viceroy is indeed, "crowded with opportunity," as Lord Curzon has not failed to acknowledge, but the opportunity is not so sustained and so free as it was in the days of the great rulers whose names are associated with certain distinctive schools.

Diversity of ideals there will always be, and in an active rule it will emerge from its state of dormancy and show itself prominently. More than half a dozen questions of policy, on each of which a school might be founded, have aroused discussion in Lord Curzon's time. Let us state at once that "efficiency" is not one of them. There can be no two opinions about the desirability of efficiency in government or in any other concern. Lord Curzon has laid considerable stress on the reconstruction of the administrative machinery in his time in several places where it had run down. This may be something worth recording in the administrative history of a country. But mere activity in renewing the gear of the governmental machine does not rise to the level of a school. In Lord Curzon's time discussions have been rife on the perennial themes of internal reform as entitled to prior consideration as against external defence; the extension of self-government as against the maintenance of British influence undiminished in the personnel of the administration; the introduction of foreign capital as against the development of industries with local resources; irrigation *versus* railways; the claims of higher education as against the diffusion of a lower degree of knowledge; the incidence of land tax and elasticity in its collection; the attitude towards the Press; and the fiscal policy. It would have been difficult to strike a single note of policy in our day to pervade through such a multiplicity of governmental activities. The trammels of the past could not be broken wherever they restricted the freedom of the zealous founder of a school. Surveying the whole of Lord Curzon's administration and the procedure adopted by him in promoting the good of the country, we would say that if he has founded a school, it is the school of administrative eclecticism, the dominant note of which is imperialism. If he has devoted as much attention as any previous Viceroy to frontier politics, he can show as good a record as any

of internal reform. If he has maintained that the rule of India being a British rule, the tone and standard should be set by those who have created and are responsible for it, he has not failed to acknowledge that the policy in regard to State patronage should be one of "progressive increase in the employment of Natives and a progressive decline in the employment of Europeans." An imperialist, no one has evinced a keener and a more practical interest in the preservation of those ancient monuments which must feed the national pride and appeal to the national sentiment in India. The perpetuation of the memory of the great men of India by memorial tablets was a distinctly Curzonian idea. Even politically, one may remember Lord Curzon's plea in England that India must be treated as an organic part of the Empire and not a dependency to be exploited for the benefit of England. He has characterised the prejudice against the introduction of foreign capital into India as a copy-book fallacy ; yet no one has shown a more enthusiastic interest in Indian arts, which he has taken steps to preserve and encourage, as far as it lies in the power of Government to save them from decay ; he has instituted scholarships for technical education to be acquired in foreign countries, given an impetus to the establishment of State factories, and brought into existence a Department whose operations, to be controlled by future Governments, cannot but help native industries and find investment for native capital. An advocate of railway extension, irrigation has received at his hands more attention than under previous Viceroys. Large schemes, which will cost several lakhs of rupees, have been sanctioned ; in every province systematic surveys of the needed irrigational works are to be undertaken, and the extension of irrigation of every description is to proceed steadily and on a definite plan. Unwilling to raise false hopes by an inquiry into the causes of the lack of staying power in the people during periods of scarcity, His Excellency has yet investigated with laborious care the system of land revenue collection and laid down principles which must alleviate the hardship of a cast-iron system of revenue collection ; he has done what a Government could do to encourage co-operative credit organisations, and he has recently sanctioned one important method of popularising *tukavi*. Eager to raise the standard of higher education, and to bring it, as

far as may be, into line with the standards and methods obtaining in more advanced countries, he has yet given special encouragement to primary education, and has commended to the care of the Directors of Public Instruction the claims of secondary education, which is apt to be neglected. Uncertain as to the success of an institute for technological research at the present stage of industrial advancement in India, he has yet established a Board of Scientific Advice, made ample provision for agricultural and entomological research for the benefit of agriculture, and bacteriological and sanitary research in the sanitary interests of the country. Ready to brave a storm in the press for the protection of official secrets, whose untimely divulgence might endanger the public interest, he has yet provided for an ample supply of news to the press. The columns of the dailies are nowadays flooded with news from the headquarters of Government. Ten times more is given away with one hand than is supposed to have been taken away with the other. An Anglicist, if we may coin the word, to the back-bone, Lord Curzon was yet resolute in putting down the ill-treatment of coolies by soldiers and planters.

Eclecticism is a process which generally yields the best results, where a choice has to be made of all that is good : it is in accordance with the spirit of the age, which delights in the collection and examination of facts and favours inductive rather than deductive reasoning. It, however, lacks unity of design or singleness of purpose : it may lead to a diversity of choice which would be fatal to the cohesive individuality of a school. Some dominant note, which will give a direction and a force, is necessary to constitute eclecticism the guiding principle of a distinct school. One school of political thinkers in India would take public opinion to be the pillar of cloud and fire which they ought to follow. As was pointed out in our Note last month, there was a time when Lord Curzon seems to have been confident of taking the public with him in all his reforms. Bitter experience must have taught him that in India the pillar of fire is a mirage. He has come to the conclusion that there is no public opinion which one can safely follow, where Hindus do not agree with Mahomedans, the land-holding class with lawyers, and the older generations with the younger, and where the stereotyped unanimity of press opinions—a unanimity which

is often maintained avowedly for the sake of unanimity—looks too suspicious and artificial to be accepted for reliable guidance. Lord Curzon does not belong to the school which would see in the voice of the people the voice of God. If he did, it would not have been a school founded by him for the first time: it would only have brought him popularity, which he would have had to purchase at the sacrifice of some of his most cherished reforms, in the utility and saving power of which he had almost a prophetic confidence. The dominant note of the Curzonian school is generally understood to be what is called Imperialism, which does not suggest the same ideas in India as it would in England or in the Colonies, and which might more properly be called political Anglicanism. "Give me the man the best that England can produce," said the Viceroy at the United Service Club, "the best that India can train. I have said a hundred times, and I say it again, that there is no Service in the world where ability, and character, quite as much as ability, are more sure of their reward than in the Indian Services. Nothing can keep them down, for they are the pivot and fulcrum of our rule. So long as we can continue to send to this country the pick of the youth of our own, so long as they are inspired by high standards of life and conduct, so long as each officer, civil or military, regards himself in his own sphere as the local custodian of British honour and the local representative of the British name, we are safe and India is safe also." To whatever school Lord Curzon may be said to belong, he certainly belongs to a school which has unbounded faith in Work.

What has Lord Curzon done for India?—is a question which one may sometimes hear asked by persons who, like another famous inquirer, will not wait for an answer. Indeed, the answer is very long and would fill a volume. It would be incomplete and fragmentary if it did not traverse the whole range of governmental functions in India. Let any one, who is fairly conversant with the administrative history of the last seven years, write down what he knows under the following heads, and the question what Lord Curzon has done for India will answer itself.

Agricultural Production : Irrigation ; Agricultural research and the spread of agricultural knowledge ; Loans to agriculturists from the State, and from one another.

Commerce and Industry : New Department ; Technical Scholar-

ships ; Grant-in-aid to the Tata Research Institute.

Distribution and Locomotion : Railways, the new Railway Board, and comforts of Third-class Passengers ; Roads—grants for, and avenues.

Protection : Police Reform ; Justice between soldiers and coolies ; Coolies in South Africa.

Public Health : Sanitary and bacteriological research.

Education : Educational reforms and extension of primary education.

State Service : Imperial Cadet Corps ; Special Police Service.

Self-Government : Creation of a Legislative Council for Assam and Eastern Bengal ; Village Panchayats as a part of Police Reform.

Information to the Public : Press Rooms.

National Honour : Preservation of Ancient Monuments and perpetuation of the memory of the great men of the past.

Defence : North-west Frontier Province and arrangements with Frontier tribes.

Taxation : Reduction of the Salt tax ; Elasticity in Land Revenue collection ; Reduction of postal and telegraphic charges.

Expenditure : Resistance to proposal to saddle India with certain costs by Home Government ; Resistance to a possible military encroachment on the State purse—the final scene which cost a Viceroyalty !

The man who balances against all that has been done in these various directions, his little grievance in not being allowed to steal official secrets of importance and other grievances of a like nature, does not know the distinction between the sublime and the ridiculous.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Anglo-Japanese alliance recalls to mind the early days of British rule in India. We have long been accustomed to regard Great Britain as having been ordained by Heaven to be the protector of Asiatics, and even the Asiatic Princes as intended to be protected. The new alliance is with an Asiatic Power for the defence of the Asiatic dominions of Great Britain. For such a compact between the British and the Asiatic Governments we must go back to the early days of the East India Company's rule in India. In those days the competing European Powers were different. An interesting train of thought is awakened by the new agreement—whether Asia is destined to be for Europe what India was to England and France and Portugal in an earlier century. History, however, has not quite begun to repeat itself. Instead of a European ally taking part in a struggle between two Asiatic Chiefs, we now have the spectacle of an Asiatic Power allying itself with one of two competing European Powers. This looks more like a reversal than like a repetition of history. There the speculation must end. Doubts have been expressed as to the utility to Great Britain of an alliance with Japan, as Japan is so far away from the country to be defended. Such an obvious doubt could not have been absent from the calculations of His Majesty's Government. The agreement will be in force for only ten years, and Lord Lansdowne has called particular attention of the Russian Government to the condition that the parties are to assist each other only when either is involved in an unprovoked war. Unprovoked aggression is very rare nowadays; every war is professedly *bona fide* and some justification is found for it. The agreement, therefore, may be said to have been conceived in a spirit of great caution. It is evident that the parties to the alliance will feel themselves under an obligation not to embark on any policy which may serve as a cause for war. How will it affect the forward policy of other Powers? Mr. Balfour, for example, has said that if Russia builds a railway in Afghanistan, England will regard it as an act of aggression. Japan will perhaps have to accept that interpretation of provocation. What acts on the part of Russia in Korea will be an act of aggression there?

England and Japan may easily be a check upon each other. As for the action of Russia, her present exhausted condition is a better guarantee of peace for the next ten years than the new alliance, unless some other Power joins Russia.



Lord Curzon's farewell speeches and the boycott of foreign goods in Bengal are the two absorbing topics of the hour. Whatever opinion one may hold on the military controversy—and on such a subject much may be said on both sides—there was no need to insist upon the introduction of the new scheme while Lord Curzon was still in India. It is just possible that on the 31st of May, when Mr. Brodrick penned his famous despatch, His Majesty's Government was in a feverish anxiety about the defence of India and the state of the Indian army, and there might have been reasons for fixing the 1st of October for the initiation of the new scheme. But for the rapidity with which events were expected to occur, Lord Curzon's resignation would not have come about in the early part of August. Lord Minto's appointment having once been made, the retiring Viceroy could not long remain in India, though the new scheme could not be brought into operation on the date originally fixed. Lord Curzon has completed nearly, though not quite, the whole of the programme which he had set before himself while returning to India. The most important event of the closing months of his Viceroyalty would have been the visit of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the special desire of His Majesty the King Emperor, who always displays a tact and consideration sadly lacking in His Majesty's ministers, Lord Curzon is to remain in India to receive the Royal guests. The retiring Viceroy has never bent his knee before the god of popularity. Yet by his sterling achievements, and his single-minded devotion to the public good which should redound to the credit of Great Britain, he has won the highest esteem, which cannot but carry with it popularity of the higher type, of his countrymen, especially the Services in India. The Directors of Public Instruction, who had met in Conference at Simla, invited him to address them on the educational reforms and progress for which he was responsible. His farewell to the Services dwelt upon the cordial relations that had always subsisted between the Supreme and the local Governments, and between the Viceroy and his Council; it gave an eloquent tribute to the ability and devotion to duty of Englishmen in the Indian Services generally and acknowledged their contribution to the success of his administration. His Excellency will speak at Kashmir and a few other places before he leaves India, and these speeches will remind a world, more fond of sensation than of the solid achievements of an administration, of the varied activities of the last seven years, and will keep up the interest of the

chapter of Indian history headed 'Lord Curzon' up to the very end of his stay in India.



The Swadeshi movement—commercial "localism" as the expression may be translated—is much older than the impending partition of Bengal. The Bengalis have been running the movement on new lines—those of organised coercion and threatening demonstrations—because they think that they will thereby influence British public opinion on the one hand, and intimidate the local authorities on the other, until at last the scheme, in so far at least as it affects the Bengali-speaking Hindus, is modified. It will obviously be inexpedient both from the British and from the Indian standpoint to recognise the interest of Lancashire as the pivot and the fulcrum of Indian politics. It is more and more recognised nowadays that India is to be governed in her own interests and not for the sake of British capitalists. That sentiment is expressed by Viceroy and Secretaries of State and finds its echo in Parliament. To revoke a political measure merely because it is likely to be visited with injury to Lancashire's interests, would be to revoke the basal principle of the maintenance of British rule in India. The Swadeshi movement cannot be allowed to affect politics: it must continue as a conflict between economic laws on the one hand, and what is supposed to be patriotism on the other. Preaching and persuasion would be the legitimate methods of inducing the people to patronise local manufactures in preference to others. In Calcutta shopkeepers and purchasers are put to much annoyance by organised bands of "localists," and the interference of the police has been rendered necessary. This aspect of the movement is bound to pass off sooner or later, for neither the public nor the Government will tolerate lawlessness very long. But the Swadeshi sentiment will remain. It is not unknown in England. Mr. Chamberlain is a great Swadeshist.



A doubt has been raised whether the Government of India had the power of constituting the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam in the manner it has done, by Proclamation, without an Act of Parliament. It is intended to contest the legality of the measure in a court of law. Meanwhile it may be of interest to notice the opinion given by one Indian lawyer, which is to the following effect:—

It may be inferred from several Acts of Parliament that it has never been the intention to empower the Governor-General in Council, with the concurrence of the Secretary of State, to divide any of the existing presidencies into two provinces. Among other enactments the Government of India Act of 1853, for example,

provided that it would be lawful for the Court of Directors to constitute *one* new presidency. The Company's Government could not multiply presidencies as it liked.

The Indian Councils Act of 1861, indeed, authorises the Government of India by proclamation to constitute new provinces for the purposes of that Act, and to fix, *divide*, or alter the limits of any presidency or province. But the division—so it is argued—cannot be so made as to violate the spirit of the older enactments, which have not been expressly repealed, and to divide one presidency into two, though small portions may be severed and transferred from one province to another.

The Governor-General in Council has by proclamation constituted Assam a new province for the purposes of the Indian Councils Act, and transferred several entire districts of Bengal to that province. Assam by itself would not have been constituted a province under a Lieutenant-Governor aided by a Legislative Council. The part of Bengal transferred to it is so large that what has virtually been done is to divide Bengal into two provinces and to add Assam to one of them, calling the combined province Eastern Bengal and Assam. Hence, it is argued, that while professing to follow the letter of the law the Governor-General in Council has, with the sanction of the Secretary of State, transgressed its evident intention.

The Partition is to take effect on the 16th of this month. It is worthy of note, in connection with the contention of the lawyers, that except for legal purposes the primary intention of the new measure has been avowed to be the severance of some of the districts of Bengal for administrative convenience, rather than the establishment of a new Legislative Council in accordance with the policy of the Indian Councils Act—or rather, such has been the popular understanding, though the Government has taken care to attach as much importance to the development of Assam as to the reduction of the area of the Presidency of Bengal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A HINDU VIEW OF MOHAMEDAN MYSTICISM.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—Apropos the article on "Mohamedan Mysticism" by Mr. A. F. M. Abdul Ali in the June number of *East & West*, wherein the writer gives a summary of the leading doctrines of Sufism, I beg to be permitted to offer a few observations on the topics therein raised from a Hindu point of view.

The principal points touched upon in the article alluded to above are :—

1. Etymology of the word Sufi.
2. References to some of the celebrated Sufies of ancient times.
3. Sufi phraseology.
4. The Sufi theory of creation—an Emanation theory.
5. The Sufi theory of human souls—particles of Supreme Spirit.
6. The dogma of Predestination.
7. The Catholicity of Sufi doctrines.
8. Importance of a Spiritual Guru.
9. The doctrine of Love.

Nos. 1 and 2 require no comments. It may, however, be said in reference to the latter point that the number of Hindu Bhaktas who have professed views such as recorded of Mansur and others is a legion and given in a Hindu work called Bhakta Mal. In modern times Kavir may be cited as the best illustration of the illiterate Hindu Sufies.

No. 3 calls for a little comment. It is passing strange, as it is highly regrettable, that Mohamedan doctors who are required by the very nature of their religious doctrines to hate wine, and express their greatest abhorrence of it, should couch their high philosophic thoughts in the phraseology of the tavern. It is granted that only the thoughts are to be taken into consideration, and that the language is to be left apart, but the very fact of such a debased language being employed points to two things—either the insufficiency of the vocabulary of the writers concerned to convey their thoughts or to the morally debased condition of the Mohamedan Society of the time when these works were written. Among the Hindus, there is a sect of Vammargies—literally 'left-handed' who endeavour to express their philosophic thoughts through similar corrupted language, and are on that account not liked by the Hindus. The philosophical thoughts conveyed through the highly artistic ima-

gery of the 10th Adhav of the Srimad Bhagwat are certainly praised for their intrinsic value, but to a student of modern ethical philosophy the language of the imagery is highly objectionable. If it proves nothing, it proves this at least, that the writers—however moral in their thoughts—were not very happy in their choice of language to give their thoughts an expression.

No. 4. This is an Emanation theory of the Creation generally met with in the Hindu works of literature, but its great defect is that it casts a stain on the attributes of the Creator. By urging that the Creation is an emanation of God, just as sunrays are an emanation of the sun, it makes the Creation and the Creator identical in respect to their natures, and since the world is material and has flowed out of God, God Himself is material. This theory was put to a crucial test in the ancient time but was found wanting and, therefore, discarded, its place being given to a highly philosophical Vedantic theory of creation which is the result of Maya.

No. 5. Since souls are particles of the Supreme Soul, the latter is divisible and hence material. This theory too, was a favourite conception of a school of ancient Hindu philosophers, but, as it gave a too low view of the Supreme Spirit, it was brushed aside in favour of the highly evolved Vedantic theory of the Atma, which does not make the human souls as particles of the Supreme Spirit but as the Supreme Spirit itself—the difference being the result of Maya. Just as space is one but seems split up into numberless individualities by reason of extraneous superimpositions, so is the Supreme Spirit one but by reason of the super-impositions of Maya it seems (though really it is not) divided into different individualities.

No. 6. The dogma of Predestination as advocated by the Sufies leaves no room for liberty of human will, thus striking at the root of the Moral Code. It makes men as automatic instruments in the hands of the Almighty Allah. On the other hand, the Hindu doctrine of Sanskar affords the full scope for the play of human will, while retaining intact the fundamental characteristics of the mental predispositions of men—the common basis on which history claims its *raison d'être*.

No. 7 lays stress on the Catholicity of the Sufi doctrines. Wherever this spirit is found, it makes for civilization and morality. While it is only in thought mostly among the Sufies, it has percolated into action among the Hindus; otherwise there is no defence for the thousand and one modes of worship among them. Each Hindu has his own ideal and no one interferes with his pursuing it. The puzzling variety of sects and the inextricable net of dogmas that obtain among the Hindus are the results of the large-hearted charity and tolerance in religion that characterize Hinduism.

No. 8. In commenting on the importance of a spiritual Guru, it may be sufficient to say that Hindus consider the position of the Guru so venerable that they have exalted him to the rank of a god literally to be worshipped.

No. 9. The doctrine of Love as obtaining among the Sufies may have its formidable rival in the Bhakti Yoga of the Hindus. All the 18

Purans, which in themselves are a mighty literature, are literally embodiments of the doctrine of Love. While from the Sufi point of view, a man loves another because of the latter being a reflection of God, from the Vedantic point of view, this love springs from the solid consideration that another man and myself are one—the difference being only apparent, not real. When another and myself are one, there is no reason why I should hate another, thus ultimately hating myself.

I hope the above few remarks will illustrate the Hindu aspect of the question.

A HINDU.

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THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

ITS ORIGIN AND THE WAY IT IS KEPT IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

CHRISTMAS is not, as one might suppose, from the great popularity it enjoys, one of the oldest Christian festivals. It began to be kept only as far back as the 4th century. St. Augustine does not speak of it when he mentions the great festivals of the Church, and why? Simply because, at a very early period of the Christian era, the date had no doubt been forgotten, the Gospels only mentioning the season and time. It was in the season when the shepherds were tending their flocks in the fields. That, in Judea, must have been from May to October. Moreover, it was at night—one of those splendid Eastern nights, when the sky, studded with countless stars, is seen in all its glory. Thus the Church had full scope for choosing a day. From the very beginning, ever since this festival was instituted, two different dates were adopted, one by the Latin and the other by the Greek church, each of these dates corresponding to the different turn of mind of the two races. The more matter-of-fact Christians of the west were, above all, anxious to celebrate the birth of Christ in the flesh—or the Incarnation. The Bishop of Rome very shrewdly chose the 25th of December, either to replace the Jewish festival of the "Purification of the Temple by the Maccabees," which used to be held on that date, or perhaps to supersede the festival of the Sun (*dies natalis invicti solis*), which coincided with the Winter Solstice, and was celebrated by the worshippers of Mithras. The Popes Julius I. (d. 332) and Liberius (d. 355) hoped in this way to abolish that pagan festival and those which used to follow the Saturnalia, by virtue of the old rule, "nothing can be destroyed unless it be replaced by something else." From that time the Christmas festival grew more and more popular. The

Church decreed a time of preparation, which was called Advent. The festival began on Christmas Eve, when a vigil was kept during which midnight mass was celebrated and then followed a brotherly and merry feast (*Agapè*).*

The more idealistic Oriental Christians, on the contrary, being more attached to symbols, preferred celebrating the spiritual birth of Christ. They therefore chose the day on which he appeared to all as the *Messiah*, *i.e.*, the Epiphany. No doubt it was the Church of Alexandria that fixed the date—the 6th of January—either because the second Adam must have come on the 6th day after New Year's day, in the same way that Adam had been made on the 6th day of the Creation, or else, from the same spirit of assimilation which Rome had adopted, in order to supplant the festival held in honour of the birth of Osiris who, like Mithras, was a sun-god. After the dark ages of paganism, had not Jesus Christ become revealed as the Sun of the moral world? Had he not been proclaimed the Son of God, on the day he was baptised in the Jordan? From Alexandria the custom spread to Gaul, where the Emperor Julian, before his apostacy, celebrated Christmas at Vienne, in Dauphiné (360). In the west the 6th of January (Twelfth Night) was kept as the date of the adoration of Jesus by the three Wise Men of the East, the three Magi; but in point of fact, the Epiphany was really the original Eastern Christmas. As a clear proof that such was the case, the Christians of the East, the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts, still celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Christ on that day. The difference between the Eastern and the Western Christians on this point will furnish us with the different headings of this study.

CHRISTMAS IN WESTERN COUNTRIES.

So let us begin with Italy, since it was at Rome that the festival was at first instituted. For some time it was simply an ecclesiastical festival, the clergy celebrating the Christmas mass with extraordinary pomp, as may be seen from the description of a Christmas festival held in Rome in 800, on which occasion Charlemagne had; himself crowned Emperor by the Pope Leo. At an early hour, in one of the chapels, the statue of the "*Santissimo Bambino*" was

* This Christmas feast (*Agapè*) is most likely the origin of the supper after midnight, (*reveillon*) which is a custom kept up in most Catholic countries.

exposed, clad in white. It was the great evangelical poet, St. François d'Assise, who rendered the festival popular and who domesticated it by his idea of representing, as in a *tableau vivant*, all those who were present at the Nativity. He placed, says one of his biographers, a cowshed in a meadow, so as to recall to the mind all that had taken place in the manger of Bethlehem. In this shed were to be seen the Virgin, Joseph, the infant Jesus and the shepherds. Great care was taken not to omit the ox and the ass, which, according to a popular tradition, had warmed the holy family with their breath. A crowd of laymen, priests and monks flocked to this manger, which was lighted up with countless tapers. After the reading of the gospel, St. Francis delivered a discourse in honour of the infant of Bethlehem, and the audience were so deeply moved that mangers were erected in many of the churches and in private houses. This custom, which is kept up in Italy and has spread over all Roman Catholic countries, is attended by others of a similar character, which vary, to a certain extent, according to the country.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

Thus in Spanish towns there is a general holiday on Christmas Eve. Merry chimes peal forth from the church steeples, and servants are to be seen everywhere hurrying to and fro with presents, little pastry cooks' boys bearing baskets laden with cakes and sweetmeats, and country lads from the surrounding villages driving in flocks of turkeys. At dinner, to which all the nephews, nieces and cousins are invited, the characteristic dishes are fried fish and fritters. After dinner there is music to the accompaniment of the zamboba* and castanets. Then the younger members of the family retire to rest, but not before having left a shoe or a hat on the balcony, for "il Ninó" to put his presents in during the night. A mass is held at midnight in the cathedral. The nave is crowded with a congregation of the faithful, standing or kneeling (for there are no seats in Spanish churches). At the close of divine service there is a burst of universal joy, hitherto repressed; and in the church itself Christmas carols are sung and hurrahs and shouts resound.

* A musical instrument consisting of a sort of earthenware flowerpot with a piece of parchment stretched across the top. A reed is run through the parchment, and when worked up and down, it produces a hoarse sound.

Then each family returns home and the midnight suppers begin. The indispensable dishes are : roast peacock or turkey, marchpane (almond cakes) and nougat, Alicante wine, etc.

From Spain we will go to the Netherlands. This is how, according to a Flemish savant,* Christmas was celebrated in the year 1555, under the Spanish dominion. "I have," he says, "just attended the midnight mass, which is celebrated so as to attract a great number of people. In the middle of the church was a young girl, kneeling, who represented the Virgin Mary. At the beginning of the service, a choir boy, clad in white, with azure-coloured wings fastened to his shoulders, went up to her and recited the 'Ave Maria.' The Virgin answered, 'Fiat !' (So be it). When the gospel had been read, another child, who was inside a cock made of cardboard and very well painted, sang out, imitating the crowing of a cock, 'Puer natur est nobis.' (A child is born to us) A chorister concealed in the hide of an ox, bellowed out 'Ubi?' (Where?) Four sheep bleated answer, 'Bethlehem ! Bethlehem !'—upon which another chorister, on all fours and playing the part of an ass, brayed out 'Hiames,' which might be rendered 'Eamus' (let us go there). Thereupon all those officiating, preceded by a fool in a cap and bells, and followed by the congregation of the faithful, walked round the church in procession to go and worship the infant Jesus in the manger." The above description gives an idea of what a Christian mystery play of the middle ages was. From these plays originated the modern theatre with the realistic form of the Flemish race.

The Vandois protestants, in the Upper Alpine valleys of Piemont, replaced the manger of Bethlehem by a fir tree lighted up with tapers, and they still keep up several domestic Christmas customs.

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS OF PIEMONTE.

At daybreak the children and grandchildren go to wish the grandfather "A happy Christmas," offer him biscuits and a glass of liqueur and sing a carol.

Whence comes the custom of the Christmas tree? For a long time it was thought that this custom came from the north, from Scandinavia, but after patient research for years past, I have been led to conclude that the custom originated in Alsace and Germany,

* See letter of Ghislain de Rusbeek.

in the regions lying between the Vosges, the Alps and the Rhine,* and was introduced by St. Colombian. It is well known that this great Irish missionary came to Gaul towards the end of the sixth century and founded, in the regions of the Vosges, the monasteries of Luxeuil, of Anegray and Fontaine ; then, driven out of the country through the malice of Queen Brunehaut, he pursued his Apostolic career among the Allemanni, pagans living near St. Gall and Zurich. Thence he went and ended his days at Robbio (615). He found that, among the semi-Christians of Austrasia and the pagan Allemanni, tree-worshipping was in great favour, and not knowing how to uproot the superstitious worship of the fir tree, the happy thought occurred to him of adopting that tree as the symbol of the eternal youth of Christianity and of putting lighted tapers on it, to render visible to the material eye the illumination of the intelligence and give a practical illustration of the joy brought to hearts full of hatred and despair, by the good tidings of Christmas.

These symbols must have been well suited to the taste of a reflective, dreamy and mystical race, and therefore the representation of the Manger of Bethlehem was better suited to the taste of the Latin races, on account of the plastic arts which spread over German Switzerland, throughout Germany and even over a few French provinces. Long before the Association Charitable d'Alsace-Lorraine brought the Christmas tree into vogue in France, it was the custom in Berry to hang the Christmas presents on a stout branch of Juniper. This was called "*l'arbe de Nau*" (Noel). The minstrels in the thirteenth century created in their poems the legend of Father Christmas—a white-bearded old man, wrapped in a long cloak, with a hood over his head, all covered with snow. He held in his hand a branch of fir. It is he, who on holy Christmas Eve, in the darkness of the night, visits every Christian home, in order to grant the wishes of the inmates. At Geneva, and in the neighbourhood, the people call him "*Gudeman Chalande*." It is he who distributes presents to good children. He is accompanied by another surly-looking person, who goes by the name of "*Father Whipper*" (Le

* This opinion has been confirmed indirectly by the Rev. N. Süderblom, Professor at Upsala, who is a competent authority on all questions of Comparative Mythology. He says that the Christmas tree was introduced into Sweden about 100 years ago and that it came from Alsace.

Père Tonettard). He is armed with a birch rod, to whip unruly and rebellious children. The street minstrels used to go from door to door singing joyful songs which began with these words: "Father Christmas sends us to his friends," and which ended by a chorus, in honour of the Infant Jesus. These minstrels were the authors of the oldest Christmas Carols (Nœls) which are still sung in some of our provinces, and of which several collections have been made. Here is one of the prettiest which is sung in Burgundy:—

1. Let us go into the sheepfold, where to save us all, Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. Hush, they say he is going to sleep. Let us keep silent. Hist! lest the nails of thy wooden shoes, good Talbot, lest the nails of thy wooden shoes should awake the little one.

2. Robin, hide away thy bagpipe; take away thy tambourine, Claud; speak lower, Jacqueline, let him sleep to his heart's content. Let us keep silent—etc.

3. I will tell your mother, Charlie, you little rascal, if you don't put back your whistle in your pocket. Let us keep silent—etc.

4. The ox in his stall will not utter a sound, but I greatly fear that his comrade, the ass, will be trying to vie with the nightingale and begin to pray. Let us not say a word—etc.

In France other family customs are in vogue, such as the buche de Noel (the Yule log), putting the shoes into the fireplace before going to bed, and the supper after midnight (reveillon). In speaking of Spain we have already mentioned the two latter customs, so we have only to describe the Yule log.* On the morning of the 24th December the housewife thoroughly cleans up the hearth in the family sitting-room, and strews fine white ashes in the fireplace. In the evening the most aged member of the family places a huge log on the hearth in the fireplace and sprinkles holy water over it; then whilst the whole family are on their knees, he prays beseeching God to bless the house. He afterwards sets fire to the log and as the flames blaze up bright and clear, all cry out "Noël! Noël!"

In our provinces, Christmas has kept all the characteristics of a religious family festival. When Advent begins, youths and maidens set to learning part songs, which are to be sung in church on Christmas day.

It is called souque or couque, i.e., Somme de Noel (Yule log.)

GREAT BRITAIN.

Christmas is no less favoured in Great Britain than in France. Everybody knows the glorious part that Christmas plays in the domestic life of the English, which is clear from the well-known saying : "Christmas only comes once a year." On that day our neighbours, usually so silent and busy, and who, all the year round, are so little inclined to be sociable, set all business aside, put on cheerful looks, give themselves up to all sorts of fun and merriment, and devote themselves entirely to the joys of home.

YULE.

Truly, is it not the real meaning of Yule or Jule, under which name Christmas is known in the Teutonic languages ? It is a time for feasts and festivals, for good cheer, for singing and making merry. The standard dishes for Christmas are: goose, mince pies and plum pudding, which latter every member of the family, even the guests should help to make. The two most characteristic plants used in England for decorations are the holly and the mistletoe. The use of the latter can be traced back to the times of the Druids, who looked upon the mistletoe as a sacred and salutary plant. It is well known with what solemnity the mistletoe, hanging upon oaks, was gathered by the priests, and how its appearance was hailed by the Celts with the cry "Au gui, l'an neuf !" (Hail to the mistletoe of the New Year !) As to the holly, it is used for decorations on account of its being an ever-green and because it has red berries, which little birds are very fond of. It is the symbol of a bountiful Providence, who in cold weather, when the ground is barren, has provided food for the sparrows.

SCOTLAND.

* In Great Britain they have the Yule log also. In Scotland, Christmas offers some peculiarities. In former times, "Holy Yule-time" was kept from the 18th December until the day after Epiphany,* called "Uphaly Day." This festival is still kept in the Shetland Islands, with much rejoicing and masquerading. At the beginning of this period of 20 days, the "Yulegirth" *i.e.*, the Yule

* We are told that in some counties in Aberdeenshire, for instance, Christmas day is kept on the day of the Epiphany, as in the East.

Sanctuary, was proclaimed all over Scotland, and as long as it lasted, the courts were forbidden to prosecute or punish any criminals. Ordinary lawsuits were suspended, and all surrendered themselves to joy and festivity, without, however, neglecting to attend the religious services held for Christmas. As regards presents, instead of giving them, as is the custom in England, at Christmas, in Scotland, as in France, they are given on New Year's day. This is, no doubt, a trace of the old friendly relations between France and Scotland.

SWEDEN.

Likewise in Sweden, Christmas is the most popular festival. The rites and customs in the towns have been greatly modified within the last few years, but they have retained a certain local colouring in the country. The peasants are in the habit of strewing straw on the board-flooring in remembrance of the Manger of Bethlehem. At 4 o'clock dinner on Christmas Eve, ham is served up, also rice boiled in milk, and cod preserved in a solution of potassium, in order to make it more digestible. After dinner, to which all friends and relations are invited, the drawing-room door, which has been closed for several days previously, is thrown open and the children see the Christmas fir tree lighted up with candles and decked with flags, glittering spangles and all sorts of tiny objects. In a large basket placed near the tree, the parents, relations and friends, and even the servants and children, have put the gifts which they intend for each other. Every gift is labelled with the name of the person to whom it is to be given. The father takes them out one by one, and after having read out the name and the verses which sometimes accompany the gift, he hands them to those present. The festival finishes up with songs and round dances. In very poor families the fir tree is replaced by a three branched candlestick. On Christmas day itself, at 5 or 5-30 a.m., sledges are to be seen driving up to the church doors, the occupants (the men) carrying lighted torches made of fir-wood. At 6 a.m., the solemn service of "*Matines de Julietta*" is held and J. V. Valen's magnificent hymn is sung, beginning with the words: "Hail to Thee, Holy morn, that was announced by the holy mouths of the prophets."

RUSSIA.

Now let us pass on to Russia. As in Scotland, the Christmas festival begins a week before the 25th December and lasts until the Epiphany. In Russia this period is called "Svialki" (the holy time). There is a general clearing in all the houses beforehand. Great culinary preparations are made and food is distributed to the poor. On Christmas Eve the faithful fast until the first star appears, in remembrance of the star which guided the Magi to Bethlehem. At 7 p.m. there is a service held in the church, and beautiful hymns are sung in honour of Christ, but there is no midnight mass. After the service, people return home and all sorts of rejoicings begin. Whilst the young men, holding in their hands long sticks upon which are fixed stars made of gilt cardboard, go from house to house singing Christmas carols, the young girls get up games, fortune-telling, for instance. Here is one game called, "Burying the gold." A deep dish is taken, in which is placed a piece of charcoal, a lump of lime-stone, a brush and a ring. Then a cloth is put over the dish. Any young girl, who wishes to learn her fate, slips her hand under the cloth, whilst her companions sing a song. Should she draw out the chalk, it is a sign of death ; if it is the charcoal, it foretells grief ; if it is the brush she will have an old husband ; but if she draws out the ring, it means a grand match and a life of happiness. Later on in the evening, when the young men have come back, people sit down to table. Pancakes are eaten on this occasion. After supper there is music and dancing. The famous Pochkin has written a poem for this occasion, called Christmas Eve. Here is a verse :—

"The night is chilly, the sky pure, the choir of divine stars are gliding peacefully on their way. Tatiane opens her door to go out. She is clad in muslin and carries a mirror which she turns to the moon. The moon is reflected sadly in it. Hush ! here is a passer-by ! Tatiane steps noiselessly up to him and asks : 'What is thy name ?' He looks at her and answers : 'Love !'"

CHRISTMAS IN THE EAST.

The transition comes quite naturally through Byzantium ; for it is from Byzantium that the Russians received the first apostles of Christianity and the rudiments of civilisation.

BYZANTIUM AND GREECE.

Christmas was celebrated at an early date at Constantinople, with great pomp in the churches, accompanied by popular customs. A few days before Christmas, writes Codrimus,* the children and young men wander about the streets and lanes, and go singing and playing on musical instruments to the doors of their friends, to wish them a long life. In return for this they receive presents. On Christmas day the Christians overwhelm each other with gifts.

CHRISTMAS IN GREECE.

In Greece, one remarkable fact which shows the immutability of Oriental customs is that at the present day, as in the middle ages, on Christmas Eve the children and even grown-up men go about the streets, in towns and villages, singing hymns on the Nativity, to the accompaniment of musical instruments, and the inhabitants in return give them small silver. As in Russia, the festival is preceded by a strict fast, during which meat, eggs, and even milk-food is forbidden. On Christmas morning people rise at 2 or 3 a.m. to attend Divine Service, which is a solemn function at which nearly everyone takes the holy communion. The service is generally over before sunrise. After Mass all return home, and then only is the fast broken by a light meal of meat-broth and a kind of bun.

THE ARMENIANS.

The Armenians are the Poles of the East. After having, for centuries, formed an independent kingdom, whose history was not lacking in glory, their country was cut up and divided by their powerful neighbours, the Turks, the Russians and the Persians. They have nevertheless kept their own language, their religion, which is a branch of Eastern Christianity, and their own special customs. Among these are the rites relating to Christmas. First of all, like all Oriental Christians, they celebrate that festival at Epiphany and keep it up for three days. For a week before no meat is eaten.

On the 5th January the church bells ring a full peal to announce the joyful anniversary. A religious service is held at 4 o'clock in

* Byzantine chronicler of the middle ages.

the evening, and the holy communion is celebrated. Generally, this day affords an opportunity for effecting reconciliations between people who have been on bad terms with each other. On that day it is also customary for people to call on those who are in mourning and to distribute food to the poor. On returning home, a meal is partaken of, consisting of eggs, fish, vegetables and fruit only, for no meat is eaten, and young men, who have no family ties, are asked to join the family gathering. On entering the house, they kiss the hands of the old people and the latter kiss them on the brow, repeating the sacred greeting: "Jesus revealed himself by coming into the world," to which they answer, "Blessed be his revelation." Then all present sing in chorus the Hymn to Christ:

"Oh grand and sublime mystery! thou revealest thyself to us to-day. The shepherds sing with the Seraphim and announce thee to the Universe. A new King was born at Bethlehem. All mankind praise God, who was incarnated for you. He, whom neither Heaven nor Earth can contain, was wrapped in the swaddling clothes of a babe."

"With the Mantle of Deliverance the Universe was enfolded. Jesus, the Son of God, has been given to us. The host of Cherubims have descended from Heaven, and before the Sun of Justice the shepherds sing; Glory to God who reigns in Heaven!"

After this, presents are distributed to the children and young folks. The young men rise from table, and carrying lighted torches in their hands pay visits to their friends and acquaintances. In each house they sing a verse or two of the above hymn, and in return are offered cakes, jam and kaki.* Then they return home and take part in songs and dances, which are kept up all night long. The words of the songs are in Armenian, French or Greek. On the 6th January, at 4 in the morning, the church bells again summon the faithful to church for Matins. The beadles go through the different parts of the town, knocking on the thresholds of the Armenian houses with their staffs and cry out—"Jesus is born! O faithful, hasten to church." After the religious service follows (but only in Caucasian Armenia) the baptism of Jesus Christ, according to a quaint rite. Standing on the bank of a river, or running stream, a priest throws a wooden cross into the water. Several young men jump in after it, vying with each other in

Kaki, a kind of brandy.



their endeavours to bring it back. The bold swimmer who succeeds in getting it, is proclaimed the Godfather of the infant Jesus. Then the cross is taken with all due pomp and ceremony to his house, where it remains a week. Visits are paid to friends, especially to those in mourning, and presents are exchanged. People on meeting, salute each other with the holy greeting—"Jesus revealed himself by coming into the world." The answer is: "Blessed be His revelation." At midday they sit down to table, and at this meal all the dishes, from which people have abstained throughout Advent, appear once more. The day after Christmas, January 7th, is dedicated to the memory of the dead. Everybody goes to the cemetery with flowers for decking the tombs, which are then blessed by the priests. Then a distribution of whole quarters of roast mutton and pilau* is made to the poor who are gathered together at the gates of the cemetery. The festival is over at sunset, but during the whole week there are family gatherings and social meetings of friends.

CONCLUSION.

In short, if we compare the various Christmas customs in different countries, we are struck by certain essential features common to all, which form the true character of Christmas. It is a joyful festival, born of the Christian heart and conscience, which felt the urgent need of greeting, on the day of His birth, Him who brought the light of truth into the world after the dark ages of paganism, and inaugurated a new era in the life of suffering humanity. First of all, it proclaimed by the voice of angels "Peace and goodwill to all men on earth." Hence arose the Scotch custom of postponing all lawsuits and the Armenian practice of people becoming reconciled at Christmas. Secondly, it announced hope and joy, which is doubtless the reason for having such a profusion of light and for the Christmas songs and dances that are customary in most countries. In short, Christmas is above all things a family festival, and more especially one for children. Hence the presents are brought in a mysterious way, but always in the name of Jesus Christ—the friend of the lowly and of children. Finally, it seems to

* Pilau is a kind of boiled rice mixed with butter.

us that nothing characterises the festival of Christmas better than the song, put by the Gospel into the mouths of the Angels, which has rung throughout the ages from East to West,—

“Glory be to God on high, peace on Earth and goodwill to man !”

G. BONET MAURY.

NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning Ghias Beg joined the imperial staff, and in a very short time assumed the duties of a general secretary. Such was his diligence and ability that at the end of three years Akbar raised him to the command of a thousand horse, and a year or two later appointed him Master of the Imperial Household. At the end of fifteen years, his genius and good fortune raised him to the office and title of Itmad-ud-daula, "the Lord High Treasurer." Thus he who had almost perished through mere want in the desert, became in the space of fifteen years the first subject in India, while the Queen, the mother of Prince Salim and the principal Rajput wife of Akbar, regarded his wife as her own sister, and they sat talking for hours together, as young Mihar-ul-nissa sported about in the palace.

Fifteen years saw the tiny little child grow up into a surpassingly beautiful girl. She was tall like a graceful cypress, her face had a thousand charms, a thousand attractions, every change of expression added to it a new beauty; her soft dark eyes, melting as those of a gazelle in love time, were shaded by the delicately pencilled eyebrows several shades darker than the hue of her charming eyes and in strange contrast with the dazzling whiteness of her polished temples, the long raven hair curling into ringlets parted over a forehead unusually spacious and high and of a stainless purity. Lilies and roses seemed to blend in all their freshness in her complexion and vied with each other in all their glory. Her delicately chiselled nose, the small pouting lips, exquisitely folded ears, the

chin just sufficiently elongated was so softly rounded as to form ravishing dimples to which even Persian poets failed to do justice. All gave her a charm, a beauty seldom seen on this earth, and she well deserved the name of Mihar-ul-nissa, the Sun of Women, which Malak Masud had given her.

It was a fine morning when the ladies of the haram gathered as usual in their lovely gardens to hold their "Mina Bazar." The garden was beautifully laid out, the borders of its marble walks were inlaid with earth where loveliest flowers formed variegated parterres and exhaled most delicious perfume, while here and there water flowed in marble aqueducts with limpid velocity; rippling over the marble waterfall, reaching a fountain, it rose like a crystal jet and fell in showers of pearls on myriads of sweet-sented flowers which grew beneath as if Nature, wearied of carrying her burden of floral beauties, had thrown them all there. On one side of the court the graceful vines twined round silver wires, forming lovely arbours; here a pomegranate shone out with its ruby blossoms, while countless roses blushed all around, filling the atmosphere with their delicate perfume. At convenient places silver and gold tables sparkled with iced sherbets and fruit of the choicest varieties. But what made this garden a paradise upon earth were the fairy forms of grace and beauty which flitted about like butterflies in it, presenting a picture that was ravishing in the extreme. Often sat Akbar with his wife in some quiet corner of this garden, looking with pride and pleasure on the loveliest creatures of his realm, and wondering at the power of the Creator who could create such beauteous forms. As some charming figure in rustling silks passed before him, adjusting the veil which hung like a flimsy cobweb over a mass of hair, which seemed to have imprisoned the fleeting sunbeams, or some black almond-shaped eyes timidly glanced towards him and then suddenly turned away, or some slender aerial form like that of a sylph stopped coquetting with a flower, her deep languishing eyes fringed with jetty eyebrows restlessly wandering from flower to flower, while their variegated costumes displayed all the colours of the rainbow and mingling with each other seemed as if they had broken and treasured up all the prisms of the sun, the garden seemed to be a veritable paradise on earth with its terrestrial hourees, and well could the

poet cry out, "If there is heaven upon earth, it is this, it is this, it is this."

The whole scene was alive with mirth and music, laughter and song; some were chatting together in groups at the stalls which displayed articles of rare artistic beauty, while some were on the swings, and silk ropes murmured beneath their light burdens, while the others carolled blithely as the birds in the neighbouring trees whose sweet, 'untutored melody they seemed to emulate, and the liquid flow of their voices awakened and sustained a continuous series of musical echoes amidst the trees themselves. Miha-ul-nissa and her mother were also present, and while her mother was chatting quietly with the empress, Miha-ul-nissa, apart from all, sat near a fountain, having her feet in the limpid waters which fell in crystal wavelets. She was most tastefully dressed: her open caftan, embroidered with her own hand, was a thing of beauty in itself and fell in easy folds round her perfect form, while her blue silk skirts added a charm of their own to her irresistible beauty and contrasted with the white muslin veil which fell upon her shoulders.

Prince Salim quietly entered the garden from a private door; he lingered a while to feast his eye on the fairy forms which moved about in the garden, then he rapidly passed round the courtyard, skirting the wall so as to maintain a respectful distance from the ladies themselves, and then turning from a corner he took a narrow gravel path which rayed out from the central fountain and began to promenade it. The trees meeting overhead formed an archway and sheltered him from the sun.

Prince Salim was in his eighteenth year, tall and slender: his fine form was faultlessly symmetrical, with a broad chest and a fine slender waist: his complexion would have been extremely fair, were it not for a shade of brown caused by exposure to the sun, which gave a certain manliness to his otherwise youthful appearance. His coal-black hair naturally curled back behind his high and noble forehead; his blue eyes, singularly keen and piercing, were shaded by jet black eyebrows; his aquiline nose, delicately chiselled, showed a certain strength of character, while his fine, full lips curved and denoted stern determination. Though the prince was very young, he was already addicted to pleasure and loved

excitement ; polite and sprightly in his conversation, and courteous and obliging in his manners, he was intensely selfish ; he loved pleasure and often sat drinking night and day. He was dressed simply, but everything about him bespoke a refined taste and love of ease.

As the prince was leisurely walking on the gravel path, feasting his eyes on the fascinating scene which this truly elysian garden presented, he suddenly came to the spot where Mihar-ul-nissa sat near the fountain, bathing her feet in the translucent waters as they fell from the fountain. Seeing the prince approaching, she hurriedly threw the muslin veil on her face and drew herself aside. Some of the flowers which grew so luxuriantly round the fountain excited Salim's fancy, and he wished to pluck one of them, but he had two pigeons in his hands and so he could not do so without handing over the pigeons to some one else. He looked round, and seeing Mihar-ul-nissa seated near the fountain, came up to her and courteously said :—

“Sister, will you hold these pigeons for a few moments, while I go and pick a flower.”

Mihar-ul-nissa made no reply, but quietly put forth her beautiful hands, and the Prince, handing over the pigeons to her, turned to pluck the flower which had caught his fancy ; after a little while he returned and gracefully asked for his pigeons.

Mihar-ul-nissa, without saying a word, raised her hand with only one pigeon in it.

“What,!” exclaimed the prince, “you have only one pigeon in your hand ; where is the other ?”

“Flown away,” said Mihar-ul-nissa in a mellifluous voice.

“But how ?” enquired the prince, a little excited and amazed,

“So,” was the reply, as she allowed the pigeon in her hand to escape to the skies. As she did so, in the excitement of the moment her veil dropped and she shone upon him with all her charms. Her timid eyes fell upon the prince and kindled all his soul into love. The prince was struck dumb and stood like one enchanted. In fact, the entire scene was only too well calculated to delight and intoxicate the senses ; that crystal fountain, those umbrageous trees the boughs of which seemed all golden with their rich foliage, as if they had treasured up the sunbeams for months to pour them now in a rich

shimmering flood over the foliage, the myriad flowers and the soft fragrance they lent to the atmosphere, all combined to render this a perfectly elysian scene, well worthy to become the retreat of the houri who was resting there.

"Pardon me, sir," said Mihar-ul-nissa, while a deep blush mounted her cheeks. "The pigeon flew out of my hands unwittingly."

"Oh! the pigeon!" murmured the Prince like one demented, "don't think of it; but pray tell me if you are a fairy on a visit to this earth."

"My father," said Mihar-ul-nissa naively, "is the Lord High Treasurer; his name is Mirza Ghias Beg, Itmad-ud-daula. Excuse me, sir, but I must go and join my mother."

"Cruel one," said the Prince, boldly holding her hand, "you have let go the pigeon, but enmeshed my heart. Stay, oh! stay a little longer."

"Sir," said Mihar-ul-nissa, disengaging her hand, "pray let me depart."

"Ah! no," said the Prince, in a plaintive voice, "don't wish to kill me at once. I don't know what I have seen," muttered the prince to himself, "my senses have taken wings, and Cupid whispers in my ears congratulations for this madness."

"I must go," she said impatiently. "I don't understand what you mean. You don't mean to force me to stop."

"How can I force you to stop," said Salim in a voice full of pathos, "I who would kiss the dust which your feet touch?"

"What do you mean, prince?" said Mihar-ul-nissa looking downward, "you have no right to stop me like this."

"You have wounded me yourself," said the prince, "with darts which your eyes shoot out, and you enquire what it is and how it happened. Dare I, following the impulse of my heart, whisper the words 'I love thee'?" He waited for a reply, but as she made none, he added, "There are circumstances which place a prince at such a disadvantage, that when he addresses a subject in such terms as these, he is regarded with suspicion and incredulity, and from beautiful lips no reciprocal avowal comes." But as even this elicited no reply from Mihar-ul-nissa, the Prince said in a voice full of emotion, "Have I said anything to offend you? Pardon

me. I am not in my senses ; cast a glance on me again that I may gather up my reason."

"Prince," said Mihar-ul-nisa, smiling sweetly as she saw the proud prince demeaning himself like this before her, "methinks you have already disported sufficiently with the feelings of one whom you must have deemed a silly maiden."

"A silly maiden," exclaimed Salim, "I look up to you as the morning star of my life ; since I have seen you, the world seems to have changed for me. You torment me and yet you complain that I am sporting with your feelings. How strange !"

"Prince," murmured Mihar-ul-nissa, the sweet cadence of her voice entering the innermost recesses of Salim's heart, "I am a poor man's daughter, and I hope you will kindly allow me to go."

"Allow you to depart !" exclaimed the prince, as if the very idea of her going away pained him, "I am in your hands ; do with me as you will."

"Leave me, please," exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa with some animation, "if some one happens to see you with me, I shall be ruined ; who can venture to blame you?"

"Who can dare speak ill of you?" said Salim with some decision ; "while there is breath in me, allow me to tell you that I love you with every throb of my heart, and like a moth cannot rest without your light."

"You don't mean what you say," softly murmured Mihar-ul-nissa, "you are making a fool of me, and so for pity's sake let me go."

"I love you with all the intensity of my heart," repeated the Prince, "God is my witness and I solemnly affirm that my heart pines to warm itself in your lovely presence. I bear God my witness that I have never seen a person who has ever made upon my soul such an impression as you have done ; it was immediate, it was instantaneous, and as my eyes rested on your lovely form my heart flamed up with love and the thought crossed my mind that you were formed to exercise the utmost influence on my destinies."

"Prince," said Mihar-ul-nissa in calm measured terms, "you have said enough to convince me of your love, and I confess that I am not proof against it, but it cannot be earnest, it cannot be lasting, it is a mere passing whim which must pass off in a few days."

"I am as earnest as a man can ever be," said Salim, "and I can prove my love to you here at this very moment by sacrificing a life which I can no longer call my own," thus saying he drew out a dagger from his garments; it flashed and was about to pierce the heart of the desperate lover, when Mihar-ul-nissa darted like an angel and snatched it from his hands.

"Prince," she said in a loving tone, "if you proffer me an honourable love, I can love you most fondly, most devotedly in return."

"Say you so," exclaimed the prince, his whole face brightening up with joy, "you do promise to love me?"

"Yes," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "I cannot be insensible to love such as yours, but you know I am in the hands of my parents, who can dispose of me like any other thing. I am entirely in their hands."

"Leave that to me," said Salim, beside himself with joy, his whole countenance beaming with rapture, as, catching her in his arms, he strained her to his breast. She hurriedly withdrew herself from his embrace, and then, with downcast looks, and with bosom heaving with emotion, she whispered, "I will be yours, but leave me now."

The Prince instantly obeyed and disappeared, while Mihar-ul-nissa arranged her toilet a little and then joined her mother, and in the evening they got into their palanquins and returned home.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a beautiful night, a shower of rain had settled the dust, the stars twinkled in the pure blue skies, while the mellow moonlight filled it with indescribable serenity and charm. Ghias Beg and his wife sat in the balcony of their house, below which murmured the soft waters of the Jumna, soothing and refreshing them; the gusts of cool fresh breeze filled their hearts with delight which the hot winds of a few days before had quite shrivelled up.

"What a charming night," remarked Begum Ghias Beg, "I love moonlight nights."

"Extremely beautiful," added Ghias Beg, "but you remember the night when we wandered in the hills, and even the beautiful moon seemed to frown on us from the skies above, while the earth refused us shelter. It is strange that even the sublime beauties o

the heavens fail to strike and calm the mind when it is disturbed by petty wants."

"Why think of those miserable days on such a pretty night," said his wife, as a shade came over her face. "You have darkened my mind by awakening the sad memory of those wretched days. How wrong it was of us to think of deserting the child; but it is remarkable that from the moment Mihar-ul-nissa came into being we were taken care of."

"Yes," said Ghias Beg, "Fate seems to be preparing her for some great destiny; she is now only fifteen years of age, and yet she is so precocious that she knows more of the world and its ways than we do; she is such a contemplative child, and has great inventive genius, she can design and work new patterns which are prettier than any that I have ever seen. I may well thank God for His mercy in giving me such boons as these. A master kind and good like Akbar, a wife sweet as yourself, and a child of such angelic beauty as Mihar-ul-nissa."

"I may as well thank God for giving me such a loving and good husband as yourself," said the Begum. "As for my Mihar-ul-nissa, she is now growing into a woman beautiful as the moon at its zenith; we must find a suitable match for her."

"I have myself been thinking about it for a long time, but I have at last decided, and I think you will approve of the match which I have made for her. You have heard of Ali Kuli Beg; he is such a gallant, good-hearted man and is also a Persian. I have promised him the hand of my daughter."

"Yet our kind benefactor Malak Masud predicted," said his wife, who had her own ambitions, "that our little girl was destined to be an empress, but Prince Salim has already been married."

"Prince Salim," interrupted Ghias Beg, as the warm blood of indignation mounted his cheeks, "is a man of pleasure, a drunkard and a rake. I would sooner perish than see my daughter wedded to dishonour and calumny. I would rather be the same homeless wanderer as before than sacrifice the happiness of my daughter to his unholy passion."

"Noble husband," said the Begum, "a woman values nothing more than the undivided love of her husband, and to keep her fair fame unsullied in its purity is her highest consideration. We

don't sell the happiness of our daughter for the gold of the Prince, but if he were to offer an honourable love."

"Honourable love!" said Ghias Beg. "I know of Prince Salim too well to expect of such a thing from him; he is too much addicted to gaiety and pleasure, too fond of dissipation and irregular pursuits to ever know real love or think of it seriously. He is a perfect voluptuary, though so young; besides, I have promised the hand of my daughter to Ali Kuli Beg, a gallant young man, who is sure to love Mi-har-ul-nissa as a soldier can only love, and cherish her as the apple of his eye, and I hope she will love him in return for the sterling qualities of his heart."

"You are so wise," said she, "and I am sure it will all conduce to her happiness."

"Ali Kuli Beg is such a nice boy," he added. "He is older than our Mi-har-ul-nissa, but he is quite a young man and has already established a reputation second to none in the army."

"Yes, I have often heard you speak in his praise," said the Begum, "he is said to be a very brave soldier. I wonder if he is as pretty as our daughter."

"Not so pretty as that," replied Ghias Beg, "but he is fairly good looking, and Mi-har-ul-nissa would learn to love him when she knows him a little; he too was driven from home by persecution and political changes, and when he joined the army he was as poor as ourselves, but such was his merit that he has now a well-established position of his own and this has prepossessed me all the more in his favour. He has been raised by the Emperor to the command of a thousand horse."

"Well, then," she said, "all that remains to be done is to formally betroth her to Ali Kuli Beg according to our custom."

"Yes," said Ghias Beg, "and that means a great deal of fuss: I am a quiet man myself and hate all tumult and show. I shall have to put up with all that, I suppose."

"Of course you will have to," responded his wife. "My daughter must be betrothed with all the éclat and splendour befitting our rank."

"You don't know, dearest," said Ghias Beg, languidly, "how trying it will be for me to put up with it all. I don't mind the expense; what irritates me is the noise and discomfort which do

not allow one to have a quiet hour. and the home is changed into a veritable serai."

"Not quite that, dear," said his wife, coaxingly, "you cannot grudge a little hospitality and a chance to afford our friends a little enjoyment, and some mirth to Mihar-ul-nissa's young girl friends. That is my department, and I will do what I can to make my guests comfortable and happy. You may, if you please, shut your male guests in a room and talk to them dry philosophy."

"I am afraid," said Ghias Beg, laughing, "that my friends won't be content with a dry philosophic talk; they too must have some diversions and I will have to arrange for them."

"I will speak to Mihar-ul-nissa about it," said the wife "she is such an intelligent girl that it will be good to consult her wishes. I am told that the Hindus allowed their daughters to select their own husbands."

"So they did," replied Ghias Beg, "but they found their mistake and had to give up the custom. A young girl may take a fancy to a handsome heartless man, guided by outer beauty and her own blind emotions, while according to our custom the girl gets the benefit of the mature judgment of her parents, who look at the question from all sides, and are better able to judge of the real worth of a man than a young, artless, inexperienced girl. It will be no use speaking to Mihar-ul-nissa about it; she is a good obedient child, and would go where we send her."

"True," said Begum Ghias, "but the parents are sometimes actuated by other motives than the well-being of their girl; the rank, wealth and social position of a boy enter more into their thoughts than the qualities of the boy himself, and often the happiness of the girl is for all her life sacrificed to other considerations, and then she lingers on like one doomed to unhappiness and misery, as if the curse of heaven was upon her, and she blames her parents. According to the Hindu custom, the girl, if she makes an unhappy selection, has to blame no one but herself, and when we recognise our mistake we become patient and resigned, but when we find ourselves suffering through the mistaken action of others, we rebel against our fate and so become still more miserable."

"There is some truth in what you say," replied the husband, "but the idea of allowing a young girl to select her own husband does

not appeal to me ; she may select any good-looking, fast-going rake. I acknowledge that sometimes the parents are led by other motives than the thought of the well-being of their own girl, and some marriages take place under mistaken notions : the Hindus must have found their system bad, otherwise they would not have abandoned it."

"You must own, dear husband," said the Begum with some warmth, "that the Hindus at least regarded women as possessing some discretion and judgment, a heart and soul of their own which they could do with as they liked, but you treat women like chattels belonging to you and dispose of them as you please ; it is not men that they have to thank for the influence which they exercise even under such adverse circumstances, but their own intrinsic worth which subdues their hearts and rules them still."

"As you rule my heart, my queen," said Ghias Beg, lovingly ; "but if the women could exercise their own judgment in the selection of their husbands, how was it that the Hindus, who stick to their customs so blindly, so tenaciously, had to give it up ?"

"When light and truth departed from the Hindus," said Begum Ghias, "they became what you see them now. I am told that it was not any defect in the custom which led them to change it, but the high-handedness of some of the Moslem Governors, which caused so much mischief and misery, fear and distrust, that the Hindus had to keep their women within closed doors to save the honour of their wives and daughters."

"I am ashamed to own," added Ghias Beg, "that the Moslems, when they first came to India, behaved like brutes, and the horrible massacres of innocent men and women in cold blood are awful to contemplate ; their hearts were made of flint, perhaps, not to feel all the misery and distress in which they held their feasts and celebrated their victories."

"Does a hunter feel for the deer which he wishes to spear ?" asked Begum Ghias. "The thought of the pain which he is inflicting never occurs to him, so full is his mind of his own self and its gratification that as long as he can indulge his own whim he does not care a bit for the suffering which his selfishness may cause. The same sort of feeling must have dominated the Moslem conquerors."

"It must be so," said Ghias Beg, "but thank Heaven, there

have been some really good kings, whose impartiality and justice won the respect and love of all their subjects."

"I don't know," said Begum Ghias, "some Moslems seem to be proud of their savage kings. The other day I was talking to the wife of the Shaikh-ul-sadar, and she spoke so highly of the cruel Moslem kings while calling our good and beloved sovereign a heretic. I tried to control myself, but could not, and so I told her what I thought of her ideas. It is a wicked world, and even a good and just Emperor like Akbar cannot escape calumny."

"They are interested people," he replied, "who calumniate our benevolent Emperor. The outer world knows nothing about his struggles and endeavours for the well-being of the people. Our Emperor is actuated by the highest motives, he sees things from a standpoint which the common run of men can hardly attain: and then, what is more, he rules the country not for himself but for his people; he has revolutionised the whole system of the government. 'God,' he says often, 'has sent me not for the gratification of my own desires but for the guidance and government of my people,' and he is really indefatigable in his endeavours to unite the heterogeneous people into a compact nation. Who could ever think of an Emperor retiring late to bed, and then up again at four, busy with his work?"

"Don't you think it was unwise of the Emperor to break with the orthodox Moslems like this?" asked the Begum.

"He could not help it," replied Ghias Beg with a sigh. "He endeavoured to keep on as long as possible, but he could not allow the Shaikh-ul-sadar to sit and contemplate the tortures which he inflicted, nor could he be a hypocrite; he wished boldly to place before his subjects a high ideal; he culled from every creed the best articles of faith, and on this he formed his own divine religion, and then decreed that in his eyes Hindus and Mohammedans were all alike, that even the dog was clean, and that they may taste swine flesh if they so wished and drink wine if it pleased them: it mattered little to him what they did as long as they did not abandon the path of virtue."

"How happy the whole country is under him. He seems to have changed the deserted country into a veritable garden by the wave of his wand like a magician," exclaimed Begum Ghias, "and it seems that some bright ray of the sun has descended into

his heart, as people allege, which enables him to know truth from falsehood and true worth of every man. We came here homeless wanderers and he has raised you to a rank and dignity which you deserved."

"I know what I am," said Ghias Beg modestly. "I am the same person who was noted for his incapacity in his own country, but there is no doubt that the Emperor seems to attract great men around him like a magnet. Deep thinkers like Abul Fazal, poets like Faizi, financiers like Todar Mal, soldiers like Man Singh, and councillors like Bir Bal, adorn his court, all inspired by the same selfless devotion for work and the well-being of the country which is characteristic of the Emperor. A country which can produce men like these may well have a great future before it."

"I have read all the poems of Faizi," said Begum Ghias, "he is sublime in his ideas, yet sweet like a nightingale." "He is a born poet," said Ghias Beg, "his thoughts flow like an animated mountain current under flashing sunbeams. You know he was brought to the Emperor as a prisoner, and when the Emperor questioned him, he broke out into this witty poem :—

O king ! I am a captive in this cage.
By your kindness raise me high.
I am a sugar-tongued bird,
And can sing better when free.

The Emperor was pleased and allowed him a place in the Durbar, and since then they have never parted for a day."

"Faizi is simply charming," added the Begum "but his brother Abul Fazal is too philosophical for me : he delights in expressing his thoughts in a hard, highflown style, while Faizi speaks to you directly and at once enters your heart."

"Faizi is a poet," remarked Ghias Beg. "He sees things by intuition, in the bright mirror of his own heart ; he sees the reflection of all things in all their inner glory and makes them live for us in word pictures, so that he opens out a world for us and makes visible what is far too high above our ken ; while Abul Fazal sees things through intellect, he is never satisfied with his own discoveries unless he can form some workable theory to support them. His path is the path of intellect, intricate and difficult, while

Faizi appeals to your heart and leads you direct to the heart of things."

"It must be so, dear husband," acquiesced Begum Ghias. "You called Bir Bal a councillor just now ; he is known to us as a mere humourist by the flashes of his wit and ready repartee."

"Can you think that a king like Akbar could regard as a friend a mere wit?" asked Ghias Beg. "Bir Bal is a man who can see far into the future, and his wit enables him to reveal both sides of the question ; often when all the councillors have discussed all the pros and cons of a question and decided on a certain course of action, Bir Bal speaks out in his own humorous way and demolishes the whole thing by exposing all the weak points in it."

"You too, my husband," said Begum Ghias with some pride, "form an ornament of the brilliant court of His Majesty."

"I am doing my best," said Ghias Beg, "to carry out the wishes of His Majesty in my own department, but alas ! the temple of peace, love and justice which the Emperor has raised seems to stand on a sandy foundation, and must crumble to dust when the brain that has planned it and the mighty hand which has raised it into a sacred lane is no more to look after it with loving care. Alas ! the open-doored temple of peace and love which the noblest minds have spent their life-blood in raising, would be swept by a savage cataclysm. What surprises me most is that He, the Divine Lord, who guides the destinies of the nations, allows chance to play with them which He ought to control."

"He knows best," said his wife devoutly, "and our finite reason cannot understand His infinite ways ; it is enough to know that we are in His divine hands and His love must be infinite like His infinite nature. May be that the people by not accepting the high teachings of Akbar, which they ought to have cherished with all their hearts, have shown their unpreparedness for all these, and must learn through more painful means the value of his actions."

"The system of hereditary kingship is extremely defective," said Ghias Beg. "King Tehmasp loved my father as a brother and his son drove me out of his kingdom. King Tehmasp liked good and wise men, while his son cares for wild, dissolute young men, and the administration of justice must consequently suffer. I am told that the Hindus in older times elected their kings for definite periods

and thus were able to have the ablest men at the head of their government, while the people in general, having some interest in the affairs of their country, took deep interest in all that concerned its welfare and so were better able to take care of themselves and their government."

"You are right, dear husband," said the Begum, "such a system would do away with the anomaly which results from the hereditary system. I am told that the people in England have such a system still in vogue, and for centuries the people have enjoyed peace and freedom denied to other countries. They are said to be a nation of heroes."

"Our Prince Salim," said Ghias Beg, "is wayward, a wild sort of man, and I pray to God that He may lead him to the right path, so that the work which the noble Akbar and his coadjutors have laboured for may not crumble into pieces."

A roar of thunder came as a response to his prayers. They had been so interested in their talk that they had not noticed the black clouds which had advanced and obscured the moon, and now, with flashing of lightning, came up, and with the gusts of refreshing breeze made the scene extremely sublime. Ghias Beg and his wife fell on their knees to thank God for his goodness and then retired to rest.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

A MODERN VIEW OF MIRACLES.

(Concluded from our last number.)

ONE common form of healing, that of causing the lame to walk, (which is reproduced and repeated by the two apostles at the beautiful gate of the Temple), is the boast of every quack bone-setter, and at Lourdes is considered an ordinary occurrence. Making the deaf to hear might either be accomplished through the knowledge of physical causes, appearing mysterious and miraculous to an ignorant people and age, or by means of the aforesaid psychic influence or shock. But to cause the dumb to speak at once, by removing the deafness, would require an education, and there is little doubt there would be an interval of time between the cure and its full result which the narrator, not unnaturally, omitted in recording the event in writing many years afterwards. The best authenticated case of the cure of blindness is that of the man who at first saw "men as trees walking," *i.e.*, out of perspective, but it is curious that Jesus in that instance made use of an application which presumably had something to do with the effect, for, if not, it seemed not only objectless but liable to lessen the impressiveness of the miracle. This leads one also to suspect that physical means may have been used in other cases and dropped out of the record where the list of cures and other miracles is often given in a very condensed fashion.

There would, however, be little object in writing this essay if all miracles could be explained away in the above manner: for they would not then be miracles in any sense at all, nor would there be anything approaching novelty in my treatment of the subject. But even some of those miracles of healing just referred to may require some further explanation, some more convincing causation, and there are other classes to which the same treatment hardly applies.

Before proceeding, let us, however, review what we may call the cardinal proposition, *viz.*, that there is a spiritual as well as a physical universe, that they must have certain points of contact, and that they do under certain conditions impinge or intrude on each other. How the physical world impinges or

intrudes on the spiritual we are hardly in a position to judge, but that the spiritual world does sometimes impinge or intrude on the physical is evident, unless we are to dismiss entirely from credence all ghost-lore whatever and the whole phenomena of modern spiritualism. In both of these departments of human experience and investigation, there is doubtless a great mass consisting of fancy, deception or fraud, but those who have most carefully and thoroughly studied these things have usually come to the conclusion that there is, to say the very least, a certain residuum of truth and fact remaining after the rest has been removed. That these intrusions or inter-actions of what we call spiritual and what we call physical are regulated and limited by laws as universal and unchanging as any discoverable in the physical universe itself, there is every reason to believe, and much that has tended to discredit spiritualism, is, in as far as it points to strict limits and conditions, rather to be held as increasing its claim to more careful and systematic investigation.

Thus Christ Himself never disguises the fact that the miracles He performed were conditioned, at any rate, by the faith, the mental and moral attitude, of the subject, nor that His 'virtue' was a finite quantity, the loss of which He was sensible of. Very moderate and reasonable, then, seems the supposition that Jesus was able, either through His own spiritual force, or through spirit-agencies who obeyed His beneficent commands, to accomplish what was not possible to ordinary physical agencies. That these spirit-agencies seem able to intrude on the visible world and move or modify things material only in a limited and conditional manner, all the evidence goes to show. These conditions and limits may be briefly indicated here with advantage. There must be present a person of high susceptibility to mesmeric or psychic influence, what is commonly known as a 'medium,' and there must be also a number of other persons consciously or even unconsciously forming a *séance* or circle. Under these conditions it seems pretty well established that very curious occurrences, often objectless and silly enough frequently take place. The furniture is moved about and even raised from the ground and tables and even people are what is called *levitated*, i.e., made so light as to be raised with apparently quite inadequate force. Flowers and other small objects, said to be from

the spirit-world, are sometimes produced ; spirits are alleged to have appeared and even become tangible. Messages are supposed to have been written by spirit-hands or through the medium, and of course there are the usual and often extremely curious (if singularly futile in purport), 'rapping communications.' The hypothesis, then, seems to be that the denizens of the invisible world cannot, as a rule, arbitrarily interfere with physical and mundane matters without the consensus of some living persons and especially one or more who act as mediumistic and from whom, it would appear, these unseen agencies draw their stock of physical force, usually quite a moderate one. For the greatest amount of force present seems merely to be that sufficient to neutralise or partly neutralise the weight of a table or the human body. Among other effects, however, they seem able to produce very perceptible currents of air.

Now, while many of the miracles of Christ are strongly suggestive of mesmeric healing, *i.e.*, by means of a conscious exercise of psychic force on the patient, others seem more of a spiritualistic nature, as that of Christ walking on the water (levitation), and even enabling Peter to do the same until his faith wavered, and the stilling of the winds and waves on that, and possibly another, occasion ; for, as we have just remarked, these agents seem able to produce agitation of the air. And it is surely instructive to note that on one of these occasions Christ was Himself in very deep—possibly trance-like—sleep. We have, then, only to admit that Jesus had command of a greater *quantity* of this force than we ever meet with at a modern *séance* to account for almost any of His miracles. The orthodox Christian can hardly object to this view with any consistency, because Jesus distinctly admits the possession of similar powers in others, as, when accused of casting out devils by Beelzebub, He asks His accusers, "By whom do your sons cast them out?"—which, if he did not believe in the genuineness of these "castings out," was a very evasive form of answer. And in the same connection the believer in Biblical inspiration, or even accuracy, may be reminded that the contest between Moses and Aaron and the Egyptian Magicians was mainly a *quantitative* one. Both sides did much the same things, but on a *different scale* (according to the Hebrew accounts). So if we grant that Jesus of Nazareth could exercise or command this kind of power to an unusual, it may be an unrival-

led, extent, there seems little difficulty in believing, even on the remote and defective evidence we have, that many of those alleged wonders may have taken place and that even the turning of water into wine or the feeding of large numbers of people on very insufficient stores, may be accepted as possible on these lines.* The former miracle (although one of the jars in which the change took place is still to be seen in St. Ursula's Church at Cologne!) has caused great difficulty to divine and commentator and seems hardly intelligible except as a trial or experiment in dawning powers. But the narrative is, I believe, confined to the Gospel of St. John, and may have been partly commended to its mystical author by a symbolism which is so dear to him.

There remains, then, for consideration only the most important and significant of all the miraculous events of the Bible, the alleged Resurrection of Christ Himself.

First of all, we must note under what different conditions this occurred, as compared with the miracles wrought by Christ Himself. For the raisings of the dead by Christ Himself seemed always to depend on his authoritative summons to the spirit to return and renew the activities of life in a body from which it seemed to be in the act of parting, but which was not apparently functionally unfitted for continuing life. But in the case of the Resurrection both of these conditions were absent, there being no one to give the authoritative recall to the spirit, and, according to the narrative, the body having been severely wounded, probably pierced through the heart. Under such circumstances we are perfectly justified in demanding some very clear and conclusive evidence before we accept this event as being substantiated. But, on the contrary, the evidence is confused and contradictory and certainly cannot be held, on the whole, to prove more than that several persons, sometimes all the disciples, *saw, or thought they saw*, Jesus again alive and in the flesh.

Let us suppose for a moment that the evidence is such as to forbid the idea of its being the product of mere hallucination or invention, and let us enquire whether there is any other view possible, short of accepting the transcendent miracle of a physical resurrection of Christ with His wounded and crucified body, which is certainly the view held by the writers of the Gospels, for other-

wise the account of the disappearance of the body and the means taken to remove the scepticism of Thomas would be unnecessary.

If the Gospel narratives be honest and genuine at all, they undoubtedly prove that Christ gave utterance to sayings which, while they seemed dark and unwelcome to his followers *at the time*, must, after his death, have gone to create an expectation that he would rise again. With this in the minds of the disciples—and it was their only hope (except it be the promised coming of the Comforter, which cannot have been very intelligible to them, nor much solace to the personal affection they must have felt towards their Master)—they would doubtless welcome any evidence that pointed to the realisation of this hope. But from what source could such evidence come?

In answering this question we must bear in mind not what would be accepted by *impartial persons now* as evidence of such an event, but which would appeal to the *disciples then*. Some light will be shed on this point by regarding the testimony of the only firsthand witness we *know* we have to an appearance of Jesus after His Crucifixion and Death. I mean, of course, St. Paul himself, who, in enumerating the appearances of Christ, finishes up by saying "and last of all He was seen of me also," etc. But nothing can well be clearer from this and other passages than that this experience of St. Paul's was of the nature of a trance or vision, or at most an apparition to a man in his waking moments. Yet he evidently ranks this on the same level and in the same category with Christ's other appearances—in spite of the fact that by that time the Ascension had taken place and Christ had ascended to Heaven. Now, however we may account for it, it is as well attested as anything can possibly be, that the recently dead often are, or seem to be, vividly present to the living, in dreams or trances, or even when the witness *believes* himself thoroughly awake. So powerful and realistic are these presentments sometimes, even when merely and unmistakably dreams, that it is sometimes difficult in one's waking moments to shake off their impression. When we add to this the psychologic fact, noticed by Tennyson in "In Memoriam," that we frequently endow with the form and semblance of our lost ones some stranger seen imperfectly in the street and are only disillusioned on closer inspection, we can see how readily such evi-

dences would accumulate as would feed the faith of the disciples. But, if we consider this in the light of what we may call the spiritist hypothesis, that, under certain conditions, spirits can be rendered visible, if not tangible, to our waking senses, we can then easily account for all the alleged appearances of Christ after His Death. It is, indeed, instructive to note that several of His appearances, especially those to the disciples at Jerusalem, "when the doors were shut," indicate exactly the conditions under which, according to the claims of modern spiritualism, a spirit can be rendered visible or can be, as it is called, materialised. There seems, therefore, no reason to demand or even admit the existence of a transcendent miracle, whereby a body rendered unfit for the functions of life was enabled, not only to resume these functions, but to display herculean strength in escaping from the guarded tomb whose mouth was blocked by a huge stone. Much more reasonable it seems to the believer in a spiritual world to suppose that Jesus, anxious to cheer His sorrowing disciples and confirm their faith in this spiritual state of existence, should have visited them in trance and vision, or even, when circumstances favoured it, projected Himself as a visible form just as he had died on the Cross, into that world of sensation and matter in which His friends and followers still remained.

The weakness of Modern Rationalism lies in the purely materialistic assumption that beyond the physical universe nothing exists, and that therefore any phenomenon which cannot be accounted for from purely physical (in the wide sense) causes is to be discredited. Hence all miraculous events in the Gospels or elsewhere have either to be rejected or explained away. Now any narrative in which most of the important and characteristic facts have to be rejected or explained away, must necessarily become terribly discredited, and cannot be regarded as a highly reliable authority, even in those portions left uncorroded by the *aqua fortis* of scepticism, with the result that, instead of being, as the guide to religious faith would require to be, of the most unimpeachable veracity and the strictest accuracy, the Gospels become of all documents—not provable forgeries—the most faulty and the most deeply tainted with suspicion. But if we take from the miracle its aspect of a breach of ordinary law or an interference by the Creator with His own arrangements, and hold that many of them are credible enough, some

even as related and others with some allowance for the point of view of the narrator, as manifestations of mesmeric, psychic or hypnotic phenomena, or at any rate as intrusions from the sphere of spirit, under certain limits and conditions, we do much, surely, to restore and rehabilitate the credit of the narrative generally as a source of information regarding the other sayings and doings of Christ, and therefore we deserve, whether we obtain it or no, the thanks of the Christian world.

Especially must the Christian Rationalist, of the School of Strauss, and as exemplified among us of late by Professor Pfeiderer, be thankful if he can be relieved from a position which is so painfully analogous to that of the two seafaring men who attempted the theft of the church bell-ropes; for they either cut off too much from the authority of the canon and fall to the ground to the level of the mere agnostic, or cutting off too little, leave themselves in an anomalous and illogical position which must ultimately be relinquished with a fall fully as severe as the other. Protestantism it is, with its dogmatic denial of post-apostolic miracle, that must be held responsible, like the transmitter of hereditary disease, for the congenital weakness of its offspring, Rationalism. For one cannot rationally be asked to accept the truth of miracles on the testimony of ancient documents of disputed authorship, uncertain text and inconsistency of statement, by those who, at the same time, scout as absurd and incredible the contention that similar events may still occur, when they could, if true, be supported by infinitely better evidence. For, if miracles were useful nineteen hundred years ago to produce faith in an unbelieving generation, they would be fully as useful to an equally unbelieving generation now, and, if God is to be held to have withdrawn *without warning* this valuable gift from the Church, it is certainly not to convey any great compliment to His wisdom or beneficence. For doubly is the modern man injured by this arrangement, for while no wonders are vouchsafed to him now, the very occurrence of miracles in the sacred narrative has itself become a stumbling block to his faith. The result is that, just as the Catholic produces the line of his faith in miracle down to the present, so the Rationalising Protestant produces his scepticism backwards into the Bible itself, until he abandons and removes the supernatural altogether.

Rationalism, in its true and high sense, is great and must prevail; but spiritual Rationalism cannot, without detriment, "cut off its nose to spite its face," which it certainly does when it throws overboard all belief in the existence of so-called supernatural phenomena and along with it the notion of a separate spiritual world and a personal immortality. A belief in *meta*-physical, or spirito-material phenomena, is what we propose to maintain, while declining to regard it as a direct manifestation of the *infinite Power of God Himself, interfering* with natural Laws. Also, while prepared to admit that these powers and gifts may exist at their *highest* in noble, pure and benevolent persons, as in Christ and His disciples, or in a St. Frances or a St. Catherine, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they *may* manifest themselves also in persons of no conspicuous virtue and may even be used for evil ends. This I certainly take to be the Biblical view, and I think it is very clear that Christ Himself emphasises the *moral* and *benevolent* character of his miracles rather than the merely dynamic. He does not even deny Beelzebub the power of casting out Devils; He merely points out that by doing so he would be fighting against himself, an argument not, by the way, absolutely conclusive, because, if the Devil be half as clever as he gets the credit of being, he would be quite capable of posing as his own enemy in order the better eventually to secure unsuspecting victims. Indeed, we are strongly of opinion that this policy is actually carried on still. We do not hold, therefore, that miracles can be held as an infallible sign of truth of doctrine or even of moral excellence, though the lives of great and good men may often be accompanied by these unusual events, whose precise causation may never be clear to us in our present state of existence. For this class of gifts and powers is not confined, any more than genius is, to the morally excellent, although a noble character may *condition* both these powers more favourably than an ignoble or evil one. We must look elsewhere, then, for our criterion of religious truth. We must look, in fact, to the Soul itself, with its ideals, aspirations and needs. The Religion that best answers to these is the Religion for us.

THE GITA IN RELATION TO WESTERN THOUGHT.

THE Gita is now universally read and admired. I am not sure if it is equally studied and appreciated. It is read mostly for the fine ethical precepts it contains. But it is a work deeper than being a treatise on practical ethics. It is at once a religious and philosophical work. Its ethics are based upon its metaphysics and religion.

Most of the historians of philosophy in Europe maintain that Philosophy, in the proper sense of the term, never flourished in India. It had its origin and first development in Greece. There are, of course, philosophers in Europe who hold a different view. Victor Cousin, for example, in his *Lectures on Ancient Philosophy*, devotes a large space to Indian systems. Schopenhauer is well known to be an enthusiastic admirer of everything Indian. It is, however, doubtful how far he was sincere. For, although the Upanishads were the "solace of his life and solace of his death," and although he seems to have said in his chief work, called "*The World as Will and Idea*," that his philosophy was only a Western version of Eastern thought, we do not find in his system anything approaching to the thoughts contained in the Upanishads. I think, therefore, that those who maintained that philosophy never flourished in India were more sincere than Schopenhauer. But were they correct? If we take into consideration philosophical conclusions, I think the conclusions arrived at in India were at times far-reaching and were bolder than anything we find ordinarily in Europe. Both our metaphysical and religious instincts were perhaps more fully satisfied in the case of Indian thinkers than even that of some of the boldest idealists in Europe. The following lines translated from the Gita are to the point :—

(1) Thou art the Indestructible and the object of knowledge. Thou art the supporter of the universe and Invisible. Thou art the greatest of all persons. Of these I have not the least doubt.

(2) Oh Eternal Being! Thou art the first and without a beginning. Thou art the goal of the universe. Thou art the Knower, the object of knowledge and the end. Thy presence pervades the universe.

In the last sentence of the second verse, we have the whole Hegelian philosophy concentrated. Here, God has been described as at once the Knower, the Object of Knowledge and the End of our Knowledge and Existence. If man is only the finite "reproduction" of the Infinite, then the knowledge of man is only a part and parcel of the knowledge of the latter. The Infinite is therefore the real Knower. Again, in knowing all objects we know only ourselves, and in knowing ourselves we know only Him, and thus He becomes the object of all knowledge. Finally, the end of man has been declared to be self-realisation, and our selves are realised in proportion to our knowledge of Him. Thus He is our end.

The passage referred to is not the solitary one in which this idea is contained, but the writer of the Gita is struggling in a manner throughout to express the same idea. And yet we are told that philosophy never flourished in India. Were the Western thinkers completely ignorant of Indian literature and thought? Not so. How then should we account for this anomaly?

The principal question here is, how did the Indian thinkers form these conceptions? What was their method? The question of method is the all-important question in Western philosophy. It does not matter what lofty conception you have arrived at; your merit as a philosopher depends upon how you arrived at it. I believe it was the secret suspicion of the historians that India never arrived at this true philosophic method.

Socrates, for all practical purposes, was the originator of philosophic method in the West. Before him sophists used to teach by means of elocution. Elocution or oration was their method. Socrates began by protesting against it. According to him eloquence cannot produce knowledge, but it is only an instrument of deception. In this connection we cannot but be reminded of Carlyle, who, according to his biographer, regarded orators as liars. Sophists,

according to both Socrates and Plato, were not quite liars, but certainly deceivers—producers of ignorance. For eloquence, therefore, Socrates substituted conversation or dialogue, even as opposed to monologue or what may be called Reflection. The object of conversation or dialogue was to arrive at a general conception. A general conception could be arrived at by means of definition. Socratic method, therefore, was to ask a man to define a thing; but it would be found sometimes that the definition contradicted some established truth; consequently it would be abandoned, and a new one tried, until the true definition was found and the correct conception arrived at. This method of arriving at a correct or true conception by the logical principle of Non-contradiction is called *Dialectic*. *Dialectic*, therefore, became the true method, and it was developed by Plato. With Plato it was not only the method but the Science itself—the *Metaphysics*. With him *Metaphysics* and *Dialectic* were identical. The means and the end were practically the same. By means of it we rise from the material to the spiritual, from the visible and tangible things to their pure conceptions, in which their realities consist.

Have we anything answering to this in the *Gita*? In the first place it will be noticed that the *Gita* is also a dialogue. It is a conversation between Krishna and Arjuna, just as in any of the Platonic dialogues there is a conversation between Socrates and a Sophist. Socrates is practically the teacher. So is Krishna. But in the *Gita* the attitude of Arjuna is more or less the attitude of a disciple. There is an attitude of submission. He is, as it were, overwhelmed by the all-conquering wisdom and argument of the master. There is not there the same concussion of the souls—the same *Dialectic* fencing as there is in a Platonic dialogue. But yet the *Dialectic* is not totally absent from it. Doubts are raised and contradictions are found now and again by Arjuna, which, however, are readily dispelled and reconciled. For example, when Krishna has extolled knowledge above action, the disciple raises the following doubt:—

“Oh! Janardana (Krishna)! if in thy opinion knowledge is superior to action, why dost thou lead me to wicked actions?”

But it must nevertheless be admitted that the Indian method differed fundamentally from the Platonic. It ought to be remem-

hered that Philosophy in India had always a practical end in view. Its end has always been salvation or, to use a more modern term, culture. What is philosophic method for a philosopher is also the practical method of salvation for an ordinary man. The name given to it is *Joga*. The end of Platonic method—the dialectic—is to enable us to rise from the material to the spiritual. The end of *Joga* is also the same, rather with a vengeance. But there is a difference, and it may perhaps be best stated by saying that Dialectic is Logic and *Joga* Metaphysics. The essence of both is abstraction—the process of negation. Dialectic is a process of abstraction or negation by excluding that which contradicts. *Joga* is a process of abstraction by excluding that which has any the least resemblance with things existing in space and time. When applied to knowledge, *Joga* means the abstraction of the mind from all sensuous conceptions until it rises to the pure conception of the self. When applied to action, it implies performance of all actions not from the promptings of sensuous desires, but from a knowledge of the self. When applied to feelings, it implies the pure love of the self. *Joga* therefore in its essence resembles what Kant calls Transcendental Reflection or Pure Reason. In criticising Leibnitz, Kant says that he mistook space for a conception of the mind for want of Transcendental Reflection. The writer of the Gita might have said “for want of *Joga*.” Unfortunately, however, the word “*Joga*” has been so misunderstood and encrusted with so many crude ideas and superstitions even in India, that it has not found that recognition which it deserves. *Joga* represents the highest vigour of the human mind and intellect. It is a rationalising process by which we rise from superstitions as well as from ignorance. It is Aristotle's energy of the soul, which is at once the source of knowledge and happiness. From Method I now turn to the Problem.

What is the Problem in the Gita? The Problem is ethical, and therefore practical. The ethics are supported and vindicated by Metaphysics. The Problem may be stated in the language of the Hebrew prophets—What shall I do to be saved? What is the highest end of human endeavour? What is the end of Man as man? The Problem is nowhere expressly stated, but it is implied throughout the discussion. The Gita in its practical side is a moral

philosophy, pure and simple, and in his aspect it is best comparable with Kant's Critique of Practical Reason. The Problem there too is the same. What is the truest action of Man as man—man not as a natural being, but as a free personality, as a pure self. The conclusions arrived at in the two works are so similar that in this respect it is not inappropriate to call the writer of the Gita ancient Kant, and Kant the modern Krishna (if, indeed, Krishna was the writer of the Gita).

There is, however, a difference in the mode of treatment of the subject. In the Gita the philosophy of action and the philosophy of knowledge (the Ethics and the Metaphysics) are combined; whereas Kant treats them separately in two distinct works, the "Critique of Practical Reason" and the "Critique of Pure Reason," although the former follows in natural sequence from the latter. The Gita, although a work on moral philosophy, treats, however, with equal completeness, knowledge and feeling (Reverence). Here the similarity between the author of the critical philosophy and the writer of the Gita is most pronounced, for Kant also was busy precisely with the same three topics, Knowledge, Action and Feeling, the last being treated in the work called the "Critique of Practical Judgment."

In spite of these similarities there is a difference which we cannot help noticing. The main interest of the Gita is concentrated into its religious significance. The Book is written in the interest of religion alone. The three Critiques of Kant, on the contrary, are devoted to three distinct purposes. The first (the "Critique of Pure Reason") is conceived in the interest of Science, the second (the "Critique of Practical Reason") in the interest of man, his moral and religious nature, the last (the "Critique of Practical Judgment") in the interest of Art. The Science, the Morals, and the Art, these are the three main subjects with which Kant is concerned. He is busy in discovering their foundations. It is the merit of this thinker to be able to connect them into one system, based upon the three connected faculties of the mind, namely, the Intellect, the Will and the Feeling. Science proceeds from the first, Morals from the second and the Arts from the third. When we read the Gita we are in the religious atmosphere, pure and simple *plus* the deepest philosophy implies. When we read the critical philosophy, we are in an

intellectual atmosphere proceeding from the intellect of a modern man, the vigour of which is transcendent.

The ethical conclusions which the two systems give us is astonishingly similar. The Gita tells us that the proper and the highest action of man as man is that which proceeds from his disinterested self and not that which proceeds from his sensuous desires. Kant too tells us the very same thing. The proper action of Man as man is not that which is prompted by desires, but which follows from his sense of duty for duty's sake; and the sense of duty is the sense of an active self working unfettered by desires. The sense of duty is identical with the sense of free personality or self. It therefore follows that an action which proceeds from a disinterested self presupposes the consciousness or knowledge of a self which is disinterested or pure. Pure knowledge, or what Kant calls Pure Reason, is essential to pure or free action, namely, Duty. One of the fundamental teachings of the Gita likewise is that knowledge is essential to action. The knowledge of self leads to action which is proper for man and which does not enslave him.

It will be seen that there is a dualism in the Gita between desires and disinterested actions. The same dualism appears in Kant between desires and duty. The highest end of man as man, according to both, is to conquer desires and perform duties.

But this dualism is not accidental; it is inherent in man on account of his dual existence. He belongs partly to the realm of Nature and partly to a transcendental region. It is because man somehow belongs to Nature or to the region of *Maya*, he is enslaved by desires. Man has, however, a power to rise above Nature, and in proportion as he exerts it he conquers desires.

It has sometimes been asked by thinkers of the Hegelian school, how can man, who is a pure reason or a transcendental being, be at all under the influence of Nature: in other words, how can this dual existence be at all possible? Kant practically gives no answer to this question. He takes it as a fact, although at the same time he shows by elaborate reasoning that the world of Nature—that which is constituted by space and time—has only a relative or subjective existence. Man, therefore, as a natural being, may be supposed to have no real existence but only subjective or phenomenal. The Gita is throughout emphatic in its view that Nature

has only a relative existence. It has no existence by itself. But the question still remains, how can Man as a Reality enter upon an existence which is only phenomenal or Unreal? Answers to this question have been given in the Gita at different places, an elaborate exposition of which is not possible here. Suffice it to say that the human self is only a limited reproduction of the Divine Self. In its essence the former is identical with the latter. Just as the finite self is the result of the self-limitation of the infinite self, so Nature is also a self-limitation of the Infinite and the universal. The finite self thus finds itself in a realm of Nature through the self-limitation of God. To use the language of the Gita, God allows Himself to be influenced by Maya with a view to create Nature and to bring Himself down to the level of man.

It is knowledge, and knowledge alone, that enables Man to escape from the bondage of Nature or Maya. In the following line we have an idea, analogous to the Socratic dictum, that knowledge is virtue.

"Even if I be the greatest of all sinners, I shall be saved by the power of knowledge."

The greatest thing in the Gita, therefore, is knowledge. It seems that there is here a great gulf between the Gita and Kant. In his first Critique Kant deals with knowledge. His problem is, does human knowledge go beyond phenomena or Nature? And the reply is that it does not and cannot. We know only phenomena. Knowledge is related only to Nature. It cannot go beyond it. But this is exactly opposite to the true conception of knowledge we find in the Gita. There we find that in proportion as knowledge is conditioned by Nature or Maya, it takes the form of ignorance. In proportion as it is free from it, it is knowledge proper. It thus appears that what is ignorance in the Gita is knowledge in Kant. But yet Kant tells us that no action is morally right which is not performed from the sense of the true self or duty. But how can I know my own self? Has he not told us in his first Critique that a knowledge of the self as a Reality is impossible. Kant seems to tell us that we do not know self by knowledge, so to speak (although there is an evident contradiction here), but by action. In this respect he is followed by Carlyle, who expresses the same idea thus: "A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us which only

our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, Know thyself; till it be translated into this partially possible one, Know what thou canst work at" (*Sartor Resartus*).

An opposite vein of thought comes from America. Emerson tells us that pure action makes a man a machine. He pleads for thought, love, obedience. "The common experience is," says he, "that a man fits himself as well as he can to the customary details of that work or trade he falls into, and tends it as a dog turns a spit. Then he is a part of the machine he moves; the man is lost."

This doctrine of Emerson is called in the Gita *Karma-Bandhan*, or the bondage of work. Mere actions make us a machine. It dims the light of knowledge in us, and then whatever we do, we do as a natural being, and not spiritual.

And yet the Gita is no less emphatic than Kant or Carlyle in teaching the importance of work. Take the following, for example:

"No man can exist for a moment without work. It is natural for man to work.

"Do thou work incessantly. It is very much better to work than not to work. You cannot even lead a bodily life without work."

The teaching in the Gita may, therefore, for all practical purposes, be summed up thus: We must all work. We are for work. But we should work disinterestedly. We can work disinterestedly when we have known our selves. And when we have known our selves, we have known us, to use the language of St. Paul, as living and moving and having our being in God. Self-knowledge, therefore, leads to the knowledge of God. The knowledge of God makes our work work for our salvation. The highest end of human existence, therefore, is to know God and to glorify Him.

P. CHATTERJEE.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

II. FIRST STEPS TOWARDS FREEDOM.

WE have seen that the cause of our bondage is *Mâyâ*, we have studied its positive and negative aspects, and have seen that it can be transcended at last by that purity and devotion which, according to the teachings of all religions, will lead us to a knowledge of the truth, and a knowledge of the Supreme. Complete liberation is thus far away from the majority of us; but there are some practical applications of these thoughts that will apply to us at a comparatively early stage of our growth, long before we even approach liberation.

The first is the need of cultivating truthfulness in our daily lives. For it has often been said that only the true can know the truth. We cannot, indeed, know anything until it becomes a part of our own consciousness, a part of ourselves. We might compare ourselves to a musical instrument which has a certain range of notes that it can give forth. If we take two instruments, tuned in unison with each other, and strike the strings of one, then the other will vibrate in answer, though it has not been touched. But if they be not in unison, there will be no response. Just so with us; unless we have, so to speak, attuned our whole nature to truth, then, though the truth may be before us, it will not awaken a response in us, and we shall pass it by without recognising it. So if we wish to be free, we must first be truthful. And this is not so easy as we might think. For is not the life of modern society full of petty untruth? Not so black, perhaps, as to be characterised as lies, but certainly far removed from the stainless purity of truth! How many of us can claim to be *absolutely truthful* in our business dealings, in our profession, nay, even in the common civilities of daily life? How many of us can say that we never deviate even a hair's

breadth from the truth, in order to gain favour with one in authority over us, or in order to avoid blame, or possible loss of employment? How many of us are absolutely free from the falsehood of flattery of those who, we think, may be able to help us? How many of us, indeed, are absolutely true and honest *to ourselves*? Do we not again and again try to deceive and blind ourselves as to our own shortcomings? How then can we hope to have a knowledge of truth? If we can catch but a few rays of her light on the dim, distorted mirror of our minds, it is as much as we can hope for!

If we realise this, our attitude towards our own religious beliefs, and towards those of others, will change. For we shall recognise that in our views of religion, as in other matters, we are subject to *Mâyâ*; that our conceptions are imperfect, but a partial, and probably distorted, reflection of the reality. We may argue that the great religions of the world have been founded by those who were so great, so pure, so true, nay, so divine, that they surely could know the truth; and therefore may we not take it on their authority? But who shall say that the modern professors of any religion have fully understood the teachings of its founder? Or that the religion, as it is to-day, is the same as it was when its founder taught it? Were it so, there would not be so many conflicting divisions within most of the great religions, each basing its beliefs on the teachings of the founder. So we learn to be humble with regard to religion, to recognise that we know but a small fragment of the truth, while our brother of different faith knows another fragment of the same truth. Then, instead of condemning him, or quarrelling with him, or even hating him, as sometimes happens, we shall seek if it be not possible to combine his fragment with ours, that we may both reach to a fuller and clearer knowledge.

Our attitude towards suffering, which in the eyes of the world appears evil, will change. We shall recognise that it is such only so long as we identify ourselves with the form, the outer, the illusory. For the keenest of suffering, even of mental suffering, which is far keener than physical, is transitory; it belongs to the personality, and in most cases loses its sting in the course of a few years at the most. In no case can we conceive of it as passing on into another incarnation; except in so far as the cause which produces it now, may, if not removed, produce similar suffering in another

life. But even then the suffering in its *present form* will not continue. Thus the thought is suggested that we can overcome suffering by withdrawing ourselves from the personality into the real individual that persists from life to life, and trying to realise that *that* is *ourselves*, and not these outer sheaths. But while recognising that our consciousness of suffering is illusory, we shall look behind it to see if perchance some glimpse of the reality may be seen. And then it may be that we shall understand that the reality behind the illusion is a disturbance in the divine harmony of nature; that our separated self has fallen out of harmony with some of the other separated selves around us, or that it has run counter to the laws governing evolution. Then, while trying to withdraw ourselves inward out of the suffering sheath, we shall at the same time turn our energies to the restoration of harmony, striving to live in accordance with law, and in perfect peace with all other beings.

Our aims in life will be affected similarly. For we shall probably find, as we look more closely into our lives, that we are living chiefly for temporary results; that we are thinking more of worldly success than of the growth of the individual, and therefore principle is sometimes sacrificed to expediency, and that the chief motive of our work is the support of the personality. But if we understand the nature of *Mâyâ*, we shall recognise the comparative worthlessness of all this. Our first impulse will probably be to give up the world, and retire to the jungles, that we may escape from the snares of illusion. This will not happen, however, if we have understood the positive side of *Mâyâ*, as well as the negative; for we shall then look for the reality behind, instead of merely turning our back on the illusion because it is such. Doing this, we shall see the will of *Ishvara* behind all manifestation, shall recognise that our little place in the manifested world is allotted to us in accordance with that will, and thus shall do our work in order that we may contribute our share to His manifestation. The performance of our *Karmic* duties will thus become a sacrifice to *Ishvara*. It seems as if this were a part of the meaning of the teaching that the gods are nourished by sacrifice; that it refers, not only to ceremonial sacrifices, but also to that sacrifice offered up in the faithful performance of duty, whereby the gods are surely enabled to manifest more perfectly in the world. We shall still live in the world, but in the

phraseology of the Christian Teacher, shall no longer be *of* it. All labour will then be honourable, and even sacred ; for it will be done primarily because *it is needed in the world*, and the support of the personality will be but a very secondary motive. Thus our whole life will become an act of sacrifice and worship. We shall no longer wish to withdraw ourselves from the circle of manifestation ; but, so long as Ishvara wills to manifest, shall find our highest bliss in sharing His manifestation.

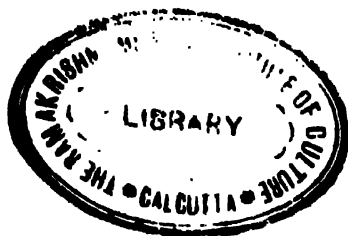
Our attitude to others will change. For we shall recognise that anything which tends to alienate us from them belongs to the personality, the illusory reflection. Their faults will no longer loom so large in our sight, for we shall be looking for the divinity that is trying to shine through the impure and imperfect sheaths, and shall then lose none of the glimpses of its beauty which would otherwise be lost upon us. We shall learn to love all beings for the sake of the divine reality ; and if we see imperfections, they will excite in us no longer irritation, but only loving compassion. We shall learn to be patient with all forms of evil, while in no sense condoning them, for we shall see the divine light struggling to shine through ; and instead of intensifying the evil by antagonism, as we too often do, we shall by sympathy strengthen the aspirations towards good, and thus help to make the sheaths pure enough for the light to make itself seen.

Jealousy and enmity among nations will begin to grow less. For there is a national life, a national character, just as there is individual life and character. As each individual is one tiny reflection of the divine, so is each nation a reflection on a larger scale ; as each individual has a different place to fill in the world, so has each nation. All the reflections must be combined if we would have something that would in any sense approach an adequate representation of the divine ; and thus, as we may learn to regard our brother-man as complementary to ourselves, so may we learn to regard our fellow nation. Each has its own Dharma to fulfil, each is necessary, and *equally* necessary, for the sake of the whole of humanity. If this be admitted, then each nation will try to learn what is its own Dharma, and having found that, will try to fulfil it instead of following after the Dharma of another. If any one nation believes its own Dharma to be spiritu-

ality—and it has been said that the Dharma of India is to be the spiritual mother of the Aryan race—then the members of that nation will make honour, uprightness, and spirituality their first consideration, and will know that, in spite of all possible appearances to the contrary, the fulfilment of this Dharma will ultimately lead to the highest prosperity. If this course be followed, then little by little will friendliness, mutual forbearance, mutual help, and peace, take the place of rivalry, antagonism, hatred, and warfare.

And thus, though we may not yet hope for freedom, though it may take us many and many an incarnation to learn to transcend the bonds of *Mâyâ*, yet we can in this way gain greater patience, tolerance, charity, peacefulness, and contentment ; nay, at times, even brief moments of divine joy, when for an instant we seem to see a little rent in the clouds of *Mâyâ* that envelop us, and through that rent we catch a transient, but surpassingly glorious ray of the beauty of the Supreme, and feel one little heart-beat of that heart of love which beats at the very centre of all being.

LILIAN EDGER.



SOME LESSONS FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

II.

CARLYLE'S PHILOSOPHY OF MORALS AND OF SOCIAL AND
POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A DILIGENT student of human nature and of the history of nations, Carlyle found that the causes of the greatness and of the decline and fall of individuals and nations were identical. A clear recognition of the duties that lie before a man, honest and steadfast labour at the tasks imposed upon him by his position, performed ungrudgingly and without murmur, the steady cultivation of those intellectual and moral qualities that conduce to honest and thorough work, temperance in one's desires for material wealth, perfect veracity, self-control over his passions, hatred of luxurious ease, these are the qualities which result in a glorious manhood and a peaceful and honourable old age for the individual. When the governing classes in a nation consist of a majority of men bearing these qualities, that nation achieves great deeds in war and peace, at home and abroad, and is crowned with an imperishable name. The contrary qualities, slothful ease, a gluttonous appetite for the material goods of this world, unrestrained licence in one's thoughts, self-abandonment to the pursuit of pleasures, gradually blunt a man's intellectual vision, destroy the good within, and annihilate his humanity. Men marked by these qualities are spiritually lost souls. Their impulses of fitful generosity, their sociableness, and the coruscations of their wit and humour cannot hide the utter failure of their lives. And whenever such men guide the destinies of a state, the nation soon finds itself gliding down the scale of prosperity, and, sooner or later, is swept aside by stronger and more sturdy races which, though not rich in the luxuries and outward graces of civilisation, are rich in men with the youthful spirit and unclouded vision. Meditating on these facts, which are writ large in the history of individuals as well as nations, Carlyle laid down certain aphorisms

in which he has enforced their significance. A clear-sighted recognition that the chief end and aim of every man, from cobbler to king, should be the performance, by each, of the work that his station in life calls upon him to do, is the only solid basis of each man's welfare. "Do the duty that lies nearest thee; and the next will have already become clear," is a precept of Carlyle's, the truth of which is attested by the actual experiences of most men. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is a text which, according to Carlyle, lays down the correct attitude which the workman should bear to his work. When a man throws himself heart and soul into his work, the result is not only an honest piece of work, but an honest workman. Half-hearted work does not merely end in bad work. It generates untruthfulness in the mind of the workman, the parent of all ills. In the tangled and grossly imperfect social arrangements into which man is born, it is rarely that he finds the work of his heart's desire. Nevertheless, the supreme duty of every man is to do well the work that awaits him, however much he would prefer to do the work of another, rather than his own. A man who fails in this supreme duty cannot be sound at heart. Thus does Carlyle echo the ancient text of the Bhagavat Gita;—"Better one's own duty, though imperfect, than the duty of another well discharged. Better death in one's duty; the duty of another brings on danger." Cromwell would have very much preferred the life of a quiet Huntingdon farmer to the dictatorship of England which events forced on him. Frederick the Great would have been much happier as a savant or poet-philosopher than he was as a king. But the measure of their greatness is precisely the strength of their resistance to the allurements of the life of ease and to the songs of the sirens whose tunes are for ever heard in the courts and in the highways and byeways of this life. It is not to be supposed that Carlyle condemns the attempt, by each man, to improve his social status. Carlyle is no advocate of any system of castes. The sum of his teaching as to the motives which should influence every man in his work may be stated as follows: In every society, it is rarely that a man finds the work that he is best fitted to do. Of the vast majority of men who have had to struggle for their daily bread in early life, very few reach that state of opulence when they can indulge their fancies and whims without let or hindrance, and call themselves happy. The more honest a man is, the less likely is he to amass wealth. In all existing societies, a great number of men inherit an estate of penury and woe. What, then, should be the motive of the

workman in the performance of the work that falls to his lot in life? The motive should not be the desire for happiness, for happiness is often unattainable by the majority of men at all times. "Do the work then that falls to you as a sacred duty, without expecting any great happiness or other reward for your work," is Carlyle's stern and stoical command. But so long as the progress of the different ranks of men in the same political society is unequal, and until the general conscience of political units reaches a much higher stage of ethical culture than is now found in any existing society, the injunction to do one's work in life can only be based on the idea of an imperative duty laid upon us by God, and requiring our implicit obedience, without much thought of earthly reward. It is thus seen that Carlyle's doctrine of duty is identical with that of Kant's categorical imperative. The moral law, both according to Carlyle and Kant, is the command of God, and, therefore, must be obeyed without reference to consequences. As might be expected, a very vigorous attempt has been made by many thinkers of the nineteenth century to construct a system of ethics which will rival in loftiness of aim and purpose the best traditional ethics of olden time, and which will at the same time be independent of the belief in the existence of God. The utilitarianism of James Mill and Jeremy Bentham, the improved version of that doctrine set forth by Mill and the system of Evolutionary Ethics of Herbert Spencer, which has absorbed all the good points of the old utilitarianism, and has greatly widened and strengthened its base and foundation, mark the successive stages of what has been called the ethical movement of the present time. This is not the place to examine whether Mr. Spencer has really succeeded in proving that the ideas of right and wrong which have, in some form or other, prevailed in all known societies, are the necessary outcome of the struggle for existence among the races of the world. But granting that this is a correct account of the genesis of the moral feeling, a cursory examination of some points of Mr. Spencer's ethics shows that in some very important respects, naturalistic ethics offers startling contrasts to the traditional systems of ethics based upon religion. All the systems of ethics based upon the great religions of the world inculcate the excellence of the higher altruism which may be defined as the habitual preference of other people's good to one's own, as a motive for one's conduct in life. The best men known to history, those who are worshipped as the greatest benefactors of humanity, have been pre-eminently distinguished by an extraordinary manifestation, in their actions, of this altruism. Now

Mr. Spencer perceives that the kind of life led by such men as St. Francis of Assisi can have no justification in a purely naturalistic scheme of ethics, according to which the self-regarding duties should not be smothered under the burden of an excessive altruism. Mr. Spencer, among others, pointed out that philanthropy and altruistic notions are responsible for the prolongation of the life of the unfit in modern times. Advancing civilisation shields the moral and physical weakling of the present day from the extirpation which would have been its certain fate in the olden time. This is in itself an evil of no small magnitude. But the evil is enhanced tenfold in its consequences, says Mr. Spencer, when mistaken philanthropy enables the physically and the morally poor to multiply in large numbers. The particular evil which he has in view is the deterioration of the race by inter-marriages between the superior and inferior classes in society. This somewhat unexpected development of Spencerian ethics was too much of a rude shock even for his staunch friend, Professor Huxley, who was led thereby to maintain, though illogically from the standpoint of naturalistic ethics, that although rudimentary moral feelings have no doubt arisen in the course of evolution because they were conducive to the survival of the fittest, yet the further moral progress of the race consists, not in following the dictates of the natural man, but in opposing them by altruistic feelings. It is not my purpose in this paper to examine these theories. I only desire to point out by the above illustrations the trend which all naturalistic ethical systems must take. All these systems have a common characteristic in that they regard the system of the world in its visible aspects as a complete system for the purpose of ethical science. When this idea is made the basis of ethics, the highest motive that the philosopher can appeal to in order to induce men to persevere in the paths of virtue and honour and to flee from vice, is a reasoned prudence. Not much observation is required to show that this motive is not likely to seriously influence the average man in persevering in virtues whose utility is doubtful or in avoiding vices whose injurious effects are not visible in bodily pain. And further, inasmuch as most natural philosophers draw a sharp distinction between self-regarding virtues and vices, and those which affect others, and hold that coercive public opinion should not be allowed to reach the self-regarding sphere, the reasonable inference is that, in societies animated by these ideas, the self-regarding virtues will gradually disappear and that the self-regarding vices will flourish more and more. But this is not the worst evil. The virtue of several acts and abstinences which

traditional ethics has made men believe to be virtues, must necessarily be doubted, disputed and denied by various sets of men, as soon as a regulated prudence is made the measure of all virtues. At its best, then, a society where these ideas take a real hold will exhibit, in the qualities of its citizens, a monotonous, almost automatic, routine, activity ruling the pleasures as well as the tasks of life by entirely prudential considerations. Generous souls aglow with spontaneous enthusiasm, whose thoughts and lives leave no visible utility among men, great poets with their dreams and visions, who, looking into the complexities of human nature, affected, as it is, by the myriad influences of nature and of the past history of humanity, find there depths below depths, unfathomable by the plumb-line of reasoned calculation, will, in course of time, vanish from such a society. What results might shape themselves in such a society at its worst may be guessed by considering the natural effects on conduct of certain speculations of naturalistic thinkers which are even now current. It is enough to cite here the opinions of two eminent and good men. James Cotter Morison declares, in his "Service of Man," "that the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education." Mr. George Meredith recently proposed that in view of the increasing disorders in married life, the best course for men and women intending marriage would be to enter, in the first instance, into a contract of marriage tenable for ten years. Certain radical reformers have also published unmentionable proposals, advocating the use of artificial checks to keep down the increase of population. Thus, as a necessary result of the attempt to base morality on reasoned prudential calculations, we have suggestions, varying in intensity of fantastic horror, from the proposal of Herbert Spencer that we should abstain from offering active aid to the physical, mental, and moral wrecks of society, to the nameless abominations born of curious theories regarding the problems of poverty and population. Long ago, these tendencies which have now manifested themselves to all eyes, were foreseen by Carlyle who, with unerring insight, laid down that unless morality was conceived as the ordinance of a perfect God, it is not likely that tendencies perceived to be good would be elevated by men into principles of virtue; and that there is no valid sanction for the enforcement of morality on average human nature, apart from the belief that moral laws are the commands of the Deity. From these beliefs proceeded Carlyle's vehement scorn and ridicule of Benthamism as the attempt to deduce the rationale of virtue by means of a scale of profit and loss, applied to the vague abstraction, the greatest happiness of the greatest

number of men. Very early in his career as an author, Carlyle warned men in his Essay on "The Characteristics of the Age" not to attach undue importance to the mechanical and the scientific discoveries of the time, and pointed out the baneful effects of the worship of machinery and aimless industry as good in themselves. The history of the conflicts between capital and labour in European countries illustrates the truth that the much vaunted iron of this iron age has entered the souls of men. From his vantage-ground that the relations of men to one another in a society should not be regulated solely by pecuniary ties, Carlyle denounced the so-called laws of the current political economy of the day with its central assumption that the self-interest of men working in accordance with the laws of the demand and the supply of material goods, will of itself bring about a highly desirable form of civilisation. Carlyle has succinctly pointed out how the principle of *laissez-faire*, which was the shibboleth of the dominant liberalism of the mid-nineteenth century, must, if consistently allowed to have sway, end in driving the foolish into helplessness and the weak into destitution. As against the belief in an imaginary liberty of the individual, which was not to be rashly fettered by rational laws devised for his benefit, Carlyle pleaded passionately for a recognition by the governing classes in a community of the arduous labours which their position as leaders of the nation imposed on them. He called upon the nobles of England to become captains of industry, even as their ancestors had been captains of war. To the labouring classes and to the commonalty, Carlyle pointed out that although the coming of democracy was inevitable in the sense that the increasing spread of education among all classes would naturally infuse a desire in them to take part in the government of the country, still they should get rid of the mischievous folly of imagining that they were as good as their leaders; and should, above all, follow the lead of their superiors in intelligence and capacity instead of dictating to them the course of statesmanship and national policy. Only thus can a nation acquire strength and retain it and fulfil the first condition of national existence. For, as between one state and another, might must, for many ages to come, be identical with right. Recognising the necessity to equip the government of a country with all the best available capacity in it, Carlyle warned men not to make the ballot-box and the vote by the majority of heads the sole means of forming a Government, of maintaining it, and of deciding great questions of policy. Several of the social and politico-economical principles which Carlyle laid down have come into general acceptance since his day. It is admitted even by radical thinkers of the present time that the func-

tions of Government should not be confined to the maintenance of internal and external order. It is now generally recognised that one of the important duties of a Government is to provide for the compulsory primary education of all classes of a community. The interference of Government is also now generally admitted to be legitimate, within certain limits, in the regulation of industry and commerce. Is not this changed attitude of feeling among competent thinkers mainly due to the fervid eloquence of the once solitary thinker of England who denounced the increasing mammon-worship of the age and preached to all men that the chief good of men does not lie in the accumulation of wealth with the soulless industry of a beaver, and that there are treasures more precious to humanity than endless piles of gold? The main principles of Carlyle's teaching were soon seconded by his greatest disciple, John Ruskin, who, with a marvellous eloquence and an astonishing brilliancy of satiric wit, applied them to all departments of human activity. Meeting with so much opposition to all his ideas, Carlyle has sometimes fallen into exaggerations, and in the heat of controversy has been blind to certain facts in history. He has sometimes spoken as though the rule of a Frederick the Great or of a Dr. Francia were the ideal form of Government. And he has not duly considered the beneficent working of representative institutions in aiding the Government of a country. But, in my opinion, these are the only serious defects in Carlyle's philosophy. The main principles which he has laid down for the guidance of men and nations have been gathered from a profound study of human nature and of human history. Reverence for men greater than oneself, the silent and honest performance of the work that falls to a man in the position in which he finds himself placed, as a matter of duty and without much thought of reward, the belief in the existence of God and the belief that moral laws are the commands of the deity and ought to be implicitly obeyed, are, according to Carlyle, the true basis of the right ordering of the individual life. One ought to consume one's own smoke and should keep one's frivolous and vain thoughts to oneself, and should prefer silence to speech whenever one has not acquired for oneself, by special study and labour, the right to speak worthily on the subjects of our common concern. Whoever prefers idleness and amusement and the vain quest after inordinate pleasure or happiness to a life of well-regulated activity, with its modest accompaniment of well-earned pleasure and happiness, fails in his duties towards humanity and towards God. Indeed, whoever exercises his reason dispassionately, looking before and after, and discerns all classes

of facts and their relative importance in their bearing on human life and conduct, cannot but arrive at these conclusions. Whoever, discerning these things and proving all things, holds fast to that which is good attains the highest felicity possible to men. When a man listens to the promptings of his lower nature, he is first impelled to shut his eyes to inconvenient and troublesome facts. In course of time, he fails to realise the due importance of the facts to which he is blind. Then follows naturally the worship of one's own fancies instead of the facts of nature ; and the man becomes an incarnation of falsehood, his intellectual faith turning into a system of make-believe, and his conduct losing all the traits of right manhood. All this is well summed up in Carlyle's repeated injunction to revere facts, and to

" Beware

Of setting up conceits in Nature's stead."

That social polity is well-ordered wherein the several classes of society acknowledge rights in, as well as duties towards, one another ; wherein the worth of a man is not measured by his wealth in material goods ; where wise restraints are laid upon fierce competition and injurious industry ; and where all men are eager in the worship of Justice and of Truth.

The majority of the naturalistic thinkers of the present day have adopted as part of their teaching some form of socialism, and have declared their dissent from the exaggerated individualism of Herbert Spencer. But naturalism and agnosticism are still confident that to them belongs the dominion on the minds of the coming generations. I cannot presume to forecast the future. I can only state here my personal conviction that no amount of advance in scientific knowledge can possibly affect in any necessary or logical manner the belief in the existence of God. To my mind, Carlyle and his disciple Ruskin seem to stand at the parting of the ways, warning men to persevere in their faith in God and to walk through life with charity and hope, and to avoid the path of an ever-increasingly discordant rationalism. It further seems to me, to borrow Ruskin's language, that the first path leads to the olive mountains, and the second to the vale of the salt sea.

Those who find in Carlyle only a brilliant man of letters and read his works only for the wit and humour, and the mastery of language which they display, and those whose estimate of Carlyle, the philosopher, is lowered and prejudiced by the disclosures of the diaries collected and published by Mr. J. A. Froude, alike miss the deep wisdom of one of the greatest thinkers of modern times.

THE MAKING OF A "MURLI."

CHANDRABAI was dying. So said the native "vaid" who had been called in as a last resource by the uncle with whom the child dwelt in the squalid hovel on the outskirts of one of those bazars which gradually spring up near a military camp. She was only six years of age ; the plague had already claimed her parents and a brother ; and her sole surviving relatives were her uncle, who performed menial service in the neighbouring barracks, and her grandmother, an aged and wrinkled crone, who earned a few pice by manual labour in the Cantonment.

Upon Chandrabai also the plague, which respects neither youth nor age, had now laid its chill hand ; and the two untutored beings, with whom she lived, were sick with fear lest she too should be taken away, she whom they loved in their own queer undemonstrative manner, she to whom they would both look for support in the unlovely old age which they felt to be daily creeping nearer. What could they do ? Such remedies as the native herbalist recommended had been tried without avail—the fever still held the small body in its grip, and the small mind recked not of what was passing. Perchance on the morrow the case would be reported to the authorities, and Chandrabai would be carried away to the miserable sheds, which served for a plague-hospital, and would never return alive. The Hindu vaid, who was by common repute well acquainted with the signals of death, and to whom Choku had hurriedly repaired, shook his head despairingly, declaring she could not recover, and his dictum robbed them of their last hope.

Nay, not their last hope ! For Gangau, the grandmother, as she moaned and stared into vacancy beside the charpoy upon which her small grandchild lay, bethought her suddenly of Khandoba, the auspicious, the merciful, who even in these later days, when the gods are deaf, had compassed miracles for his devotees.

"Choku, my son," she whispered, "let us twain go unto Khandoba, bearing all things meet, and pray unto him for the child's life ; methinks 'tis upon him that our last hope resteth."

"Nay, mother," replied Choku, "of what use to call upon him? He is deaf, and hath no power over this sickness. Moreover, how could we—Mahars of no account—persuade him to save this life?"

But Gangau, steadfast in her resolution, prevailed upon him calling to mind the various cases in which, according to report, Khandoba had proved himself a true friend; how he had granted a child unto Somabai, who had for many years yearned for offspring, how he had saved the life of little Shivrani, the syce's child. And so, collecting a few poor blossoms, a little rice and ghee, the two, mother and son, set forth for the rude shrine on the fringe of the bazaar. There they fervently besought the god for the child's life, and swore a solemn vow unto him that, if Chandrabai should regain health and strength, her life should thenceforth be dedicated to him alone, that she, in short, should become a "Murli," legally wedded to her protector and deity. Thus they lifted up their prayer. Gangau querulously, Choku somewhat shamefacedly by reason of his unbelief, but both sternly determined to hold to the compact which affection for Chandrabai urged them to make with the god, whose stone image, hideous and amorphous, loomed out of the recess of the shrine.

Meanwhile, the child fought bravely for life. And lo! when a week had passed the fever abated and she set her feet upon the ladder of recovery. "Spake I not wisely unto thee, Choku," remarked Gangau, noting the signs of convalescence; "the child liveth by the mercy of Khandoba, and under his guardianship will be spared to us for many a long day. Methinks thou shouldst make speedy arrangements for her marriage, that so he may not deem our promise broken." So on a day, chosen as auspicious, when Chandrabai was once again playing about the roads and helping Gangau to cook and carry Choku's food, her uncle called together the priest, the 'Vaghes,' who are Khandoba's male devotees, the Murlis who dwell in the bazar, and his friends, for the solemnisation of Chandrabai's marriage with the god. Clad in a green silk bodice and sari, her brow marked with red sandalwood, and crowned with flowers, the little girl, who understood nought of the true meaning of the ceremony, was united with her Protector and adorned with the nine-cowry necklace, amid the droning of the priest and the chanting of the Murlis who, many of them, recalled the day when they themselves were thus relegated, ostensibly to the proud position of god's bride, but practically to membership of the oldest profession upon earth. For a Murli, whether she be the wife of Khandoba or Yellappa, can never find a mortal husband to support her, but may earn her living

among men in the same way as did Aspasia and Chloe of old or the Doll Tearsheets of more modern days.

Thus for the time being Choku and Gangau were happy, believing that by prayer they had saved the child's life and they looked forward to the day when Chandrabai, grown to woman's estate, should meet with one who would support her, and therefore themselves also, in proper style, and who, not being her lawful husband, would treat her with far more consideration than if she were linked to him by the bonds of marriage. Chandrabai was almost too young to think about such matters ; but she gathered from what the gossips said to Gangau that her life would not be unhappy, and that if she lived to old age, Khandoba would come once again to her rescue and find her a place among his ancient brides, who passed the evening of their lives in the big temple thirty miles away.

Some of the white padre-folk who owned the Mission-house in the Cantonment, and regarded the Murli's life from a purely Western standpoint, were inexpressibly shocked at the news of Chandrabai's marriage ; and endeavoured to wring from Choku and Gangau some expression of repentance for their action. "But," argued Choku, "wherein have we sinned ? The child is now under the special protection of our god. She will by his grace live more comfortably than as the over-worked wife of one of our caste-men ; and when the wrinkles gather and the eyes grow dim, the charity of his devotees will be her support." And the padre-log found it difficult to answer him, realising that what he said was true, so far, and that only the wider and deeper spread of education among the lowest castes of India can serve to slowly, very slowly, uproot the idea that a bride of God and mistress of Man must hold an honourable and delectable position among her sisters.

S. M. EDWARDES.

THE ZEMINDAR AND HIS RIGHTS.

THE word Zemindar, which means literally holder of land (*zamin*, land: *dar*, holder)* seems to have come into vogue during the Mahomedan period. In the Hindu system there was hardly any room for the Zemindar, in the sense of a proprietor of extensive lands. The village, the unit of the land system, was either held in common by the village community, as in Northern India, or in separate lots by individual members of the community, as in the Madras Presidency. It was only later on, after a series of invasions and conquests by foreign powers, when the village institution became more or less obsolete, that Zemindars claiming rights of ownership over large tracts of land came into existence. The land revenue history of India shews clearly that real Zemindari rights arise in one of two ways, either from territorial chiefship or rulership handed over from time immemorial from chiefs or rajahs, who had originally acquired possession of definite portions of territory by right of conquest; or from free grants of lands by the State to individuals, who had rendered service of some kind to the State. We have typical examples of Zemindari estates of the first kind in Orissa, in the Central Provinces, in Ajmere, and in the northern part of the Bombay Presidency. Some of the Zemindari estates of Madras, especially those known as "polygar estates," belong to this class. In fact, as Mr. Baden-Powell says, Zemindari

* Another term for Zemindar is Taluqdar. "In Oudh, the Government was too tenacious of its own *Zemindari* rights to allow the turbulent local Rajahs to call themselves *Zemindar*, lest they should assume that they had really recovered their old territorial claims—they called them therefore *Taluqdar*. These Oudh landlords never were pleased with this distinction and to this day none of them calls himself Taluqdar, but always *Raja*. In Bengal, the term *talukdar* was generally employed to indicate a smaller class of estate, sometimes subordinate to the Zemindar." Vide Baden-Powell: "Land Revenue in British India," p. 41.

estates of this kind partake more of the nature of feudatory or tributary states, there being only a difference of degree and not of kind between the two ; but such Zemindari estates are really few. The second class of Zemindari estates—of course, more numerous, though not so large in extent—arise out of grants by the State; and these estates again are of two kinds : “ one where the land, either waste or abandoned by former cultivators, was given on a direct title : the other where a grant of some Revenue privilege was originally made, and the right to the land had grown out of it, by a process practically the same as that by which the Revenue-farmer became landlord.” What are known as Jagir estates belong to this latter class. These estates, to which the owners now claim proprietary rights, did not originally carry with them any such rights. They were assigned free of revenue to certain State officers and military commanders, in return for services done to the State, with a view to their appropriating the revenue. It was the *revenue* of the estates that the *Jagirdar* had a claim to at first, and not the land itself. The Jagir was mostly granted for life ; but in course of time the Jagirdar not only claimed the right to the revenue but the right to the land itself. When the British Land Revenue Administration was first set on foot, many were the claims to such estates, some of which were just, while others were backed up by forged titles and pretended grants. * Even now Jagirs are created : “ that is to say, the land revenue of a village (or of a certain territory) is assigned to some retired native (military officer) of distinction, or to some local magnate, as a reward for political service, or to recognise and secure valuable local influence. Sometimes grants of waste land are made Revenue free, and these then convey the Revenue remission as well as the proprietary title to the land.” †

The Zemindars created by Lord Cornwallis belonged neither to the class represented by the old territorial chiefs or rulers and their descendants, or to those who had received grants of land by the State ; but they were mostly Revenue-farmers. It is true that

* In Madras and Bombay the matter was dealt with by official Inam Commissions and the Provincial Governments have, on the whole, acted liberally and equitably.

† Baden-Powell : “ Land Revenue in British India,” p. 55

in Bengal some of the old Rajahs and territorial chiefs made themselves responsible to the Government for the Government's share of the land revenue, but the majority of those on whom the Permanent Settlement conferred the rights of large landlords were merely agents appointed by warrant to collect the revenue from the ryots and pass on to Government their share of it. Under Mahomedan rule, the agent had to pay a certain, fixed sum to Government to secure the privilege of collecting the revenue, and receive a *sunnud* or warrant entitling him to do so. This warrant, which ran for life, contained nothing that indicated any reference to proprietary rights in the lands ;* on the other hand, it was distinctly indicated in it that the applicant was merely a representative of the State, entitled to collect from the ryots the share due to the Government, and charged with the duty of protecting and assisting them. The Zemindar was found to be in many cases a more convenient medium for the collection of revenue than the old village headman. To show how those who had no rights whatever in land attained the position of Zemindars, we shall refer to the case of one Robert Lindsay. "The Honourable Robert Lindsay, a servant of the East India Company, finding that one Ganga Govind, a native collector, was unequal to the collection of the district of Sylhet, himself came forward and tendered for the right to collect, though he was opposed by the Council of Dacca. His offer was accepted by Warren Hastings, and, in this way, aided by the monopoly of catching elephants and supplying the bazars of Calcutta with oranges and limes, he legitimately acquired a large fortune"†

* Harrington's Analysis (vol. iii, 275) contains a good summary of the contents of a *sunnud* or warrant given during the time of Jaffier Khan, A.D. 1735, which entitled the applicant to collect the revenue. In the *sunnud* it was stated that the Zemindari had been conferred upon the applicant on his agreeing to pay the usual share of the revenue to Government, and the applicant went on to agree and bind himself in this document not to neglect his duties in the most minute particular, "to observe a commendable character towards the body of the ryots and the inhabitants at large ; to endeavour to punish and expel the refractory, and to extirpate robbers ; to conciliate and encourage the ryots, and to promote the increase of cultivation and the improvement of agriculture ; to take care that travellers might pass in safety, and that no robbery or murder should be committed, and if any one should be robbed, he agreed to be responsible for producing the culprits with the property, or to make good the value, to redress drunkenness and all kinds of irregularity ; to pay punctually the assessment."

† W. S. Seton-Karr : "Cornwallia," p. 30.

In the early times it would appear that the Zemindar was bound to account for the whole revenue collected. At no time does he appear to have been released from this liability, though practically the revenue paid by the Zemindar to Government came to have less and less connection with the revenue received by him from the cultivator. The moment that Government ceased to interfere with the actual assessment of the ryot, and allowed the Zemindar to have his own way, only caring for the payment of a fixed sum, as the Government share of the revenue, his hold on the ryot became greater, and he did his best to exact from the ryots as much as he could. This, coupled with the fact that the ruling authority became less and less interested in the ryot, leaving him to be dealt with just as the Zemindar liked, was subversive of the actual rights belonging to the cultivator; and the revenue farmer gradually grew to be looked upon as a sort of landlord in his relation to the ryots. It should also be noted that as the right to contract for the revenue to be paid to Government descended from father to son, the taking out of a *sunnud* became obsolete. This also tended to consolidate the power of the Zemindars and give them a fictitious importance. Such is the process by which the official character of the Zemindar became converted into one proprietary character, to the detriment of the interests of the ryots, and to the artificial exaltation of the Zemindar. When things were in this state, Lord Cornwallis arrived. With his pre-conceived English ideas he found it the easiest thing to apply to the relations he found existing between the Zemindar and the ryot, what was true of the English landlord and tenant. But there were others, during Lord Cornwallis' tenure of office, who did not lose sight of the purely official character of the Zemindar; and, even before Cornwallis, there had been British officers, who had made a thorough study of the past history of the country, and who understood the true position of the Zemindar.

Among British officials, who had made a special study of the history of land revenue in India, one of the earliest was Mr. James Grant, who was employed as ambassador at the court of Hyderabad in 1784, and afterwards occupied the responsible position of Minister of Finance in Bengal, in 1786. This officer, in his able Political Survey of the Northern Circars, supports very strongly the theory of the mere official position of the Zemindar. He was of opinion

that there was most conclusive evidence "that the whole body of Zemindars were from the beginning and are still to be considered simply as intermediate agents for the State to realise the stipulated rent of the peasantry."* In another place he says :—

The private right of a most extensive landholding could only be acquired by conquest, royal grant, hereditary or prescriptive tenure of free or feudal possession, while it is notorious that every Zemindari title is the most limited and precarious in its nature, depending on the arbitrary will of the lowest provincial delegate ; equivalent to a simple lease in tenancy subject to annual renewals, and to be traced to the same base and recent origin, within the period of British rule, as generally distinguishes the spurious claims of the farmers-occupant themselves, to family pre-eminence from birth, or the enjoyment of large territorial income.

Again, Mr. Grant, speaking of the functions of the Zemindars, regards them as acting permanently in one or all of the following official capacities, by virtue of sunnuds or letters patent from the high dewani delegate of Government : viz., either as annual contracting farmers-general of the public rents ; formal representatives of the peasantry ; collectors of the royal proprietary revenue, entitled to a commission of five per cent. on the net receipts of the mofussil or subordinate treasuries : or as financial superintendents of a prescribed local jurisdiction, periodically variable in extent, and denominated *eahtiman*, trust or tenure of Zemindari, talookdary, or territorial servile holding in tenancy, within which, however, is appropriated a certain small portion of land, called *naukar*, partaking of the nature of freehold ; serving as a family subsistence to the superior landlord, to give him an attachment for the soil, and make up the remainder of his yearly stated tithe, for personal management in behalf of the State.

Mr. John Shore was also against regarding the Zemindar as having the same rights in the soil as an English landlord. In a Minute, dated 6th December, 1789, he says † :—

The most cursory observation shows the situation of things in the country to be singularly confused. The relation of a zemindar to Government, and of a ryot to a zemindar, is neither that of a proprietor nor a vassal, but a compound of both. The former performs acts of autho-

* Fifth Report, Vol. II, p. 237.

Harrington's Analysis, Vol. III., 308.

erty unconnected with proprietary right ; the latter has rights without real property ; and the property of the one and rights of the other are in a great measure held at discretion. Such was the system which we found, and which we have been under the necessity of adopting. Much time will, I fear, elapse before we can establish a system perfectly consistent in all its parts ; and before we can reduce the compound relation of a zemindar to Government, and of a ryot to a zemindar, to the principles of a landlord and tenant.*

We must also not fail to allude to the views of John Herbert Harrington, author of the well-known *Analysis*, published between 1815 and 1821. It has been well said that this work is for Indian Legislation what Coke on Littleton is for English Law.† Nowhere are the principles of British land legislation in India discussed with such ability and thoroughness as in this work. The author agrees with Mr. John Shore in thinking that it was a mistake " attempting to assimilate the complicated system which we found in this country, with the simple principles of landlord and tenant in our own, and especially in applying to the Indian system terms of appropriate and familiar signification which do not, without considerable limitation, properly belong to it." His famous and oft-quoted definition of the Zemindar well deserves the compliment paid to it by Mr. W. S. Seton-Karr, who, speaking of it, says that " for well balanced antithesis, recognition of rights followed by language of positive limitation, and fair solution of perplexing contradictions, has probably not been surpassed in any Minute, State Paper or Proclamation on the subject." The following is the definition :—

The Zemindar appears to be a Landholder of a peculiar description, not definable by any single term in our language. A receiver of the territorial Revenue of the State from the ryots and other under-tenants of the land ; allowed to succeed to his Zemindari by inheritance, yet in general required to take out a renewal of his title from the Sovereign, or his representative, on payment of a *peshkash* or fine of investiture to the Emperor, and a *nasarana* or present to his provincial delegate the Nizam : permitted to transfer his Zemindari by sale or gift, yet commonly expected to obtain previous special permission ; privileged to be generally the annual contractor for the public revenue receivable .

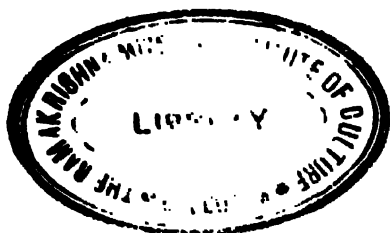
* Harrington's *Analysis*, Vol. III, 398.

† Vide the admirable monograph on " Cornwallis," in the *Rulers of India Series*, by W. S. Seton-Karr, p. 32.

from his Zemindari, yet set aside with a limited provision in land or money, whenever it was the pleasure of the Government to collect the rents by a separate agency or to assign them temporarily or permanently by the grant of a Jaghir or Altamgha ; authorised in Bengal since the early part of the present century to apportion to the Parganas, villages, and lesser divisions of land within his Zemindari, the *abwabs* or cesses imposed by the Subahdar, usually in some proportion to the Standard Assessment of the Zemindari established by Todar Mall and others ; yet subject to discretionary interference of public authority, to equalise the amount assessed on particular divisions or to abolish what appeared oppressive to the ryot ; entitled to any contingent emoluments proceeding from his contract during the period of his agreement, yet bound by the laws of his tenure to deliver in a faithful account of his receipts ; responsible by the same terms for keeping the peace within his jurisdiction, but apparently allowed to apprehend only and deliver over to a Musalman magistrate for trial and punishment—this is, in abstract, my present idea of a Zemindar, under the Moghul constitution and practice.

It was the Zemindar with such limited rights that Lord Cornwallis converted into "a landholder, possessing a Zemindari estate which is hereditabie and transferable by sale, gift, or bequest : subject, under all circumstances, to the public assessment, fixed upon it : entitled, after payment of such assessment, to appropriate any surplus rents or profits which may lawfully be receivable by him from the under-tenants of land in his Zemindari or from the improvement and cultivation of untenanted lands ; but subject nevertheless to such rules and restrictions as are already established or may be hereafter enacted by the British Government, for securing the rights and privileges of ryots and under-tenants of whatever denomination, in their respective tenure : and for protecting them against undue exaction or oppression."

S. SATTUANADHAN.



POLITICAL EDUCATION FOR INDIA.

AN amusing story is related of the Great Frederick, King of Prussia, one of whose great aims was a popularity with his subjects, which his irascible temperament rendered it somewhat difficult to cultivate, that he one day walked the streets of Berlin, alone and unaccompanied, according to his custom, when his attention was attracted by a frightened citizen endeavouring to avoid meeting him.

The king pursued and captured his nervous subject, and asked him why he was trying to escape.

"Please your Majesty, I was afraid," was the timid answer.

"How dare you be afraid of me, Sir! You must love me. You *shall* love me"! Whack Whack! And the well-known walking-stick descended on the shoulders of the unfortunate victim.

It would be too much to say to ourselves, in reference to our government of India, "*Nomine mutato, narratur fabula de te*," but there is a certain moral, which the quotation might perhaps point, of a nature to "give us pause."

Do not we occasionally manifest a disposition to "whack" the people of India, if they do not like our administration? We do not perhaps sufficiently remember that *the* important point is, whether or not they do like it, or consider, if any item of our policy is particularly unpopular, whether or not it could be modified so as to remove the objections to it, without, of course, surrendering those objects for which all Governments exist.

I think that if a general plebiscite could be taken of all the thinking minds among the Indian people, they would single out two points as particularly important—they would ask us so to modify our policy as to give India more of her proper place in the Impe-

rial Council Chamber, and to give the Indian people more opportunities for political education.

Let us consider these two points (which really form part of a great whole) separately, and a little more in detail. It is the general unfitness of the Indian people to take part in political life, which is the principal cause of their country's failure to command that position in the general Councils of the Empire, which her importance demands. By giving India more opportunities for political education, we shall be doing what is most needed to secure her recognition as an integral part of the Empire, and in the place to which she is entitled.

I shall devote my attention principally, therefore, to an attempt to suggest how this political education could be arranged for, but before doing this, I should like to glance briefly at the larger question—the place of India in the scheme of Imperial Federation. Two points of contemporary politics particularly illustrate this theme. First, the treatment of British Indian subjects by our Colonies, and secondly, the way in which the new fiscal policy is likely to affect India. The latter question is far too large to be treated incidentally, but it is a matter of congratulation that the claims of India to consideration are beginning to be generally recognised.

As to the treatment of Indians by British Colonies, there is a great deal to be said. We have to be instant, in season and out of season, in bringing all the pressure at our command on the Colonial Governments to keep up the standard of treatment which has hitherto given undoubted satisfaction to the Indian people. We want a "Crosby Sahib" in every colony. The late Protector of Emigrants in British Guiana, (usually loosely called Demerara, after the most important of its subdivisions) will probably bequeath his name to his office. If the welfare of Indian immigrants into the other colonies could be as faithfully guarded as by this dominant personality, and with as influential a backing from home, all would probably be well.

It will not, however, be possible to coerce the self-governing Colonies. All that can be done, is to recognise the importance of the subject, and try to arrange for its constant advocacy in the House of Commons. Possibly, the Fiscal Question might be made to include our subject, and in any commercial arrangements entered

into, "preferential treatment" of Indian immigrants should be stipulated for.

It is surely obvious that the more the people of India are fitted for public life, the greater will be the consideration which she receives in any arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies. It would seem, therefore, that her patriots and politicians can best serve their country by an attempt to indicate in what direction political education in India might be furthered. They might point out for what branches of public life their countrymen are most fitted, and in what way they could be more largely employed in those walks.

Three ways occur to me connected with law, journalism and rural local self-government. The Judicial Service is one of the most suitable of those departments of public life in which indigenous talent can be employed. Would it not be possible to have special branches of our Indian Colleges, where young men might be trained in law? In fact, a kind of Inn of Court for India would be able to confer a legal status, which would be second only to that derived from obtaining necessary qualifications at home, and might confer diplomas of all sorts on youthful aspirants for forensic fame. An English title would always command preferential esteem, so that the new institution would not prevent that eminently desirable process, the resort of young Indians to London to qualify in the regular manner for the privilege of being called to the Bar. Might it not be added that English lawyers intending to practise in India might value an Indian diploma which would guarantee their proficiency in Hindu and Mahomedan Law?

I cannot help thinking that a certain amount of good might also be done by inducing members of the Indian aristocracy, whether they have been trained in the above-indicated manner or not, to sit on the bench with qualified Judges as a kind of *amicus curiæ*, and then to be given salaried posts in any cases in which they showed special ability, and, of course, diligence in attendance, and interest in the work.

As a link between the Indian system and rural life, could not something be done in this way to make service as juror or assessor more popular? I believe that the village greybeards are usually chosen for assessors, but is there any reason why young men should not also

serve their country in this way? Could not two lists be made, one of persons really willing to serve as often as their presence was desired, and understanding that their voluntary services would lead to selection for *amicus curiæ*, and possibly for salaried employment? Everyone is agreed that more care should be exercised in the preparation of jury lists and lists of assessors. Efforts in this direction might tend to facilitate the Village Panchayat movement, for much the same individual would be selected for both services. This will be considered further on, in the final and most important department of Political Education—rural self-government. The next way in which I think Political Education might be arranged for is, in Journalism.

If we cannot get a Journalistic College, surely we could manage to induce some patriotic Indian to start a really first-class paper, regardless of financial considerations, and to employ on it a fairly large staff of young Indians, with the necessary backbone of an European editor (or two if desired) and to send some of them out as correspondents? Correspondents of a newspaper often get a thorough grasp of world politics in a very short time. To join the staff of such a journal would be an excellent training for Indians intending to set up a newspaper of their own, and might be equivalent to passing through a journalistic school. Some little good might be done by official and non-official Englishmen adopting a more sympathetic attitude towards existing journals, recognising what a power they may be made for good, and also subscribing and occasionally contributing to their pages.

By a persistent attitude of contempt or antagonism towards any body of men, you bring out all their latent evil. I am rejoiced to see growing up all over the country a high class of journals, which cannot be despised, and which can afford to despise unreasonable antagonism.

I have left myself no space for the most important subject of all—rural self-government. I shall hope to return to this in a future article. Of its vital importance to India we are all convinced. It is beginning popular training at the right end, furnishing the long desired link between rulers and ruled, and an important step towards removing the irritation of officialism.

These methods may be derided as crude, but critics of this

kind might not feel, as I feel, the great importance of this political education. I think it is the all-important thing. I have, therefore, suggested the methods which occur to me. All I want is, to stimulate discussion, by making suggestions, not to dogmatise. Unless they deny the importance of a training for public life, one is entitled to ask from objectors for something more than merely destructive criticism.

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It has occurred to me, since finishing this article, that the Police problem might be solved in one very easy fashion, directly suggested by the topics treated of here. Find out under what conditions the native aristocracy of India would take service in the Police, and introduce those conditions into the Force.

C. W. WHISH.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN INDIA.

INDIAN patriots would undoubtedly be humiliated to be told that there is not much of public spirit in India. It would be very surprising to them to note that such a compliment has been paid them by a no less sympathetic person than Mrs. Annie Besant. The interview which Mr. W. T. Stead has published in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* is very interesting, as it is a kind of confession of, or evidence from, a friend who has tried to know India (in her own way) and do something for her teeming millions, a friend whose heart is very warm for India and her many problems. Evidently Mrs. Annie Besant thinks that there is not much public spirit in India, and that there is a great deal for the Indians to learn in the more modest arena of municipal life before they can aspire to the larger privileges claimed by some of them. She has also affirmed that an increased political power given to the English-educated men in India will not prove to be of great comfort and happiness to the people at large. She might have said something more, but those who know Mr. Stead well are assured that he will not publish anything that may contribute to discredit India in the eyes of the world. It is for us in India to decide either to take no notice of these statements or to take them in the spirit in which they are given, and learn the lessons they impart. A little plain speaking by a kind friend should set us thinking aright as to our present condition and the near future. At the outset one has to face the difficulty that there are *very few* associations or conditions that could *create* public spirit, while there are many such that could train it up and mould it when it is once existent. One might ask whether the arena of municipal life could really *create* public spirit when it is *non-existent* in India? Is it not nearer the truth to say that it only affords a opportunity for the development of the faculty, before one is prep. ed or the full responsibilities of the higher spheres of life? While one doubts the possibility of the municipalities, &c., actually creating public spirit

in India, one might endorse the opinion that they are excellent training institutions for those who wish to be leaders of public opinion in India.

One often has a great difficulty in comprehending the full significance of public spirit, which has various manifestations under various conditions. In the ages of religious revival and reformation, the champions of conservatism and the leaders of persecution claimed as much public spirit in vindication of their acts and as the reformers and meek martyrs did as they heralded a new era of liberty and enlightenment. In the late South African war the "Pro-Boers" in Britain, who tried to stop the war, showed as much public spirit as did those volunteers who willingly gave themselves up to be slaughtered on the battle-field. The advocates of Free Trade cherish their lofty ideals with all the ardour of public spirit which the advocates of protection, on the other hand, evince. Therefore, one has to grasp the existing conditions in all their ultimate consequences and in the intricate maze of their ramifications, and measure them by the standards of modern culture and ideals, before one could rationally lay at another's door the charge of want of public spirit.

Perhaps there is no country in the world which is more full of kindly feeling and saturated with good intentions than India. Perhaps it is equally true to say that a foreigner finds coldness and indifference in the actual relations of life and in its fervent expressions nowhere else more prominently than in India. Partly owing to climatic causes, but more so to the genius of our national civilisation and social environments, we are perhaps the most lethargic race in the world. True, our coolies sweat for over twelve hours a day to earn a couple of annas. True, our university graduates slave from morning till late at night for wages less than those of labourers in some European countries. True, our artisans and handicraftsmen impress the mysteries of their cults on brute nature, with astonishing patience and marvellous industry. In spite of all this one finds lacking in India the domineering activity of the Western countries. The genius of our national civilisation seems to savour more of passive resistance than active aggrandisement, of patient acquiescence than violent revolt, of preservation than demolition and modification, and of resignation rather than progressive adaptation.

So though there may be enough of public spirit in India, it is in a potential state without being actually useful to ameliorate the general condition of the country. One might go further and say, that there is much public spirit in India, which is even actualised when one considers the fortunes that are spent in raising a shrine to the favourite deity, or the self-sacrifice and earnestness of purpose exhibited by a

yogi in the art of abstract contemplation. One can never say that this has been always prompted by motives other than those for the public good. Every act of charity, however mistaken in motive or misdirected in its operation, has a certain basis of public spirit for its origin and continuity.

Is it not more to the point to discuss how to direct the existing public spirit into proper and more useful channels than to doubt the very existence of it in India? One might say, without being called ultra-patriotic, that India always had enough of public spirit in her, which expressed itself in the appropriation of the then existing national ideals. We are now in touch with the West, and our national ideals are being gradually influenced and modified by the European ideals of life. In this materialistic age, there is the danger of public spirit becoming synonymous with aids to economic progress and means to sustain the physical life of the organism. The man who claims to have public spirit must find out institutions of charity and contribute even indirectly to the maintenance of the human race in less uncongenial surroundings than before. In these days when the struggle for existence is very keen, the country that despises the economic aspect of civilisation must be prepared for collapse or disintegration. The modern economic craze is mainly of European descent, and it takes time to have a firm hold of a country like India with so many ancient conservative traditions. With the change in the conception of civilisation, Indian national ideals will also have to share the modern economic tinge. Our public spirit then will become organised, systematised, modelled in European fashions, enabling us to hold our own in the economic race of the present day.

Holding, as we do, a very insignificant position in the social, economic and even political traditions of the world, through causes over some of which we have control and over others we have none, the sooner we turn our public spirit in the new direction, and cope with the modern needs of the country, the more we shall have reason to congratulate ourselves. While we discard the remotest idea of the wholesale introduction of Western ideals into India, we shall have to blame ourselves if we do not come forward to welcome and appropriate everything that is good in the West, provided it suits Eastern conditions, with modifications.

After all, public spirit is really the spirit of sacrificing oneself for the good of the human race, however imperceptibly the sacrifice might express itself and whatever form the human good might take. Though public spirit is yet to be found in the national consciousness of India, it is a

matter for regret that a great part of it expresses itself in mere kindly sentiment and generous feeling. What India needs at present is not so much to create and cherish this desirable feeling, as to shake off the shackles of lethargy and give expression to the existing public spirit in actively coping with the pressing needs of the country. To turn the trend of public opinion in this direction, in a manner more satisfactory than it has been possible hitherto, it is necessary that the organs of public opinion, *i.e.*, the press and the platform, the stage and the school, must try to keep these ideals more prominently before the people. An Eastern people cannot comprehend the full significance of Western ideals. Western heroes cannot make any lasting impression on the Eastern imagination. A century of British education has not sufficiently awakened the national sentiment of India, as the recent marvellous victories of Japan, in the Russo-Japanese war, have done ; so if we desire to reach the heart of our masses and awaken the national consciousness of the people, we must place before the public Eastern, pre-eminently Indian ideals, for them to aspire after. While the reading of the biographies of the eminent men and women of the world at large is very desirable, our young people at school ought to have concrete examples from Indian history, literature and life, constantly set before them as ideals. The stage in India must show the people the dignity of self-sacrifice and the glory of public service, without expectation of reward in any form. Our press will do well if it has some definite ideal, to lead the people up to it, rather than flatter the current sentiment of the day. Our platform must aim at the realisation of high ideals in life, without being satisfied with mere verbal eulogy of them. Our literature is full of the highest themes of life. Pity it is all a sealed book to the great mass of the people. Till it is possible to make primary education compulsory in India, efforts must be made to adapt the ancient ideals to modern needs and make them popular. Above all, we have to create in India a strong patriotic feeling in which all individual eccentricities may be absorbed and all individual peculiarities lost, and in which the individual may be willing to sacrifice his petty interests and sentiments for the common cause and national good. Till then we may have to bend our heads, when our friends tell us that we are wanting in public spirit in India. Surely, the National Congress is only one of the expressions of India's needs, and it can never become the all-absorbing interest of the country till it extends its sphere of influence to other needs of the country, than those merely political.

D. S. RAMĀ CHANDRA RAO.

HINDU INFLUENCE ON MOHAMADAN CUSTOMS AND FOLK-POESY.

OUR customs and folk-poesy are, to a certain extent, an index to our ways of living and thinking. To trace the true history of a people's social and intellectual condition, nothing else can make a better guide. The social customs and the folk-poesy of the Mohamadans of India throw much light on their history in this country. The followers of Islam were a very simple people. Their customs were few and simple too. But when they came into contact with the people in India, they adopted many Indian customs, partly by the force of circumstances and partly by choice. As soon as they settled down here and made the country they conquered their permanent abode, they began to bridge over the gulf that divided them from the true sons of the soil. It would not be just to say that they resorted to the sword to gain this end, for in that case the predominance would have been of their own customs. On the contrary, they tried to gain free intercourse with the people of this country by adopting their ways of living and thinking, and in course of time were so merged in them that they well-nigh lost their own individuality. They took Hindu women as wives, who were not always forced into conversion. These Hindu women worshipped the gods of their own forefathers under the roof of their iconoclastic Moslem lords—an undeniable proof of religious toleration in Islam. The children of these Hindu mothers were naturally brought up to Hindu manners and customs. This state of things did not exist among the poor soldiers only, who being without wives were forced to marry Hindu women, but even kings were no exception to it. Emperor Akbar, for instance, married the Rajput Princess Jodh Bai. His Crown Prince Jehangir, too, was likewise married to a Hindu Princess. These Hindu Princesses, it seems, were not only allowed to observe all their religious rites and social customs, but their environments too were made to be Hindu as far as it was possible. The apartments of Jodh Bai, in the ruins of the palace at Fatehpur Sikri, near Agra even to this

day bear testimony to this. It is not very surprising, under these circumstances, to find Hindu customs existing among the royal family of Delhi, even up to their later days. The Hindu custom of tying Rakhi at Salono was practised by royalty, and Hindu festivals like the Holi, Diwali and Deshera were regularly observed. Among common people most of these customs were brought in by Hindu converts to Islam. In some villages, where the Mohamadans are mostly converts, almost all the Hindu customs and rites are practised on all occasions. Their bridegroom has to put on the same grotesque dress which is used by the Hindus. The coloured thread called Kangna is also tied round the right wrist of the bridegroom, just as they do among the Hindus. The songs sung on the marriage occasion also refer to this custom, and in some cases when they sing

Ao, mere harvale banre
Kangna men bandhun kar bich tere
(Come, O my verdant bridegroom,
I will tie the Kangna on thy hand),

they do not only refer to this custom as practised by Hindus, but it is actually observed at the time by some of the Mohamadans. In like manner, when a child is born in a Mohamadan family, the songs that the professional women sing are those that refer to the birth of Krishna. They sing, for instance,

Albele ne mujhe darad dya
Sanwalya ne mujhe darad dya

or

Albeli jacha man kare nand lal se
Suhagan jacha man kare nand lal se

In the first couplet Sanwalva, and in the second Nand Lal, stand for the Hindu deity Krishna, for Krishna was of a dark complexion and he was brought up by Nand Mehr, also called Nand Baba. The custom of washing the breast of the mother before the infant is taken to it is called *badhawa* and is purely a Hindu custom, and is practised by Mohamadans. An Urdu song throws much light on the proceedings of this custom. In this song the sister of the father to the newly-born infant is, as if, made to address her brother. "I am born of the same mother, dear brother : hearing of your son's birth I came with congratulations. For the washing of the breast I expect a silver cup, and for the washing of the tresses a rupee. I will take a slave-girl for the washing of the feet and a horse for my husband to ride. For I am born of the same mother, my dear brother."

HINDU INFLUENCE ON MOHAMADAN CUSTOMS 1293

The language of this song is very lovely, and every word uttered by the sister is full of affectionate regard for the brother. But at the same time the demand is made with some confidence, for she is asking only what is by right her share. Although the custom of *chhut* (defilement by touch) finds no place in Islam, still in one well-known lullaby there is a slight hint at it. When a mother wants to amuse her little infant with the moon she usually sets a suitable wording to the tune.

It is not easy to assign any meaning to this song, for in it one thought does not seem to run all along. The song seems to be made more on the principle of rhyming love with dove than on anything else. But this is pretty clear from it, that its hero, the Uncle Moon himself, eats out of a *thali* and gives the share of the speaker in another smaller vessel, or in other words in consideration of *chhut* (defilement by touch) they can't eat of the same dish or *thali*.

Some songs, however, are purely Mohamadan, and are not used by the Hindus at all. The following lullaby, for instance, though it contains some Hindi words, is of pure Mohamadan type :—

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my innocent, while yet to thee there's sleep.
Wrapped up in the whirl of business, where is thy cradle, where thy sleep?

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my innocent, etc.

Fun and frolic, go enjoy; am telling thee my dearest boy;
Thy papa and mamma are still living; dear Syed take rest now that
you get it.

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my innocent, etc.

Play the games, my dear, as your parents won't annoy you. Tread the
world in fear and with care.

Narrow is its vale and slippery its road. Sleep, my little one, etc.

Here in this song the little one, instead of being addressed by the Hindu epithet *Nand Lal* or *Sanwaiya*, is addressed as dear *Syed*, the Mohamadan epithet of endearment. The lullaby is at once amusing and attractive, and affords room for serious thought. The troubles and anxieties of the everyday world are described in a very sad and melancholy strain, and the carelessly happy and indifferently innocent time of infancy is very vividly depicted.

M. A. ZAHIDIE.

ANOTHER ^{*}VIEW OF INDIAN CURRENCY POLICY.

SO much has been written and said against what has been called the currency policy of the Government of India that it would seem to be rather late in the day to explain it ; but there are still some points of view which do not seem to have generally occurred to those who have looked into the question, and which it would be as well to set forth, with a view to its being understood what was its origin and how it came about. Owing to the constant variation in the supply of the two chief precious metals that have, from time immemorial, been made use of for purposes of coinage in different countries, their value for exchange purposes has frequently varied with reference to each other, with the natural result that Indian coinage, which has chiefly consisted of silver of a certain fixed weight, has always been a token coinage. Now the value of such a token coinage, as long as its currency is restricted to one country, can be regulated within that country arbitrarily as far as it represents the current exchangeable value of commodities dealt with within certain territorial limits, and will depend on the supply of the latter, the coin remaining the same, but the quantity of the commodities it will exchange for varying. When it passes beyond those limits and has to be exchanged for other than indigenous commodities, other conditions affect its value with reference to the latter. A good many years ago, when the supply of silver was not so large as it is now, the metal not having been produced in ever-increasing quantities in America and elsewhere, its interchangeable value for commodities, measured in gold, was higher, and it is within the memory of the writer that the silver rupee, of the standard weight of a tola, fetched more than the par value of two English shillings, and was as high as 2s. 2d. There came on gradually a time when the increasing quantities of silver produced and the non-increase of the supply of gold in proportion caused naturally a fall in the value of silver and a rise in that of gold as a medium of exchange for foreign commodities

measured in gold, that is to say, more and more of India's silver coinage had to be given in order to procure gold or commodities not indigenous to India that were measured in gold, with the result that the exchange of the silver rupee against gold fell more and more, and larger quantities of the silver obtained from the taxation of the country had to be exported. It then became necessary to impose fresh taxation to provide the silver necessary to meet the expenses of the Indian Government in England. For this purpose the equivalent in silver of £3,000,000 in gold had to be provided. How was this to be done without such fresh taxation? Evidently by increasing the value of the rupee for exchange purposes.

The Committee appointed to consider the subject under the Presidency of Lord Herschell, considering the fact that the currency of India was a token currency, capable of contraction or expansion, and that its expansion, would have the effect of increasing the supply of silver rupees and tend to lower their value as a medium of foreign exchange, recommended that the privilege of having whatever bullion was brought to the mints coined into rupees should be withdrawn. Silver rupees would thus not be so easily procurable for payment for Indian commodities for which merchants traded with the country, and would have to be paid for in larger quantities of gold : this would naturally raise the value of the rupee as a medium of foreign exchange to a certain extent, and by as much relieve the Indian exchequer by cheapening the cost of remittance of money for the payment of home charges. There was, of course, a limit to this method of manipulating the token currency, and that was the cost of sending silver bullion to India in place of buying rupees there. This limit was found to be when the gold value of the rupee came to about 1s. 4d., that is to say, when it would be cheaper to import silver bullion than to purchase coined rupees. By these means the gold value of the rupee has for several years past become steadied to about that amount.

The question has now to be considered : Has this benefited or harmed India and its people? It certainly has benefited the people in saving them from the extra taxation that would have been necessary if the increasing quantities of silver produced had gone on lowering the exchange value of the rupee and increasing the cost of home remittances. It has also saved the country from the mischief caused by the gambling spirit that had been introduced into its trade by the constant fluctuations that were taking place in the rate of exchange, so that that trade is saved the risk of sudden losses and speculative gains that tended to demoralise

it, and been brought back to its legitimate sphere of calculable and fair dealing.

A great outcry has been raised in India against the policy in question, because it is said that the value of the savings of the people of India has been greatly lowered by their not being able to get as much for the silver ornaments and jewels of which the greater portion of those savings was composed. But is it not a fact that their silver value remains just the same as it was before, and the weight of silver in them will now exchange as previously for the same number of rupees in the current token currency, which is all which those to whom the savings belong have to reckon with? What does it matter to them if the bullion does or does not fetch as much gold as it used to, when the purchaser elects to weigh it against gold if he has occasion to send it out of the country? Consequently, those who have hoarded their savings cannot be said to have suffered loss. They can procure as much food and earn as much wages as before, for the cost of food and the rate of wages are regulated by the laws of supply and demand, and certainly not by the rate of foreign exchange.

An attempt has also been made to father the recent losses in such Indian industries as the production of indigo and tea on the so-called currency policy, but these losses are clearly traceable in the former case to the production of indigo by chemical means and in the latter to over-production in consequence of the greatly extended area devoted to the cultivation of the tea plant, a few years ago, on account of a rise in the value of tea, and the overstocking of the market. This purely speculative extension of cultivation had its natural result in the lowering of the price of tea and loss to the growers. It has its natural remedy in the contraction of the area, smaller production and raising of the price, which must follow such smaller production of an article peculiar to India. The loss to the trade will thus right itself naturally without any change in the currency policy, which has already adjusted itself to the change of circumstances.

It may be asked, how it has happened that the effect of raising the rate of exchange for the rupee has not had the effect of injuring the trade of the country, and on whom the loss arising from payment for scarce rupees has fallen. It is quite clear that, as not only has no extra taxation been imposed upon the people, but on the contrary existing taxes have been lowered and arrears of taxation that had accumulated in consequence of famine been remitted, that loss has not fallen on India. In the first place, the change in the rate has not been sudden, and trade has had time in which to adjust itself to the altered circumstances, so as to

recoup itself in other ways difficult, if not impossible, to trace. There can, however, be no doubt that it is the trade itself that has borne the loss, for the Indian exchequer which, in the absence of increased taxation, must have borne it, has greatly benefited by having to pay less for its home remittances, so much so that in place of constantly recurring deficits the budget shows large surpluses. No doubt, those who are in the habit of using European goods measured in gold have to some extent paid more for those goods, but that has in no way tended to diminish the demand for such goods, but here the competition of foreign goods has done its part in checking too large an enhancement of the price of imported goods, and will continue to do so.

In what way, then, has the so-called currency policy, which has been shown above to be merely the taking advantage of the circumstance of the standard current coinage of the country having been the rupee of a fixed weight and fineness making the circulating medium a token coinage, done an injury to the country? The answer is contained in the remarks above, with regard to which we in no way claim any novelty, but merely a plain exposition of facts, such as grievance mongers have seized upon as a hopeful ground on which to base their lucubrations. Looked at from a simple business point of view, these complaints appear to be not only without reasonable foundation, but to be the very reverse of true.

A. ROGERS.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Sprung from
the Lotus.**

Lord Minto's programme is summed up in three words—rest, security and development. Publicists of irritable nerves, whose peace of mind is disturbed by administrative reforms, constitute a very small fraction of the population. But the ruler who disturbs them disturbs himself: let both enjoy rest for at least a period of five years. Internal security is an inheritance which we have learnt to prize so dearly that we shall not be foolish enough to lose it. Security from external danger is practically assured until Russia succeeds in tiding over her present difficulties, and Germany augments her navy. It depends now upon ourselves to develop our material resources and our prosperity. Let the country mainly devote itself to the service of Lakshmi.

In days of yore, when poetry was not differentiated from political economy, some unremembered Indian sage taught that the Goddess of Wealth sprang from a lotus. Away with your mythology! cries the religious puritan. More reverent than he is the man of science, with whom inquiry into the origin of everything—even of error and vice—has grown into a divine passion. It is one of the services which Science has done for humanity that our attitude towards what are called superstitions has vastly changed since the days when disagreement was more hateful than disease. Science no longer laughs; Theology no longer gets angry; ridicule is almost a mark of intellectual vulgarity; inquiry is the religion of the day. Every child knows that nothing springs from a lotus but, another lotus. Think not that it is very clever to ask how a flower could produce a goddess: consider yourself more clever if you can explain why any imagination could have conceived such a parentage. A myth, as you call it, is a product of the Mind, even as

is the atomic theory or the binomial theorem. It may not be the naked truth: but if the civilised man may cover his body with cunningly woven and gorgeously coloured raiment, why laugh at the less sophisticated child of Nature, who clothes his thoughts in a garb, sometimes transparent, at other times fantastic, but always beautiful to the eye that can see through his glasses? There is no falsier myth than that a myth is purely mythical.

Imagine the poet seated on the outer verandāh of a village temple, with a bundle of palm leaves and a style by his side, revolving in his mind how to give the most attractive shape to the wisdom of his ancestors and the truths which his own genius has discovered. Before him lies the tank—with water more green than limpid, perhaps—wearing on its bosom the smiling lotus, enjoying the kiss of the sunbeam and filling the surrounding atmosphere with its faint, fragrant odour. Beyond stretch the fields, and not far away is visible the crest of a rude, but spacious, edifice, in which the lord of the manor holds his court. He is the wealthiest man in the village: Lakshmi has set up her abode in his house. Wherein does wealth consist? He has no balance at any bank, not much of gold and silver either buried underneath his hearth. The field, the tank, and the sunshine are the tripod of his affluence. The manure with which his paternal acres are treated, the water which falls from heaven and is stored up in the well or runs through the canal, and the warm sunshine—these, as experience tells him and as Science corroborates, combine to give him his rich, yellow crops—the golden Lakshmi. Therefore was his Vedic ancestor grateful to Prthivi, to Varuna and to Surya. Several are these factors of agricultural production which Science may analyse and enumerate, but poetry must combine into a symbol. The poetry of agriculture is all summed up in one flower—the lotus. It is, as its principal epithets in Sanskrit remind us, the Mud-born and the Water-born, and it is the Beloved of the Sun. Out of such a flower sprang the Goddess of Wealth. It is *pankaja*: so are all agricultural products, the ultimate source of our wealth; they grow out of the earth, which is broken and enriched with plant-food. It is *niraja*; not all plants require so much water, yet abundance of water is an essential condition of unfailing agricultural prosperity. By according to the lotus the honour of being pre-eminently befriended by the Sun,

the *hamala mitra*, the poets have made that glory of vegetable creation in India typical of plant life and its dependence upon the warmth and light of Surya. When the poet, sitting on the verandah of his temple, reflected how the wealth of the headman of the village—yea, of the King himself, whose coffers would be empty if the fields remained uncultivated—was ultimately traceable to the ploughshare, the picotah and the sunbeam, as his eye feasted itself on the many-petalled glory of the *pankaja*, scattered all over the bosom of the sacred tank, there emerged before his mind's eye slowly and majestically from the ovary of the lotus, the figure of Lakshmi, radiant with smiles, even as the fields around smiled with corn. Might not such have been the birth of the Goddess of Wealth? If Japan is the land of crysanthemums, India is the land the lotus. The lotus permeates all Indian literature. It is as ubiquitous in Indian poetry as is the definite article in the English language. The dominion of the lotus extends not only throughout the length and breadth of Jambudvīpa: it extends beyond the Himalayas, where the "Jewel in the Lotus" is a spell more potent than the charms of the Atharva Veda; it is muttered by Lama and layman throughout the day, it is carved on rocks over hills and in dales. Distinguished is the parentage of Lakshmi. May she bless the work of the Agricultural, the Irrigation, and the Meteorological Departments of the Government of India!

And the Veterinary Department? Would the Indian poet forget the ploughing oxen and the milk-giving cows? One of the earliest prayers which the Indo-Aryan was taught to lisp was:

Happily let the shares turn up the plough-land, happily go the ploughers with the oxen;

With meath and milk Parjanya make us happy, Grant us prosperity
Suna and Sira.

(R. V. IV. 57, 8.)

And with what gratitude and affection the Aryan householder addresses his cows!

O cows, ye fatten e'en the worn and wasted, and make the unlovely beautiful to look on.

Prosper my house, ye with auspicious voices. Your power is glorified in our assemblies.

Keep goodly pasturage and be prolific: drink pure sweet water at good drinking-places.

Never be thief or sinful man your master, and 'may the dart of Rudra still avoid you.

(R. V. VI., 28. 6-7.)

Where was Lakshmi born? The lotus, from which she emerged, did not grow in an ordinary lake. She was born in the Ocean of Milk! Milk fattens e'en the worn and the wasted, and makes the unlovely look beautiful. The cattle plough the land and are a source of wealth. In making the milky ocean the parental home of the Goddess of Prosperity, the Indian poet expressed his deep sense of the indebtedness of his countrymen to the sacred cow for their prosperity.

The Hon. Mr. Hewett need not imagine that his brand-new department has received little, if any, attention at the hands of the Indian poets. If the earliest records of the Indo-Aryans mention the husbandman and the smith, the carpenter and the physician, the weaver and the boat-builder, the rope-maker and the leather-worker, the barber and the vintner, the wreath-maker and the jeweller, and almost ignore the merchant, it cannot be because there was no commerce between India and foreign countries in those days, nor because commerce was not regarded as a source of national prosperity. Indian ships are said to have braved storms in mid-ocean, often lashed by the waves. They must have been carrying merchandise. The story about the birth of Lakshmi is that she sprang out of the ocean when the Devas and the Asuras were churning the milk. It has recently been suggested that the churning of the ocean is an allegorical reference to maritime pursuits—the "ploughing" of the sea, as English poets have it—and that the alleged birth of Lakshmi during the operation is the myth-maker's way of representing the indebtedness of the country's prosperity to foreign trade. The Asuras were probably foreigners, and the Devas might have represented Indian navigators. Indian ships were going to foreign ports and foreign ships were coming to Indian ports. The crossing of the ships in mid-ocean is in a way suggestive of churning. If this interpretation of the birth of Lakshmi during the churning of the sea contain any elements of truth, how would the Goddess of Wealth look upon the Svadeshi movement? And upon tariff

reform? The promotion of trade is a part of the declared policy which Lord Minto will follow during the time he is permitted to be at the head of the Indian Government. May the Goddess of Prosperity bless his efforts without prejudice to any movement which may seek to improve the condition of the indigenous manufacturers and labourers!

The Goddess of Prosperity is also the Goddess of Happiness. On what does happiness depend? Does it depend only on crops, cattle and commerce? Is it independent of moral equipment and moral training? If the poet has gone into raptures over the simple beauty of the "daughter of lakes," the moralist has preached many a sermon on the Lotus. The lotus transforms the repulsive colour and the disagreeable smell of the mud in which it grows into the attractive whiteness and the sweet fragrance of its petals. Such is also the chemistry of a good character. The good man, placed in evil surroundings, transforms the ugly into the beautiful, the repellant into the charming. The lotus grows in water, yet its leaves are not wet. So does the good man, though living in the world, resist the influence of worldliness. The faint odour of the lotus typifies subdued passions. It does not, like the *Champak*, give a headache, nor is it ostentatious like the Chinese rose. It symbolises the character of the gentle Sadhu, who is free from the taint of the "six moral enemies," who breathes no word calculated to give offence, and who sheds around him the fragrance of charity and good-will. Its whiteness is innocence and purity. A talented Travancore artist has familiarised thousands of Indian householders with the figure of Lakshmi standing on a red lotus. It may be that from a painter's point of view, a red flower presents a better appearance in a milky ocean than a lotus of nearly the same colour as the liquid which surrounds it. Red is also, perhaps, the colour of abundance. But the eye of the moralist would, not improbably have preferred a white lotus for the birthplace of the Goddess of Happiness. Is not Lakshmi the deity of the political economist? May the moralist be admitted to her shrine? We should think that the poet intended to create the moralist as much a high priest of the Goddess of Happiness as the political economist. If India has any gospel to preach to the world, it teaches that happiness does not depend upon material prosperity, but upon the type of

character known as *Sattva guna*—a combination of placid temper, charitable feeling, subdued passions, pure conscience, and the faculty of mentally detaching oneself from the world and extracting good from evil—symbolised by the mild fragrance, the white radiance of the water-born, mud-born lotus. No belief is more common among Hindus than that Lakshmi departs from the household where character has deteriorated. As *tamo-guna* enters by one door, the Daughter of the Lotus departs by another. What is true of a family is true of a nation. We commend this thought to educational reformers and political preachers.

Fortune is proverbially fickle. The Elizabethan poets called her a "fickle jade." There was a time when a similar prejudice attached to her name in India. Scholars have ransacked the Rig Veda in vain for a mention of Lakshmi. The "*Brhaddevata*"—a scholarly edition of which, with translation and notes, has recently been published by Professor Macdonnell—mentions Sri, now synonymous with Lakshmi, among the Vedic poetesses, and an obscure Sukta is attributed to her. Dr. Muir pointed out years ago how the Atharva Veda speaks of good Lakshmis and bad Lakshmis "born together with the body of a mortal at his birth," and prays that the unlucky ones might be driven away, and the auspicious ones might stay with the reciter of the spell. He also refers to one legend which makes Sri and Lakshmi the two wives of Aditya, and another which represents Sri as originally having been a powerful emanation from Prajapati, from whom the envious gods took away food and kingly authority, martial energy and priestly glory, dominion and splendour, one after another. The vicissitudes of these legends form an interesting department of study, and the conceptions underlying them give a valuable insight into the working of the human mind. On the whole it may be said that the history of these legends has been one of progressive evolution. The tendency has been towards refinement and towards the adoption of the principle of parsimony in the assumption of supernatural agencies behind natural phenomena. Lakshmi, as portrayed by Ravi Varma, is a vast improvement on the Lakshmis of the Atharva Veda. The Indian mind, like the lotus, has herein exhibited the faculty of building up refined conceptions out of cruder materials, and of transmuting the ugly into the beautiful. Where that faculty

is brought into play, there Lakshmi resides. We consider ourselves civilised and have outgrown the habit of weaving myths of the instructive and explanatory kind. Would that the myths of our newspapers were always as innocent and as edifying ! If we knew the art of making the printed sheets, in which the national mind is reflected, emit the grateful fragrance and radiate the pure white splendour of the lotus, how liberally would Lakshmi scatter happiness with one hand and prosperity with the other over this ancient land !

CURRENT EVENTS.

T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in Bombay on the 9th November and met with an enthusiastic reception. If the people have been enthusiastic in their welcome, they have been even more so in their praise of the gracious courtesy with which the Royal guests have treated those introduced to them, the keen interest which they have displayed in the affairs and the institutions of this part of the great Empire, the sympathetic inquiries made by them regarding the well-being of the masses, their generous appreciation of the qualities of the men and women of India, and of the efforts of our public-spirited citizens in the service of their countrymen, and the tactful consideration with which they have left behind them mementoes of their visit and taken away with them the autographs of leading persons, to be preserved as a reminiscence of their mission to the people of India. The visit of the Heir-Apparent of the Sovereignty of the Empire to this country may now be reckoned among the customs of the realm. Though the present visit is only the second of the kind in the history of India under the Crown, the benefits of these missions of love and good will have been so patent and so undisputed that two instances will suffice to establish a custom, and we rejoice to think that the custom will be handed down from generation to generation. Their Royal Highnesses will witness, wherever they go, much that is strange and romantic, and perhaps not a little that is inspiring. The Native States will have illustrated to them the gorgeousness of the East, and exhibited the usages and institutions of a past which is gradually disappearing, but has not totally vanished. In British India they will observe,

generally with pride and perhaps sometimes with regret, the results of a more rapid transformation. His Royal Highness has had the satisfaction of bagging a tiger at Jaipur. Before they leave these shores the Prince and Princess will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have "bagged" hearts too numerous to count.



Lord Minto has begun his Viceroyalty by keeping his thoughts to himself. It is perhaps a lesson which one learns in the field and on the turf, like the utility of rest which His Excellency has learnt from the same source. Silence may sometimes be golden on the part of a ruler when the subjects are loud in their protests and their demands. His Excellency has had no opportunity of making a study of modern India. He has shown clearly enough that he has reflected on the lessons of the past history of this country, in the shaping of which an ancestor of his had some small share. The troublous times through which the evolvers of order out of chaos had to pass have taught one lesson to Englishmen, as necessary to remember as any other, that it is not easy for them to understand the inner thoughts of their fellow-subjects and the secret workings of the society around them. If it was difficult to understand what one might call stable India, it may well be felt to be still more difficult to understand India in transition. Lord Minto evidently wishes to observe and to learn, before beginning to govern in earnest and on his own responsibility. He will have to learn and to decide quickly, for in Bengal various problems of a delicate nature will be thrust upon his notice. The Local Governments are primarily responsible for dealing with agitation with tact and wisdom. But an appeal will be made to him as the supreme authority in the land, and he will have to speak. A note of disappointment has already been struck in certain quarters, that he is too uninterfering. That is perhaps the best course to follow in the circumstances in which he is placed for the present.



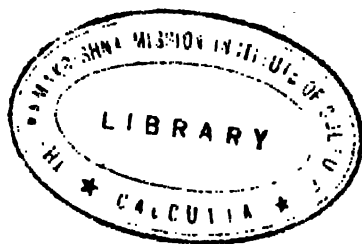
The supreme object which the Governments of the two provinces in Bengal have placed before themselves is to maintain the public peace, and to protect every individual in the exercise of his rights. The task is somewhat complicated by the utilisation of

schoolboy energy in political agitation. The usual means of dealing with grown-up citizens would be too harsh in the case of students, and yet they cannot altogether be neglected. Preventive measures, even in the case of grown-up men, require an unusual amount of self-restraint and wise discretion in times when the temper of the authorities is sorely tried. Some of the measures adopted, like the enlistment of special constables at Rangpur, have led to an appeal to the Courts of Law, and they are *sub judice*. The Gurkha police, whose services were requisitioned at Barisal, because the importers of foreign salt were molested and the peace of the town was threatened, have been accused of various misdemeanours in the press. Some of them have been dragged into the Courts of Law, and the public have to defer judgment until the Law Courts have pronounced theirs. It is understood that the vigorous measures adopted in the new province—apart from the legality of some of them, which has yet to be decided—have tended to restore order and peace. The students have threatened to join a new university which it is proposed to bring into existence. The threat has as yet been treated only as a "safety valve." In Calcutta a few unfortunate students have tasted too much of the bitterness of the law. The authorities seem to feel that the "crisis" is over, and people will soon regain their normal frame of mind.



Meanwhile Mr. Balfour's cleverness has created a new situation. He has perhaps accelerated it, rather than created it, for it is understood that even if he had dissolved Parliament, instead of resigning, the Liberals would have come into power. The Liberals have now an opportunity of modifying the partition of Bengal or any other measures which have been widely criticised, instead of merely asking questions about them or raising debates upon them. Mr. Fuller is reported to have assured some leading anti-partitionists that though a few angry speeches may be made in Parliament, what has been done will not be undone. Angry speeches will not be quite appropriate now, as the responsible parties are no longer in power, and Lord Curzon's presence in England will have a sort of magical effect upon many minds. Anyhow, if the Liberals do not acquiesce in the policy of their predecessors, they have been given a splendid

opportunity of rectifying it, without substantially breaking its continuity. Critics of Lord Curzon's and Mr. Brodrick's policy may be thankful so far to Mr. Balfour. The interest of the situation is heightened, because many people in India expect great things from the Liberals, and a deputation recently sent to England on behalf of the National Congress is understood to have "allied" itself to the Liberal party in lively anticipation of a further extension of a government for India, and of their undoing the "repression, oppression" of the Tories. We may fairly look forward at least to a few more seats in the Legislative Councils and a few more appointments.







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